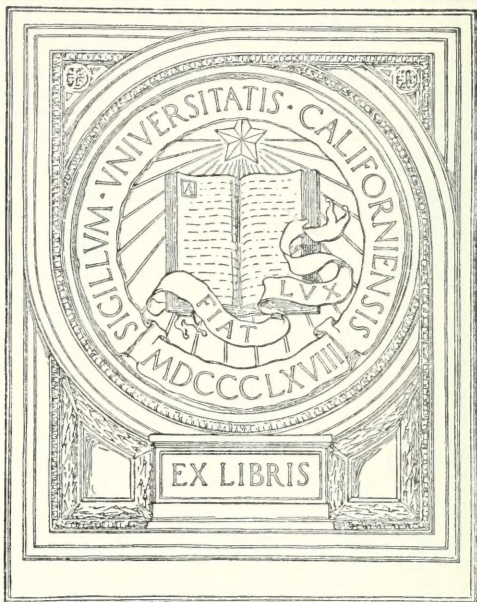


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THE GIFT OF  
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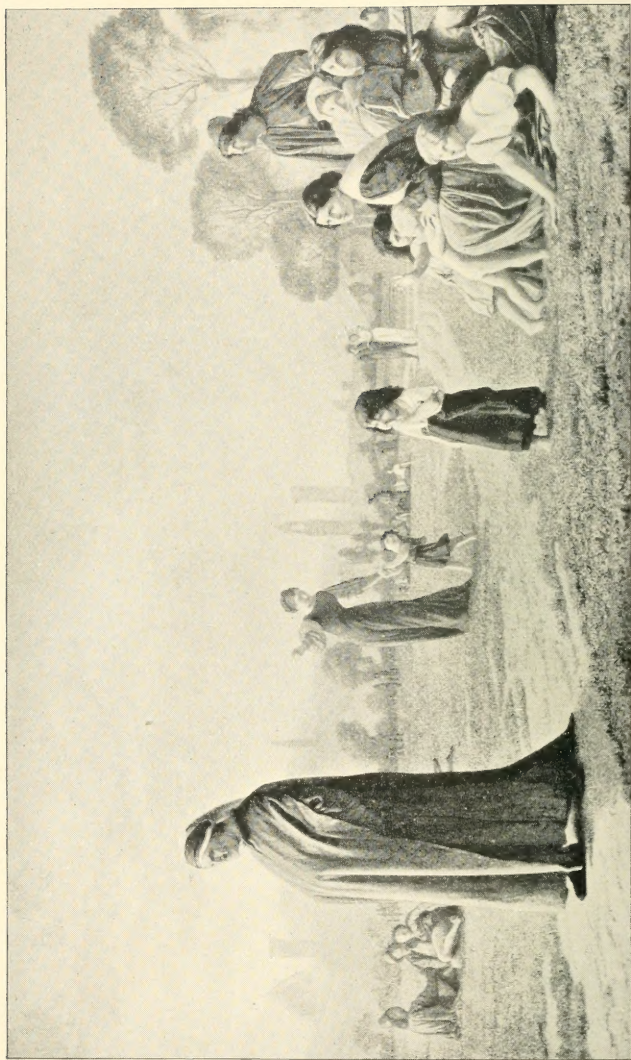




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DANTE IN EXILE.

(See page 94.)

# HALF-HOURS

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CHARLES MORRIS.

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VOL. IV.

ITALIAN, SPANISH, ETC.

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PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

LONDON: 10 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1888.

TO THE  
AUTHOR

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## INTRODUCTION.

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As the preceding volumes have been devoted to the leading literary nations of continental Europe, viz., Greece, Rome, Germany, and France, the present volume will embrace selections from the literatures of the remaining nations, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, etc. Of these, indeed, the first two, a few centuries ago, were far from being minor nations from a literary point of view,—though now they occupy that position,—and a brief review of their literary history is desirable as a preliminary to our selected examples.

A general glance at the literary outcome of the nations of Southern Europe reveals the fact that it is almost entirely confined to the products of the imagination, the logical or reasoning element of thought taking but little part in it. The warm suns of the South would seem to have invigorated the fancy at the expense of the colder faculty of reason, and to have turned the thought of these nations into the graceful channels of poetry and romance, in preference to the straitened and direct course of logical literature. In the serious products of the intellect they are greatly lacking. History presents of names eminent in literature only those of Machiavelli and Guicciardini; in philosophy there are no writers of high European reputation; no great orator has laid claim to the laurels of Cicero; and the other noted thinkers of Rome, Cæsar, Tacitus, Quintilian, Lucretius, Epictetus, etc., have been

emulated by no equally able successors on Italian soil. In poetry, on the contrary, modern Italy stands prominent among the nations of Europe, while Spain and Portugal have each added classical works to the world's stores of imaginative literature.

The literatures of Spain and Italy found important instigating influences in two foreign sources, the Arabian poets and writers of tales in the former case, and the Provençal songsters in the latter. Many Italians of the twelfth century wrote poems in the Provençal dialect, and it was not until the thirteenth century that the Italian language was used as a literary medium, and even then mainly in imitation of the love-songs of the Troubadours. The short tale in prose, in which Italy afterwards excelled, also became prominent during the thirteenth century, though the extant tales of that period compare but poorly with the rich legendary literature of France. In the succeeding century, however, Italy rose rapidly into the most prominent literary position of the age. The love-songs of the Troubadours were succeeded by the noble and earnest canzoni of Petrarch, who replaced their counterfeited passion with a warm outflow of real feeling and sentiment, and their empty verses with a poetry rich in thought and adorned with the highest graces of expression. He was the first to break through the artificial sentimentality of the age of chivalry, and to give that sterling ring to his verses which has gained for them the admiration of the succeeding centuries.

Contemporary with him appeared the greatest of Italy's and one of the greatest of the world's poets, the illustrious Dante, whose "*Divine Comedy*" stands out as perhaps the most original of all the imaginative products of the human mind. It was not led up to by a prior age of ballad literature, as in the case of other epics, but was struck out at

one blow from the white heat of the poet's mind,—the epic poem of the mediæval mythology of the Christian Church.

The fourteenth century, so noble an epoch in Italian poetry, was graced by still another writer of world-wide fame, Boccaccio, who filled out with the flesh and blood of life the skeleton outlines of prose romance which had existed before his time, and in the hundred tales of the "Decameron" has left us a series of fictions remarkable for their elegance of diction and richness of invention. This work gave the cue to numerous succeeding Italian novelists, none of whom, however, equalled their prototype in merit or have rivalled him in reputation.

The succeeding century, the fifteenth, was signalized by other marked displays of Italian originality. As the love-songs of Provence found their ultimate expression in the passionate poetry of Petrarch, so the rhymed romances of the Trouvères, which so long constituted the favorite fiction of mediæval Europe, were destined to be represented on Italian soil by a series of important poems which yet live in the world's literature. It was in the spirit of satire and comedy rather than of serious intention that the fables of chivalric romance were taken up by the poets of Italy, the first production being the serio-burlesque "Morgante Maggiore" of Luigi Pulci, which was followed by the "Orlando Innamorato" of Boiardo, a poem more serious in tone, yet containing much of the element of humor and burlesque. This poem was remodelled by Francesco Berni with such skill and such a wealth of comic humor as to give life to its somewhat dry bones and mould it into a fitting prelude to the work of a greater poet, the celebrated Ariosto. Boiardo's production had been left unfinished, and Ariosto undertook to complete it, yielding us his "Orlando Furioso," a romantic epic which serves as the final outcome of one phase of European

thought, and has raised the tale of chivalry into classic dignity.

The sixteenth century was marked in Italian literature by another great work, the noble and graceful "Jerusalem Delivered" of Torquato Tasso, one of the few epic poems which have attained world-wide celebrity. In prose it produced the valuable historical works of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, the first of modern writers to make critical inquiry and political reflection the basis of history. Most important of these authors from a literary point of view is Machiavelli, whose "Prince" has excited more attention than any other prose work of its age. Yet from the middle of this century began a period of decadence in Italian literature, which long continued, and was broken only by a temporary seventeenth-century development of philosophic and scientific thought, its ablest writers being Giordano Bruno and the celebrated scientist Galileo, the latter a prose-writer of great precision and elegance of diction.

Of the writers of the eighteenth century we need but name the satirists Tassoni, Parini, and Gozzi, the comedians Metastasio and Goldoni, and the celebrated tragedian Alfieri, the most notable dramatic artist of Italy. The nineteenth century has not been prolific in Italian writers of high merit, and, though many names of secondary standing might be given, we shall speak only of Alessandro Manzoni, whose "Betrothed," an historical novel after the manner of Sir Walter Scott, is much the finest example of the character novel that Italy has produced, and is a favorite work of fiction with all the nations of Europe.

The story of the literature of Spain can be told in fewer words, as it is much less embellished with great names. It is mainly poetic in character, and begins with the rude but vigorous "Poem of the Cid," the oldest epic poem in any modern language. This work was written about 1150, but

it was not till the fourteenth century that an active literary spirit arose. In the first part of this century appeared "El Conde Lucanor," a collection of tales and fables; and in its latter half the earlier examples of the multitudinous ballad literature of Spain, of which numerous specimens still exist. Many of these ballads are of great beauty, their energy and simplicity giving them a power which is often wanting to more ornate and polished productions. The succeeding century was the period of the "Cancioneros," or song-books, and the "Romanceros," or collections of romantic tales, which have preserved to us abundant relics of poetry and fiction, of which the writers are unknown, though some of their work is of high merit.

It is not until the sixteenth century that we meet with any Spanish authors of superior intellectual power. In the preceding era appeared an occasional song-writer of sweetness and feeling; but it is in the writings of Garcilaso de la Vega, "the Prince of Castilian Poets," Jorge Montemayor, the author of the "Diana," a charming pastoral, Fernando de Herrera, surnamed "the Divine," Luis de Leon, the melodious poet of sacred subjects, and Alonzo de Ercilla, the writer of the "Araucana," the only notable Spanish epic, that the literature of Spain first gains a prominent position. Authors of higher merit soon followed. In 1547 was born Miguel de Cervantes, the greatest genius produced by Spain, and one of the most original of the world's thinkers. He did much for the advancement of the Spanish drama, which was then rapidly developing, but his great work was the immortal "Don Quixote de la Mancha," the richest satire that the world possesses. It is singular that the romances of chivalry gave origin to works of high merit both in Italy and in Spain. In the former country they gained a lofty poetic expression in Ariosto's great poem. In Spain they received their death-blow from



the amusing fiction of Cervantes, after having first descended from verse to prose and then degenerated from partial merit to utter folly and inanity. "Don Quixote" cleared the field of these dead weeds of mediæval thought, and opened the way to the growth of the more natural fiction of modern times.

The seventeenth century was the great age of the drama in Spain, as it was in England and France. Prominent among its writers are the celebrated Lope de Vega and Calderon, two men who in powers of imaginative invention stand unequalled. The fecundity of Lope in particular was extraordinary, he having written fully fifteen hundred plays. Unfortunately for his literary reputation, he wrote with too great rapidity to do his best work, and his plays are everywhere marked by haste and carelessness. Calderon wrote with more care, and attained a higher rank as a poet, while his characters are more true to nature. Yet neither of these writers took the pains necessary to make his plays works of art, and the standing of both as dramatic artists is, in consequence, far below that of the dramatists of the neighboring nations. During the succeeding part of the century there rose into national fame many other dramatists, whose works have since served as a rich quarry for the dramatic poets of other nations, they being far more fertile in incident than high in merit.

With the close of the period in question Spanish literature fell into a decay from which it has not since revived. Among the latest of its great poets was Quevedo, a writer of wonderful fertility, and with a vein of humor surpassed only by that of Cervantes. To his poems and dramas he added an amusing novel, "The Captain of Thieves," one of the most comical of those romances of knavery of which the Spanish are so fond. The best known of works of this description is the "Lazarillo de Tormes" of Diego de



Mendoza, an early example of that peculiar style of fiction which found its final representative in "Gil Blas."

At the point which we have now reached Spanish literature virtually ends, writers of merit in the subsequent period being almost unknown. The thought of Spain, as we have said, has been mainly confined to works of imagination. Of prose of the more serious character there are some religious treatises, and several historical works of secondary reputation, such as those of Mendoza, Mariana, Solis, and Melo, but nothing that reaches the level of the productions of the great historians of France, England, and Germany.

The adjoining state of Portugal, among its many writers, has but one who can lay claim to European fame. This one is the illustrious Luis de Camoens, a poet of the highest genius, whose "*Lusiad*" ranks among the few epics which the world classes as its greatest poems, the supreme efforts of the imaginative side of the human intellect.

Of the remaining peoples from whose literatures the present volume contains selections, we shall refer only to Russia, a nation whose thought is but fairly beginning to declare itself, and whose literature is in its period of active youth. Looking back into the past centuries, we find an abundance of ballad poetry, similar in character to the early poetry of most nations, and much of it circling round the heroic figures of Vladimir and his knights, who resemble the heroes of the Round-Table fictions. For more ambitious efforts of Russian thought we must come to the eighteenth century, in which appeared poets, dramatists, and historians, including some names of merit, among them the poet Lomonosoff, the satirist Kantemir, the dramatists Sumarokoff and Von Vizin, and Derzhavin, one of the noblest of Russian lyric poets. The nineteenth century opens with the novels and the historical work of Karamsin,

the first Russian prose-writer to gain European fame. Of the same date may be named Kriloff, the author of dramas, tales, and fables, to the latter of which he owes his reputation, and in which field of invention few writers have surpassed him. Of somewhat later date are the celebrated Pooshkin, the greatest of Russian poets, and Gogol, the earliest of a series of important novelists whose works are now read throughout Europe. The best-known of his successors are the celebrated novelists Turgenieff and Tolstoi, the latter among the most admired writers of the present day. Russian literature within the last half-century has been exceedingly active, and we might add to the names already given many others of national reputation. This young nation may, before many years, assume an important position among the literary nations of mankind, but any full unfoldment of thought is at present checked by the repressive tyranny of the government.

Yet autocracy has not succeeded in keeping radical opinion out of Russia, and political heterodoxy is as vital there as in any other land under the sun. Spurred on by the freedom of thought prevailing elsewhere in Europe, it makes itself heard and felt in spite of the strong hand of the government. Such earnest and burning thought on questions of practical politics and human relations cannot fail, in the end, to gain some important literary expression. Yet this will hardly be the case until the intellect of Russia has won for itself a wider and fresher breathing-space than now exists for it on Russian soil.

# HALF-HOURS

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### THE FALCON.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

[Boccaccio, the most celebrated of Italian novelists, was born at Paris in 1313, the illegitimate son of a Florentine merchant and a Frenchwoman. He at first engaged in mercantile pursuits, but very soon adopted his natural profession of authorship, producing, among his first works, the romances "Il Filicopo" and "L'Amorosa Fiammetta," and "La Teseide," a poem. His great work, the "Decameron," written at the request of Joanna of Naples, very quickly rose into high esteem as the finest example of prose fiction the world had yet seen. Other productions, of less note, subsequently appeared. He died in 1375, having in great measure reformed from the profligacy of his early life and writings.]

The "Decameron" is a collection of one hundred tales, told by a party of ladies and gentlemen who had fled from the plague at Florence and who employed their temporary exile in this pleasant manner. These tales have furnished subjects for Chaucer, Shakespeare, and other writers, and were themselves in part derived from the older fiction of the Middle Ages. Many of them are very licentious in tone, but, in the words of Hazlitt, "there is in Boccaccio's serious pieces a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment which is hardly to be met with in any other prose writer whatever. . . . The invention

implied in his different tales is immense; but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were afloat in his time, and which he was the first to appropriate." We select one of the most agreeable and touching of these celebrated tales.]

THERE lived in Florence a young man, called Federigo Alberigi, who surpassed all the youth of Tuscany in feats of arms and in accomplished manners. He (for gallant men will fall in love) became enamoured of Monna Giovanna, at that time considered the finest woman in Florence; and, that he might inspire her with a reciprocal passion, he squandered his fortune at tilts and tournaments, in entertainments and presents. But the lady, who was as virtuous as she was beautiful, could on no account be prevailed on to return his love. While he lived thus extravagantly, and without the means of recruiting his coffers, poverty, the usual attendant of the thoughtless, came on apace; his money was spent, and nothing remained to him but a small farm, barely sufficient for his subsistence, and a falcon, which was, however, the finest in the world. When he found it impossible, therefore, to live longer in town, he retired to his little farm, where he went a-birding in his leisure hours; and, disdaining to ask favors of any one, he submitted patiently to his poverty, while he cherished in secret a hopeless passion.

It happened about this time that the husband of Monna Giovanna died, leaving a great fortune to their only son, who was yet a youth, and that the boy came along with his mother to spend the summer months in the country (as our custom usually is), at a villa in the neighborhood of Federigo's farm. In this way he became acquainted with Federigo, and began to delight in birds and dogs, and, having seen his falcon, he took a great longing for it, but was afraid to ask it of him when he saw how highly he

prized it. This desire, however, so much affected the boy's spirits that he fell sick; and his mother, who doted upon this her only child, became alarmed, and, to soothe him, pressed him again and again to ask whatever he wished, and promised that, if it were possible, he should have all that he desired. The youth at last confessed that if he had the falcon he would soon be well again.

When the lady heard this, she began to consider what she should do. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, and had received from her nothing but coldness; and how could she ask the falcon, which she had heard was the finest in the world, and which was now his only consolation? Could she be so cruel as to deprive him of his last remaining support? Perplexed with these thoughts, which the full belief that she should have the bird if she asked it did not relieve, she knew not what to think, or how to return her son an answer. A mother's love, however, at last prevailed; she resolved to satisfy him, and determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to send, but to go herself and procure the falcon. She told her son, therefore, to take courage, and think of getting better, for that she would herself go on the morrow and fetch what he desired; and the hope was so agreeable to the boy that he began to mend apace.

On the next morning Monna Giovanna, having taken another lady along with her, went as if for amusement to the little cabin of Federigo, and inquired for him. It was not the birding season, and he was at work in his garden. When he heard, therefore, that Monna Giovanna was calling upon him, he ran with joyful surprise to the door. She, on the other hand, when she saw him coming, advanced with delicate politeness; and when he had respectfully saluted her, she said, "All happiness attend you, Federigo; I am come to repay you for the loss you have

suffered from loving me too well, for this lady and I intend to dine in an easy way with you this forenoon." To this Federigo humbly answered, "I do not remember, madam, having suffered any loss at your hands, but on the contrary have received so much good that, if ever I had any worth, it sprung from you, and from the love with which you inspired me. And this generous visit to your poor host is much more dear to me than would be the spending again of what I have already spent." Having said this, he invited them respectfully into the house, and from thence conducted them to the garden, where, having nobody else to keep them company, he requested that they would allow the laborer's wife to do her best to amuse them, while he went to order dinner.

Federigo, however great his poverty, had not yet learned all the prudence which the loss of fortune might have taught him; and it thus happened that he had nothing in the house with which he could honorably entertain the lady for whose love he had formerly given so many entertainments. Cursing his evil fortune, therefore, he stood like one beside himself, and looked in vain for money or pledge. The hour was already late, and his desire extreme to find something worthy of his mistress; he felt repugnant, too, to ask from his own laborer. While he was thus perplexed, he chanced to cast his eyes upon his fine falcon, which was sitting upon a bar in the antechamber. Having no other resource, therefore, he took it into his hand, and, finding it fat, he thought it would be proper for such a lady. He accordingly pulled its neck without delay, and gave it to a little girl to be plucked; and, having put it upon a spit, he made it be carefully roasted. He then covered the table with a beautiful cloth, a wreck of his former splendor; and, everything being ready, he returned to the garden, to tell the lady and her companion



that dinner was served. They accordingly went in and sat down to table with Federigo, and ate the good falcon without knowing it.

When they had finished dinner, and spent a short while in agreeable conversation, the lady thought it time to tell Federigo for what she had come. She said to him, therefore, in a gentle tone, "Federigo, when you call to mind your past life, and recollect my virtue, which perhaps you called coldness and cruelty, I doubt not but that you will be astonished at my presumption when I tell you the principal object of my visit. But had you children, and knew how great a love one bears them, I am sure you would in part excuse me; and although you have them not, I, who have an only child, cannot resist the feelings of a mother. By the strength of these am I constrained, in spite of my inclination, and contrary to piety and duty, to ask for a thing which I know is with reason dear to you, for it is your only delight and consolation in your misfortunes: that gift is your falcon, for which my son has taken so great a desire that unless he obtain it I am afraid his illness will increase, and that I shall lose him. I beseech you to give it me, therefore, not by the love you bear me (for to that you owe nothing), but by the nobleness of your nature, which you have shown in nothing more than in your generosity; and I will remain eternally your debtor for my son's life, which your gift will be the means of preserving."

When Federigo heard the lady's request, and knew how impossible it was to grant it, he burst into tears, and was unable to make any reply. The lady imagined that this arose from grief at the thought of losing his favorite, and showed his unwillingness to part with it: nevertheless she waited patiently for his answer. He at length said, "Since it first pleased heaven, madam, that I should place



my affections on you, I have found Fortune unkind to me in many things, and have often accused her; but all her former unkindness has been trifling compared with what she has now done me. How can I ever forgive her, therefore, when I remember that you, who never deigned to visit me when I was rich, have come to my poor cottage to ask a favor which she has cruelly prevented me from bestowing? The cause of this I shall briefly tell you. When I found that in your goodness you proposed to dine with me, and when I considered your excellence, I thought it my duty to honor you with more precious food than is usually given to others. Recollecting my falcon, therefore, and its worth, I deemed it worthy food, and accordingly made it be roasted and served up for dinner; but when I find that you wished to get it in another way, I shall never be consoled for not having it in my power to serve you."

Having said this, he showed them the wings, and the feet, and the bill, as evidences of the truth of what he had told them. When the lady had heard and seen these things, she chided him for having killed so fine a bird as food for a woman, but admired in secret that greatness of mind which poverty had been unable to subdue. Then, seeing that she could not have the falcon, and becoming alarmed for the safety of her child, she thanked Federigo for the honorable entertainment he had given them, and returned home in a melancholy mood. Her son, on the other hand, either from grief at not getting the falcon, or from a disease occasioned by it, died a few days after, leaving his mother plunged in the deepest affliction.

Monna Giovanna was left very rich, and when she had for some time mourned her loss, being importuned by her brothers to marry again, she began to reflect on the merit of Federigo, and on the last instance of his generosity dis-

played in killing so fine a bird to do her honor. She told her brothers, therefore, that she would marry, since they desired it, but that her only choice would be Federigo Alberigi. They laughed when they heard this, and asked her how she could think of a man who had nothing; but she answered that she would rather have a man without money than money without a man. When her brothers, who had long known Federigo, saw therefore how her wishes pointed, they consented to bestow her upon him with all her wealth; and Federigo, with a wife so excellent and so long beloved, and riches equal to his desires, showed that he had learned to be a better steward, and long enjoyed true happiness.

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## THE MONGOLS.

NICHOLAS PREJEVALSKY.

[Of Russian travellers, none have been more active and daring, more ardent in discovery and skilled in description, than Prejevalsky, whose explorations have given us much hitherto unknown information about the great plains and mountain-regions of Mongolia. He has recently acquired scientific fame by the discovery of a new species of horse in that remote country. From his volume of travels in Mongolia, as translated by E. Delmer Morgan, we select a portion of his interesting description of the mode of life and the character of the Mongols.]

THE first thing which strikes the traveller in the life of the Mongol is his excessive dirtiness: he never washes his body, and very seldom his face and hands. Owing to constant dirt, his clothing swarms with parasites, which he amuses himself by killing in the most uncereemonious way. . . . The uncleanness and dirt amidst which they live

is partly attributable to their dislike, almost amounting to dread, of water or damp. Nothing will induce a Mongol to cross the smallest marsh where he might possibly wet his feet, and he carefully avoids pitching his *yurta* anywhere near damp ground or in the vicinity of a spring, stream, or marsh. Moisture is as fatal to him as it is to the camel, so that it would seem as if his organism, like the camel's, were only adapted to a dry climate; he never drinks cold water, but always prefers brick-tea, a staple article of consumption with all the Asiatic nomads. It is procured from the Chinese, and the Mongols are so passionately fond of it that neither men nor women can do without it for many days. From morning till night the kettle is simmering on the hearth, and all members of the family constantly have recourse to it. It is the first refreshment offered to a guest. The mode of preparation is disgusting. The vessel in which the tea is boiled is never cleansed, and is occasionally scrubbed with argols, *i.e.*, dried horse or cow dung. Salt water is generally used, but, if unattainable, salt is added. The tea is then pared off with a knife or pounded in a mortar, and a handful of it thrown into the boiling water, to which a few cups of milk are added. To soften the brick-tea, which is sometimes as hard as a rock, it is placed for a few minutes among hot argols, which impart a flavor and aroma to the whole beverage. This is the first process, and in this form it answers the same purpose as chocolate or coffee with us. For a more substantial meal the Mongol mixes dry roasted millet in his cup, and, as a final relish, adds a lump of butter or raw sheep-tail fat (*kurdink*). The reader may now imagine what a revolting compound of nastiness is produced; and yet they consume any quantity of it. Ten to fifteen large cupfuls is the daily allowance for a girl, but full-grown men take twice as much. It should be mentioned that

the cups, which are sometimes highly ornamented, are the exclusive property of each individual; they are never washed, but after every meal licked out by the owner; those belonging to the more wealthy Mongols are of pure silver, of Chinese manufacture; the lamas make them of human skulls cut in half, and mounted in silver.

The food of the Mongols also consists of milk prepared in various ways, either as butter, curds, whey, or kumiss [fermented mare's or sheep's milk]. . . . Tea and milk constitute the chief food of the Mongols all the year round, but they are equally fond of mutton. The highest praise they can bestow on any food is to say that it is "as good as mutton." Sheep, like camels, are sacred; indeed, all their domestic animals are emblems of some good qualities. The favorite part is the tail, which is pure fat. In autumn, when the grass is of the poorest description, the sheep fatten wonderfully, and the fatter the better for Mongol taste. No part of the slaughtered animal is wasted, but everything is eaten up with the utmost relish.

The gluttony of this people exceeds all description. A Mongol will eat more than ten pounds of meat at one sitting, but some have been known to devour an average-sized sheep in the course of twenty-four hours! On a journey, when provisions are economized, a leg of mutton is the ordinary daily ration for one man, and although he can live for days without food, yet, when once he gets it, he will eat enough for seven. . . . When travelling and pressed for time, they take a piece of mutton and place it on the back of the camel, underneath the saddle, to preserve it from the frost, whence it is brought out again during the journey and eaten, covered with camel's hair and reeking with sweat; but this is no test of a Mongol's appetite. . . .

They eat with their fingers, which are always disgust-

ingly dirty; raising a large piece of meat and seizing it in their teeth, they cut off with a knife, close to the mouth, the portion remaining in the hand. The bones are licked clean, and sometimes broken for the sake of the marrow; the shoulder-blade of mutton is always broken and thrown aside, it being considered unlucky to leave it unbroken.

On special occasions they eat the flesh of goats and horses; beef rarely, and camel's flesh more rarely still. The lamas will touch none of this meat, but have no objection to carrion, particularly if the dead animal is at all fat. They do not habitually eat bread, but they will not refuse Chinese loaves, and sometimes bake wheaten cakes themselves. Near the Russian frontier they will even eat black bread, but further in the interior they do not know what it is, and those to whom we gave rusks, made of rye flour, to taste, remarked that there was nothing nice about such food as that, which only jarred the teeth.

Fowl or fish they consider unclean, and their dislike to them is so great that one of our guides nearly turned sick on seeing us eat boiled duck at Koko-nor: this shows how relative are the ideas of people even in matters which apparently concern the senses. The very Mongol, born and bred amid frightful squalor, who could relish carrion, shuddered when he saw us eat duck à l'Européenne.

Their only occupation and source of wealth is cattle-breeding, and their riches are counted by the number of their live-stock, sheep, horses, camels, oxen, and a few goats, —the proportion varying in different parts of Mongolia. . . . As all the requirements of life, milk and meat for food, skins for clothing, wool for felt, and ropes, are supplied by his cattle, which also earn him large sums by their sale, or by the transport of merchandise, so the nomad lives entirely by them. His personal wants, and those of his family, are a secondary consideration. His

movements from place to place depend on the wants of his animals. If they are well supplied with food and water, the Mongol is content. His skill and patience in managing them are admirable. The stubborn camel becomes his docile carrier; the half-tamed steppe-horse his obedient and faithful steed. He loves and cherishes his animals; nothing will induce him to saddle a camel or a horse under a certain age; no money will buy his lambs or calves, which he considers it wrong to kill before they are full-grown. Cattle-breeding is the only occupation of this people; their industrial employment is limited to the preparation of a few articles for domestic use, such as skins, felt, saddles, bridles, and bows, a little tinder, and a few knives. They buy everything else, including their clothes, of the Chinese, and, in very small quantities, from the Russian merchants at Kiakhtha and Urga. Mining is unknown to them. Their inland trade is entirely one of barter; and the foreign trade is confined to Peking and the nearest towns of China, whither they drive their cattle for sale, and carry salt, hides, and wool to exchange for manufactured goods.

The most striking trait in their character is sloth. Their whole lives are passed in holiday-making, which harmonizes with their pastoral pursuits. Their cattle are their only care, and even they do not cost them much trouble. The camels and horses graze on the steppe without any watch, only requiring to be watered once a day in summer at the neighboring well. The women and children tend the flocks and herds. The rich hire servants who are mostly poor homeless vagrants. Milking the cows, churning butter, preparing meals, and other domestic work, falls to the lot of the women. The men, as a rule, do nothing but gallop about all day long from *yurta* to *yurta*, drinking tea or kumiss, and gossiping with their neighbors. . . .



The Mongol is so indolent that he will never walk any distance, no matter how short, if he can ride; his horse is always tethered outside the *yurta*, ready for use at any moment; he herds his cattle on horseback, and when on a caravan journey nothing but intense cold will oblige him to dismount and warm his limbs by walking a mile or two. His legs are bowed by constant equestrianism, and he grasps the saddle like a centaur. The wildest steppe-horse cannot unseat its Mongol rider. He is in his element on horseback, going at full speed, seldom at a foot's pace or at a trot, but scouring like the wind across the desert. He loves and understands horses; a fast ambler or a good galloper is his greatest delight, and he will not part with such a treasure, even in his direst need. His contempt for pedestrianism is so great that he considers it beneath his dignity to walk even as far as the next *yurta*.

Endowed by nature with a strong constitution, and trained from early childhood to endure hardships, the Mongols enjoy excellent health, notwithstanding all the discomforts of life in the desert. In the depth of winter, for a month at a time, they accompany the tea-caravans. Day by day the thermometer registers upwards of 20° Fahrenheit, with a constant wind from the northwest, intensifying the cold until it is almost unendurable. But in spite of it they keep their seats on the camels for fifteen hours at a stretch, with a keen wind blowing in their teeth. A man must be made of iron to stand this; but a Mongol performs the journey backwards and forwards four times during the winter, making upwards of three thousand miles. As soon as you set him to do other work, apparently much lighter, but to which he is unaccustomed, the result is very different. Although as hard as nails, he cannot walk fifteen or twenty miles without enduring great fatigue; if he pass the night on the damp



ground he will catch cold as easily as any fine gentleman, and, deprived of his brick-tea, he will never cease grumbling.

The Mongol is a slave to habit. He has no energy to meet and overcome difficulties; he will try and avoid, but never conquer them. He wants the elastic manly spirit of the European, ready for any emergency, and willing to struggle against adversity and gain the victory in the end. His is the stolid conservatism of the Asiatic, passive, apathetic, and lifeless.

Cowardice is another striking trait of their character. Leaving out of the question the Chinese Mongols, whose martial spirit and energy has been completely stamped out, the Khalka people are vastly inferior to their ancestors of the times of Chinghiz [Genghis] and Okkodai. Two centuries of Chinese sway, during which their warlike spirit has been systematically extinguished, and suffered to stagnate in the dull round of nomad existence, have robbed them of every trait of prowess and bravery. . . .

We cannot deny that, besides cunning, dissimulation, and deceit,—qualities especially prevalent among the natives of the border-land of China,—the Mongols exhibit great sagacity. . . . But even their sagacity is very one-sided. The intimate knowledge they have of their native plains excites our admiration; they will extricate themselves from the most desperate situation, foretell rain, storms, and other atmospheric changes, follow the almost imperceptible track of a stray horse or camel, and are sensible of the proximity of a well;\* but when you try to explain to them the simplest thing which does not come

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\* This is not properly sagacity, but experience and acuteness of sense.

within their daily routine, they will listen with staring eyes, and repeat the same question without understanding your answer. The obtuseness of the Mongol is enough to exhaust one's patience: you are no longer talking to the same man you know in his native state, you have now to do with a child full of curiosity, but incapable of understanding what you tell him.

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### NOCHE SERENA.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

[Ponce de Leon, born at Granada in 1528, stands high among the lyric poets of Spain, and has been entitled by a critical writer "the greatest of the Spanish poets of his age, and perhaps one of the noblest lyric poets that ever existed." His odes have much beauty of style and elevation of thought, as in the one below, of which we give Bowring's translation. It is said of him that he was imprisoned for five years by the Inquisition for having translated the Song of Solomon into the vulgar tongue. On being released he resumed his professor's chair at Salamanca as quietly as though nothing had happened, and began his lecture with the words, "We were saying, yesterday——"]

WHEN yonder glorious sky,  
Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate,  
And turn my dazzled eye  
To this vain mortal state,  
All dim and visionary, mean and desolate,

A mingled joy and grief  
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;  
I find a short relief  
In tears, whose torrents rude  
Roll down my cheeks; or thoughts which thus intrude:

Thou so sublime abode,  
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine!  
My soul, a spark of God,  
Aspiring to thy seats divine,—  
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine?

Why should I ask in vain  
For truth's pure lamp, and wander here alone,  
Seeking, through toil and pain,  
Light from the Eternal One,  
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone?

Dreams and delusions play  
With man,—he thinks not of his mortal fate :  
Death treads his silent way ;  
The earth turns round ; and then, too late,  
Man finds no beam is left of all his fancied state.

Rise from your sleep, vain men !  
Look round, and ask if spirits born of heaven,  
And bound to heaven again,  
Were only lent or given  
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye  
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres,  
And spurn the vanity  
Of time's delusive years,  
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread,  
But a mere point, compared with that vast space  
Around, above you spread,  
Where, in the Almighty's face,  
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place ?

List to the concert pure  
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light!  
See, in his orbit sure,  
Each takes his journey bright,  
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night!

See how the pale moon rolls  
Her silver wheel, and, scattering beams afar  
On earth's benighted souls,  
See Wisdom's holy star,  
Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of War;

Or that benignant ray  
Which Love hath called its own, and made so fair;  
Or that serene display  
Of power supernal there,  
Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air!

And, circling all the rest,  
See Saturn, father of the golden hours,  
While round him, bright and blest,  
The whole empyreum showers  
Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours!

But who to these can turn,  
And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this,  
Nor feel his spirit burn  
To grasp so sweet a bliss,  
And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

For there, and there alone,  
Are peace, and joy, and never-dying love,—  
There, on a splendid throne,  
'Midst all those fires above,  
In glories and delights which never wane nor move.

Oh, wondrous blessedness,  
Whose shadowy effluence hope o'er time can fling!  
Day that shall never cease,  
No night there threatening,  
No winter there to chill joy's ever-during spring.

Ye fields of changeless green,  
Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers,  
Thou paradise serene,  
Eternal, joyful hours  
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers!

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## THE ISLAND OF ZIPANGU, OR JAPAN.

MARCO POLO.

[From the "Travels of Marco Polo," the celebrated Venetian traveller of the thirteenth century, we select the earliest European description of Japan, with the account of its invasion by Kublai Khan. The author, born at Venice about 1252, journeyed with his father and uncle into Asia, and reached the court of Kublai Khan, the Mongol conqueror of China, in 1275. He remained for many years in the service of this monarch, and returned to Venice in 1295, bringing with him great wealth, which he carried in the form of precious stones. He was afterwards taken prisoner in a naval battle, and while in prison told the story of his travels to a fellow-captive, who wrote it as he received it. The work at once became highly popular, and is full of valuable information not elsewhere obtainable.]

ZIPANGU is an island in the Eastern Ocean, situated at the distance of about fifteen hundred miles\* from the mainland, or coast of Manji. It is of considerable size; its inhabitants have fair complexions, are well made, and

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\* Chinese miles, or li.

are civilized in their manners. Their religion is the worship of idols. They are independent of every foreign power, and governed only by their own kings. They have gold in the greatest abundance, its sources being inexhaustible, but, as the king does not allow of its being exported, few merchants visit the country, nor is it frequented by much shipping from other parts. To this circumstance we are to attribute the extraordinary richness of the sovereign's palace, according to what we are told by those who have access to the place. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious metal; many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold, of considerable thickness; and the windows have also golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace that it is impossible to convey an idea of them. In this island there are pearls also, in large quantities, of a red (pink) color, round in shape, and of great size, equal in value to, or even exceeding, that of the white pearls. It is customary with one part of the inhabitants to bury their dead, and with another part to burn them. The former have a practice of putting one of these pearls into the mouth of the corpse. There are also found there a number of precious stones.

Of so great celebrity was the wealth of this island that a desire was excited in the breast of the grand Khan Kublai, now reigning, to make the conquest of it and to annex it to his dominions. In order to effect this he fitted out a numerous fleet, and embarked a large body of troops, under the command of two of his principal officers, one of whom was named Abbacatan, and the other Vonsaucin. The expedition sailed from the ports of Zai-tun and Kinsai [probably Amoy and Ningpo], and, crossing the inter-

mediate sea, reached the island in safety ; but in consequence of a jealousy that arose between the two commanders, one of whom treated the plans of the other with contempt and resisted the execution of his orders, they were unable to gain possession of any city or fortified place, with the exception of one only, which was carried by assault, the garrison having refused to surrender. Directions were given for putting the whole to the sword, and in obedience thereto the heads of all were cut off, excepting of eight persons, who, by the efficacy of a diabolical charm, consisting of a jewel or amulet introduced into the right arm between the skin and the flesh, were rendered secure from the effects of iron, either to kill or to wound. Upon this discovery being made, they were beaten with a heavy wooden club, and presently died.

It happened, after some time, that a north wind began to blow with great force, and the ships of the Tartars, which lay near the shore of the island, were driven foul of each other. It was determined, therefore, in a council of the officers on board, that they ought to disengage themselves from the land ; and accordingly, as soon as the troops were re-embarked, they stood out to sea. The gale, however, increased to so violent a degree that a number of the vessels foundered. The people belonging to them, by floating on pieces of the wreck, saved themselves upon an island lying about four miles from the coast of Zipangu. The other ships, which, not being so near to the land, did not suffer from the storm, and in which the two chiefs were embarked, together with the principal officers, or those whose rank entitled them to command a hundred thousand or ten thousand men, directed their course homeward, and returned to the grand khan. Those of the Tartars who remained upon the island where they were wrecked, and who amounted to about thirty thousand men, finding



themselves left without shipping, abandoned by their leaders, and having neither arms nor provisions, expected nothing less than to become captives or to perish; especially as the island afforded no habitations where they could take shelter and refresh themselves. As soon as the gale ceased, and the sea became smooth and calm, the people from the main island of Zipangu came over with a large force, in numerous boats, in order to make prisoners of these shipwrecked Tartars, and, having landed, proceeded in search of them, but in a straggling, disorderly manner. The Tartars, on their part, acted with prudent circumspection, and, being concealed from view by some high land in the centre of the island, whilst the enemy were hurrying in pursuit of them by one road, made a circuit of the coast by another, which brought them to the place where the fleet of boats was at anchor. Finding these all abandoned, but with their colors flying, they instantly seized them, and, pushing off from the island, stood for the principal city of Zipangu, into which, from the appearance of the colors, they were suffered to enter unmolested. Here they found few of the inhabitants, besides women, whom they retained for their own use, and drove out all others.

When the king was apprised of what had taken place, he was much afflicted, and immediately gave directions for a strict blockade of the city, which was so effectual that not one person was permitted to enter or to escape from it during six months that the siege continued. At the expiration of this time, the Tartars, despairing of succor, surrendered upon the condition of their lives being spared. These events took place in the course of the year 1264 [properly 1284]. The grand khan, having learned some years after that the unfortunate issue of the expedition was to be attributed to the dissensions between the two

commanders, caused the head of one of them to be cut off, and the other he sent to the savage island of Zorza, where it is the custom to execute criminals in the following manner. They are wrapped round both arms in the hide of a buffalo fresh taken from the beast, which is sewed tight. As this dries, it compresses the body to such a degree that the sufferer is incapable of moving or in any manner helping himself, and thus miserably perishes.

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## ABON-CASEM'S SLIPPERS.

GASPARO GOZZI.

[Gasparo, Count Gozzi, a distinguished Italian writer, was born at Venice in 1713. He was the brother of Carlo Gozzi, the author of a number of dramas of fairy-life, "The Loves of the Three Oranges," "Turandot," etc., which have been greatly admired. His own works comprise the "Venetian Observer," on the model of Addison's "Spectator," a series of elegantly-written "Epistles" in verse, and other works. We select from his writings an amusing story of Oriental life.]

IN Bagdad lived an old merchant of the name of Abon-Casem, who was famous for his riches, but still more for his avarice. His coffers were small to look at (if you could get a sight of them), and very dirty; but they were crammed with jewels. His clothes were as scanty as need be; but then even in his clothes there was *multum in parvo*,—to wit, much dirt in little space. All the embroidery he wore was of that kind which is of necessity attendant upon a ragged state of drapery. It meandered over his bony form in all the beauty of ill-sewn patches. His turban was of the finest kind of linen for lasting,—a kind of canvas, and so mixed with elementary substances that

its original color, if it still existed, was invisible. But of all his habiliments his slippers were most deserving the study of the curious. They were the extreme cases both of his body and his dirt. The soles consisted chiefly of huge nails, and the upper leathers of almost everything. The ship of the Argonauts was not a greater miscellany. During the ten years of their performance in the character of shoes, the most skilful cobblers had exercised their science and ingenuity in keeping them together. The accumulation of materials had been so great, and their weight was so heavy in proportion, that they were promoted to honors of proverbialism; and Abon-Casem's slippers became a favorite comparison when a superfluity of weight was the subject of discourse.

It happened one day, as this precious merchant was walking in the market, that he had a great quantity of fine glass bottles offered him for sale; and as the proposed bargain was greatly on his side, and he made it still more so, he bought them. The vender informed him, furthermore, that a perfumer having lately become bankrupt had no resource but to sell, at a very low price, a large quantity of rose-water; and Casem, greatly rejoicing at this news, and hastening to the poor man's shop, bought up all the rose-water at half its value. He then carried it home, and comfortably put it in his bottles. Delighted with these good bargains, and buoyant in his spirits, our hero, instead of making a feast, according to the custom of his fellows, thought it more advisable to go to the bath, where he had not been for some time.

While employed in the intricate business of undressing, one of his friends, or one whom he believed such (for your misers seldom have any), observed that his slippers had made him quite the by-word of the city, and that it was high time to buy a new pair. "To say the truth," said

Casem, "I have long thought of doing so, but they are not yet so worn as to be unable to serve me a little longer," and, having undressed himself, he went into the stove.

During the luxury he was there enjoying, the Cadi of Bagdad came in, and, having undressed himself, he went into the stove likewise. Casem soon after came out, and, having dressed himself, looked around for his slippers, but could nowhere find them. In the place of his own he found a pair sufficiently different to be not only new, but splendid; and, feeling convinced that they were a gift from his friend (not the less so, perhaps, because he wished it), he triumphantly thrust his toes into them, and issued forth into the air, radiant with joy and a skin nearly clean.

On the other hand, when the cadi had performed the necessary purifications, and was dressed, his slaves looked for his lordship's slippers in vain. Nowhere could they be found. Instead of the embroidered slippers of the judge, they detected, in a corner, only the phenomena left by Casem, which were too well known to leave a doubt how their master's had disappeared. The slaves made out immediately for Casem, and brought him back to the indignant magistrate, who, deaf to his attempts at defence, sent him to prison. Now, in the East, the claws of justice open just as wide as, and no wider than, the purse of the culprit; and it may be supposed that Abon-Casem, who was known to be as rich as he was miserly, did not get his freedom at the same rate as his rose-water. The miserable Casem returned home, tearing his beard, for beard is not a dear stuff; and, being mightily enraged with the slippers, he seized upon them and threw them out of his window into the Tigris. It happened a few days after that some fishermen drew their nets under the

window, and, the weight being greater than usual, they were exulting in their success, when out came the slippers. Furious against Casem (for who did not know Casem's slippers?), they threw them in at the window, at the same time reviling him for the accident. Unhappy Casem! The slippers flew into his room, fell among his bottles, which were ranged with great care along the shelf, and, overthrowing them, covered the room with glass and rose-water. Imagine, if you can, the miser's agony! With a loud voice, and tearing his beard, according to custom, he roared out, "Accursed slippers, will you never cease persecuting the wretched Casem?" So saying, he took a spade, and went into his garden to bury them.

It so happened that one of his neighbors was looking out of the window at the time; and, seeing Casem poking about the earth in his garden, he ran to the *cadi* and told him that his old friend had discovered a treasure. Nothing more was requisite to excite the cupidity of the judge. He allowed the miser to aver, as loudly as he pleased, that he was burying his slippers, and had found no treasure, but at the same time demanded the treasure he had found. Casem talked to no purpose. Wearied out at last with his own asseverations, he paid the money, and departed, cursing the very souls of the slippers.

Determined to get rid of these unhappy movables, our hero walked to some distance from the city, and threw them into a reservoir, hoping he had now fairly seen the last of them; but the devil, not yet tired of tormenting him, guided the slippers precisely to the mouth of the conduit. From this point they were carried along into the city, and, sticking at the mouth of the aqueduct, they stopped it up, and prevented the water from flowing into the basin. The overseers of the city fountains, seeing that the water had stopped, immediately set about repairing the damage,

and at length dragged into the face of day the old reprobate slippers, which they immediately took to the *cadi*, complaining loudly of the damage they had caused.

The unfortunate proprietor was now condemned to pay a fine still heavier than before; but far was he from having the luck of seeing his chattels detained. The *cadi*, having delivered the sentence, said, like a conscientious magistrate, that he had no power of retaining other people's property, upon which the slippers, with much solemnity, were faithfully returned to their distracted master. He carried them home with him; and meditating as he went, and as well as he was able to meditate, how he should destroy them, at length he determined upon committing them to the flames. He accordingly tried to do so, but they were too wet: so he put them upon a terrace to dry. But the devil, as aforesaid, had reserved a still more cruel accident than any before; for a dog, whose master lived hard by, seeing these strange wild fowl of a pair of shoes, jumped from one terrace to the other till he came to the miser's, and began to play with one of them; in his sport he dropped it over the balustrade, and it fell, heavy with hobnails and the accumulated guilt of years, on the tender head of an infant, and killed him on the spot. The parents went straight to the *cadi* and complained that they found their child dead, and Casem's slipper lying by it, upon which the judge condemned him to pay a very heavy fine.

Casem returned home, and, taking the slippers, went back to the *cadi*, crying out, with an enthusiasm that convulsed everybody, "Behold! behold! See here the fatal cause of all the sufferings of Casem, these accursed slippers, which have at length brought ruin upon his head! My lord *cadi*, be so merciful, I pray you, as to give an edict that may free me from all imputation of accident which these slippers henceforth may occasion, as they certainly



will to anybody who ventures into their accursed leather." The cadi could not refuse this request; and the miser learned to his cost the ill effects of not buying a new pair of shoes.

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## ORLANDO AND THE GIANTS.

LUIGI PULCI.

[The poems of romance and chivalry, devoted to the adventures of Charlemagne and his paladins, which for centuries formed the favorite literature of France, gave rise in Italy to a series of romantic epic poems, which display such poetic and inventive merit that they have given extended life to the extravagant conceptions of the Trouvères. The earliest of these is the "*Morgante Maggiore*" of Luigi Pulci (born at Florence in 1431). This poem celebrates the exploits of Orlando and the giant Morgante, in a vein of burlesque which is far removed from the seriousness of the original poems of chivalry. It shows good powers of fancy and invention, and contains many beautiful passages. The selection we present, describing how Orlando first made the acquaintance of his gigantic friend, is in the appreciative translation of Lord Byron.]

THEN full of wrath departed from the place,  
And far as pagan countries roamed astray,  
And while he rode, yet still at every pace  
The traitor Gan remembered by the way;  
And, wandering on in error a long space,  
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,  
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,  
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood  
Descended from Angrante; under cover  
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,  
But certain savage giants looked him over;

One Passamont was foremost of the brood,  
And Alabaster and Morgante hover  
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw  
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,  
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.  
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before  
Unto the prior it at length seemed good;  
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore  
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,  
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed  
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine  
We give you freely, since that you believe  
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine:  
And, that you may not, cavalier, conceive  
The cause of our delay to let you in  
To be rusticity, you shall receive  
The reason why our gate was barred to you:  
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came  
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,  
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame  
They seemed to promise an asylum sure;  
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,  
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;  
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard  
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;  
For late there have appeared three giants rough;

What nation or what kingdom bore the batch  
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;  
When force and malice with some genius match,  
You know, they can do all,—we're not enough:  
And these so much our orisons derange,  
I know not what to do, till matters change.

“Our ancient fathers, living the desert in,  
For just and holy works were duly fed;  
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain  
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:  
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in  
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for bread  
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,  
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

“The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he  
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,  
And flings them, our community to bury;  
And all that I can do but more provokes.”  
While thus they parley in the cemetery,  
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,  
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,  
So that he took a long leap under cover.

“For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed!  
The manna's falling now,” the abbot cried.  
“This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,  
Dear abbot,” Roland unto him replied.  
“Of restiveness he'd cure him, had he need;  
That stone seems with good will and aim applied.”  
The holy father said, “I don't deceive;  
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe.”

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,

And also made a breakfast of his own :

"Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow

Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."

Said the abbot, "Let not my advice seem shallow ;

As to a brother dear I speak alone :

I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,

As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts,

Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must ;

You know that giants have much stouter hearts

Than us, with reason, in proportion just :

If go you will, guard well against their arts,

For these are very barbarous and robust."

Orlando answered, "This I'll see, be sure,

And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

The abbot signed the great cross on his front :

"Then go you with God's benison and mine."

Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,

As the abbot had directed, kept the line

Right to the usual haunt of Passamont,

Who, seeing him alone in this design,

Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,

Then asked him if he wished to stay as servant,

And promised him an office of great ease.

But said Orlando, "Saracen insane !

I come to kill you, if it shall so please

God,—not to serve as foot-boy in your train ;

You with his monks so oft have broke the peace,

Vile dog ! 'tis past his patience to sustain."

The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,

When he received an answer so injurious.

And being returned to where Orlando stood,  
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging  
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude  
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;  
It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good,  
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,  
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,  
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,  
Said, "I will go, and, while he lies along,  
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"

But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,  
Especially Orlando, such a knight  
As to desert would almost be a wrong.  
While the giant goes to put off his defences,  
Orlando has recalled his force and senses;

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?  
Thou thought'st me, doubtless, for the bier outlaid;  
To the right about! without wings thou'rt too slow  
To fly my vengeance, currish renegade!  
'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."

The giant his astonishment betrayed,  
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,  
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;  
To split the head in twain was what he schemed:  
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,  
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed;  
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,  
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:  
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,  
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word,

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st this day given!

And I to thee, O Lord, am ever bound.

I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,

Since by the giant I was fairly downed.

All things by thee are measured just and even;

Our power without thine aid would naught be found:

I pray thee, take heed of me, till I can

At least return once more to Carloman."

And, having said thus much, he went his way;

And Alabaster he found out below,

Doing the very best that in him lay

To root from out a bank a rock or two.

Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,

"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"

When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,

He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large

That, if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,

And Roland not availed him of his targe,

There would have been no need of a physician.

Orlando set himself in turn to charge,

And in his bulky bosom made incision

With all his sword. The lout fell; but, o'erthrown, he,

However, by no means forgot Maccone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,

Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,

And stretched himself at ease in this abode,

And shut himself at night within his berth.

Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad

The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,

The door to open, like a crazy thing;

For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.



He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him ;  
And Mahomet he called ; but Mahomet  
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him ;  
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set  
At liberty from all the fears which racked him,  
And to the gate he came with great regret.  
“ Who knocks here ? ” grumbling all the while, said he  
“ That,” said Orlando, “ you will quickly see.”

“ I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,—  
Sent by the miserable monks,—repentance ;  
For Providence Divine, in you and others,  
Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.  
'Tis writ on high, your wrong must pay another's ;  
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.  
Know, then, that colder now than a pilaster  
I left your Passamont and Alabaster.”

Morgante said, “ O gentle cavalier,  
Now, by thy God, say me no villany !  
The favor of your name I fain would hear,  
And, if a Christian, speak for courtesy.”  
Replied Orlando, “ So much to your ear  
I, by my faith, disclose contentedly ;  
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,  
And, if you please, by you may be adored.”

The Saracen rejoined, in humble tone,  
“ I have had an extraordinary vision :  
A savage serpent fell on me alone,  
And Macon would not pity my condition ;  
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone  
Upon the cross, preferred I my petition :  
His timely succor set me safe and free,  
And I a Christian am disposed to be.”

## A CHAPTER OF PRISON-LIFE.

SILVIO PELLICO.

[The horrors of political imprisonment have never been more vividly shown than in the moving narrative of Pellico, whose story of the terrible sufferings to which his love for his country subjected him has become almost a classic in recent European literature. The author, born at Saluzzo, Piedmont, in 1789, gained great reputation as a dramatist by his tragedy of "*Francesca da Rimini*," which was received with much applause. In 1818 he founded a literary periodical, which was quickly suppressed by the Austrian government, and in 1820 was arrested under the charge of being a member of a secret political society. After enduring two years' imprisonment in Italian dungeons, he was sentenced in 1822 to fifteen years' imprisonment *carcere duro*, and confined in the citadel of Spielberg, at Brünn, in Moravia, where he was held until 1830. He wrote a narrative of his sufferings, "*My Imprisonment*," which was translated into all the languages of Europe and everywhere excited great sympathy. He died in 1854. From Roscoe's translation of this work we extract the following interesting episode of his life in a Venetian prison, in which the kindness of his jailers formed the only mitigation of the harshness of his treatment.]

MY solitude, meantime, grew more oppressive. Two sons of the jailer, whom I had been in the habit of seeing at brief intervals, were sent to school, and I saw them no more. The mother and the sister, who had been accustomed, along with them, to speak to me, never came near me, except to bring my coffee. About the mother I cared very little; but the daughter, though rather plain, had something so pleasing and gentle, both in her words and looks, that I greatly felt the loss of them. Whenever she brought the coffee, and said, "It was I who made it," I

always thought it excellent; but when she observed, "This is my mother's making," it lost all its relish.

Being almost deprived of human society, I one day made acquaintance with some ants upon my window; I fed them; they went away, and ere long the place was thronged with these little insects, as if come by invitation. A spider, too, had weaved a noble edifice upon my walls, and I often gave him a feast of gnats or flies, which were extremely annoying to me, and which he liked much better than I did. I got quite accustomed to the sight of him; he would run over my bed, and come and take the precious morsels out of my hand. Would to heaven that these had been the only insects which visited my abode! It was still summer, and the gnats had begun to multiply to a prodigious and alarming extent. The previous winter had been remarkably mild, and after the prevalence of the March winds followed extreme heat. It is impossible to convey an idea of the insufferable oppression of the air in the place I occupied. Opposed directly to a noontide sun, under a leaden roof, and with a window looking on the roof of St. Mark's, casting a tremendous reflection of the heat, I was nearly suffocated. I had never conceived an idea of a punishment so intolerable: add to which the cloud of gnats, which, spite of my utmost efforts, covered every article of furniture in the room, till even the walls and ceiling seemed alive with them, and I had some apprehension of being devoured alive. Their bites, moreover, were extremely painful; and when thus punctured from morning till night, only to undergo the same operation from day to day, and engaged the whole time in killing and slaying, some idea may be formed of the state both of my body and my mind.

I felt the full force of such a scourge, yet was unable to obtain a change of dungeon, till at length I was tempted to rid

myself of my life, and had strong fears of running distracted. But, thanks be to God, these thoughts were not of long duration, and religion continued to sustain me. It taught me that man was born to suffer, and to suffer with courage; it taught me to experience a sort of pleasure in my troubles, to resist and to vanquish in the battle appointed by heaven. . . .

I sought to impress upon my mind reflections like these [that his faults merited chastisement], at once just and applicable; and, this done, I found it was necessary to be consistent, and that it could be effected in no other manner than by sanctifying the upright judgments of the Almighty, by loving them, and eradicating every wish at all opposed to them. The better to persevere in my intention, I determined, in future, carefully to revolve in my mind all my opinions, by committing them to writing. The difficulty was that the commission, while permitting me to have the use of ink and paper, counted out the leaves, with an express prohibition that I should not destroy a single one, and reserving the power of examining in what manner I had employed them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the simple stratagem of smoothing with a piece of glass a rude table which I had, and upon this I daily wrote my long meditations respecting the duties of mankind, and especially of those which applied to myself. It is no exaggeration to say that the hours so employed were sometimes delightful to me, notwithstanding the difficulty of breathing I experienced from the excessive heat, to say nothing of the bitterly painful wounds, small though they were, of those poisonous gnats. To defend myself from the countless numbers of these tormentors, I was compelled, in the midst of suffocation, to wrap my head and my legs in thick cloth, and not only to write with gloves on, but to bandage my wrist to prevent the intruders creeping up my sleeves.

Meditations like mine assumed somewhat of a biographical character. I made out an account of all the good and evil which had grown up with me from my earliest youth, discussing them within myself, attempting to resolve every doubt, and arranging, to the best of my power, the various kinds of knowledge I had acquired, and my ideas upon every subject. When the whole surface of the table was covered with my lucubrations, I perused and re-perused them, meditated on what I had already meditated, and at length resolved (however unwillingly) to scratch out all I had done with the glass, in order to have a clean superficies upon which to recommence my operations. . . . Being anxious to avoid every chance of interruption, or of impediment to my repeating with the greatest possible freedom the facts I had recorded, and my opinions upon them, I took care to transpose and abbreviate the words in such a manner as to run no risk from the most inquisitorial visit. No search, however, was made, and no one was aware that I was spending my miserable prison-hours to so good a purpose. Whenever I heard the jailer or other person open the door I covered my little table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand, with the *lawful* quantity of state paper by its side.

Still, I did not wholly neglect the paper put into my hands, and sometimes even devoted an entire day and night to writing. But here I only treated of literary matters. I composed at that time the *Ester d'Engaddi*, the *Iginia d'Asti*, and the *Cantichi*, entitled *Tancreda*, *Rosilde*, *Eliqi* and *Valafrido*. *Adello*, besides several sketches of tragedies, and other productions, in the list of which was a poem upon the *Lombard League*, and another upon *Christopher Columbus*.

As it was not always so easy an affair to get a reinforcement of paper, I was in the habit of committing my rough

draughts to my table, or the wrapping-paper in which I received fruit and other articles. At times I would give away my dinner to the under-jailer, telling him I had no appetite, and then requesting from him the favor of a sheet of paper. This was, however, only in certain exigencies, when my little table was full of writing and I had not yet determined on clearing it away. I was often very hungry, and, though the jailer had money of mine in his possession, I did not ask him to bring me anything to eat, partly lest he should suspect I had given away my dinner, and partly that the under-jailer might not find out that I had said the thing which was not when I assured him of my loss of appetite. In the evening I regaled myself with some strong coffee, and I entreated that it might be made by the little *siao*, Zanze.\* This was the jailer's daughter, who, if she could escape the lynx eye of her sour mamma, was good enough to make it exceedingly good,—so good, indeed, that, what with the emptiness of my stomach, it produced a kind of convulsion, which kept me awake the whole night.

In this state of gentle inebriation I felt my intellectual faculties strangely invigorated,—wrote poetry, philosophized, and prayed till morning with feelings of real pleasure. I then became completely exhausted, threw myself upon my bed, and, spite of the gnats that were continually sucking my blood, I slept an hour or two in profound rest.

I can hardly describe the peculiar and pleasing exaltation of mind which continued for nights together, and I left no means untried for securing the same means of continuing it. With this view, I still refused to touch a mouthful of dinner, even when I was in no want of

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\* La Signora Angiola.



paper, merely in order to obtain my magic beverage in the evening.

How fortunate I thought myself when I succeeded! Not unfrequently the coffee was not made by the gentle Angiola; and it was always vile stuff from her mother's hands. In this last case I was sadly put out of humor, for, instead of the electrical effect upon my nerves, it made me wretched, weak, and hungry; I threw myself down to sleep, but was unable to close an eye. Upon these occasions I complained bitterly to Angiola, the jailer's daughter, and one day, as if she had been in fault, I scolded her so sharply that the poor girl began to weep, sobbing out, "Indeed, sir, I never deceived anybody, and yet everybody calls me a deceitful little minx."

"Everybody! Oh, then, I see I am not the only one driven to distraction by your vile slops."

"I did not mean to say that, sir. Ah, if you only knew!—if I dared to tell you all that my poor, wretched heart——"

"Well, don't cry so! What is all this ado? I beg your pardon, you see, if I scolded you. Indeed, I believe you would not, you could not, make me such vile stuff as this."

"Dear me! I am not crying about that, sir."

"You are not!" and I felt my self-love not a little mortified, though I forced a smile. "Are you crying, then, because I scolded you, and yet not about the coffee?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Ah, then who called you a little deceitful one before?"

"He did, sir."

"He did? And who is *he*?"

"My lover, sir;" and she hid her face in her little hands.

Afterwards she ingenuously intrusted to my keeping, and I could not well betray her, a little serio-comic sort of pastoral romance, which really interested me.

From that day forth, I know not why, I became the adviser and confidant of this young girl, who returned and conversed with me for hours. She at first said, "You are so good, sir, that I feel just the same when I am here as if I were your own daughter."

"That is a very poor compliment," replied I, dropping her hand; "I am hardly yet thirty-two, and you look upon me as if I were an old father."

"No, no, not so; I mean as a brother, to be sure;" and she insisted upon taking hold of my hand with an air of the most innocent confidence and affection. . . .

In short, when I had become attached to poor Maddalena without once seeing her, how was it likely that I could remain indifferent to the sisterly assiduities and attentions, to the thousand pleasing little compliments, and to the most delicious cups of coffee, of this young Venice girl, my gentle little jailer? I should be trying to impose on myself were I to attribute to my own prudence the fact of my not having fallen in love with Angiola. I did not do so, simply from the circumstance of her having already a lover of her own choosing, to whom she was desperately, unalterably attached. The sentiment I felt for her was not, then, what is called love. I wished to see her happy, and that she might be united to the lover of her choice; I was not jealous, nor had I the remotest idea she could ever select me as the object of her regard. Still, when I heard my prison door open, my heart began to beat in the hope that it was my Angiola; and if she appeared not, I experienced a peculiar kind of vexation; when she came my heart throbbed yet more violently, from a feeling of pure joy. Her parents, who had begun to entertain a good opinion of me, and were aware of her passionate regard for another, offered no opposition to the visits she thus made me, permitting her almost

invariably to bring me my coffee in a morning, and not infrequently in the evening.

There was altogether a simplicity and an affectionateness in her every word, look, and gesture, which were really captivating. She would say, "I am excessively attached to another, and yet I take such delight in being near you! When I am not in *his* company, I like being nowhere so well as here."

"And don't you know why?" inquired I.

"I do not."

"I will tell you, then. It is because I permit you to talk about your lover."

"That is a good guess; yet still I think it is a good deal because I esteem you so very much."

Poor girl! along with this pretty frankness she had the blessed sin of taking me always by the hand and pressing it with all her heart, not perceiving that she at once pleased and disconcerted me by her affectionate manner. Thanks be to heaven that I can recall this excellent little girl to mind without the least tinge of remorse.

The following portion of my narrative would assuredly have been more interesting had the gentle Angiola fallen in love with me, or if I had at least run half mad to enliven my solitude. There was, however, another sentiment, that of simple benevolence, no less dear to me, which united our hearts in one. And if at any moment I felt there was the least risk of its changing its nature in my vain, weak heart, it produced only sincere regret.

Once, certainly, having my doubts that this would happen, and finding her, to my sorrow, a hundred times more beautiful than I had at first imagined,—feeling, too, so very melancholy when she was absent, so joyous when near,—I took upon myself to play the *unamiable*, in the idea that this would remove all danger by making her

leave off the same affectionate and innocent manner. This innocent stratagem was tried in vain; the poor girl was so patient, so full of compassion for me. She would look at me in silence, with her elbow resting upon the window, and say, after a long pause, "I see, sir, you are tired of my company; yet *I* would stay here the whole day if I could, merely to keep the hours from hanging so heavy upon you. This ill humor of yours is the natural effect of your long solitude: if you were able to chat awhile, you would be quite well again. If you don't like to talk, I will talk for you."

"About your lover, eh?"

"No, no; not always about him; I can talk of many things."

She then began to give me some extracts from the household annals, dwelling upon the sharp temper of her mother, her good-natured father, and the monkey-tricks of her little brothers; and she told all this with a simple grace and innocent frankness not a little alluring. Yet I was pretty near the truth; for, without being aware of it, she uniformly concluded with the one favorite theme,—her ill-starred love. Still I went on acting the part of the *unamiable*, in the hope that she would take a spite against me. But, whether from inadvertency or design, she would not take the hint, and I was at last fairly compelled to give up by sitting down contented to let her have her way, smiling, sympathizing with, and thanking her for the sweet patience with which she had so long borne with me.

I no longer indulged the ungracious idea of spiting her against me, and by degrees all my other fears were allayed. Assuredly I had not been smitten: I long examined into the nature of my scruples, wrote down my reflections upon the subject, and derived no little advantage from the process.

Man often terrifies himself with mere bugbears of the mind. If we would learn not to fear them, we have only to examine them a little more nearly and attentively. What harm, then, if I looked forward to her visits to me with a tender anxiety, if I appreciated their sweetness, if it did me good to be compassioned by her, and to interchange all our thoughts and feelings, unsullied, I will say, as those of childhood? Even her most affectionate looks, and smiles, and pressures of the hand, while they agitated me, produced a feeling of salutary respect mingled with compassion. One evening, I remember, when suffering under a sad misfortune, the poor girl threw her arms round my neck, and wept as if her heart would break. She had not the least idea of impropriety; no daughter could embrace a father with more perfect innocence and unsuspecting affection. I could not, however, reflect upon that embrace without feeling somewhat agitated. It often recurred to my imagination, and I could then think of no other subject. On another occasion, when she thus threw herself upon my confidence, I was really obliged to disentangle myself from her dear arms, ere I once pressed her to my bosom or gave her a single kiss, while I stammered out, "I pray you, now, sweet Angiola, do not embrace me again: it is not quite proper." She fixed her eyes upon me for a moment, then cast them down, while a blush suffused her ingenuous countenance; and I am sure it was the first time that she read in my mind even the possibility of any weakness of mine in reference to her. Still, she did not cease to continue her visits upon the same friendly footing, with a little more reserve and respect, such as I wished it to be; and I was grateful to her for it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing is durable here below! Poor Angiola fell sick; and on one of the first days when she felt indisposed, she

came to see me, complaining bitterly of pains in her head. She wept, too, and would not explain the cause of her grief. She only murmured something that looked like reproaches of her lover. "He is a villain!" she said; "but God forgive him, as I do!"

I left no means untried to obtain her confidence, but it was the first time I was quite unable to ascertain why she distressed herself to such an excess. "I will return to-morrow morning," she said, one evening, on parting from me; "I will, indeed." But the next morning came, and my coffee was brought by her mother; the next, and the next, by the under-jailers; and Angiola continued grievously ill. The under-jailers also brought me very unpleasant tidings relating to the love-affair,—tidings, in short, which made me deeply sympathize with her sufferings. A case of seduction! But perhaps it was the tale of calumny. Alas! I but too well believed it, and I was affected at it more than I can express; though I still like to flatter myself that it was false. After upwards of a month's illness, the poor girl was taken into the country, and I saw her no more.

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## THE TRANSFORMATION OF GRASSO.

ANONYMOUS.

[The short tale, inaugurated by Boccaccio in the "Decameron," found numerous imitators in Italy during the two succeeding centuries, and became a favorite form of literature. Machiavelli probably wrote a number of these stories, though only one of his exists. Other writers of note were Luigi da Porto, Cintio Bandello, and Antonio Grazzini, the latter perhaps the best Italian novelist after Boccaccio.]



The story we give below, known in Italian as "*Grasso Lagnaùlo*," is of unknown date and authorship. It was perhaps suggested by one of the adventures of the "*Arabian Nights*." A number of young Florentines, annoyed because a friend has declined to join their party, determine to play a trick on him, by convincing him that he has mistaken his identity, and that he is really somebody else.]

THE following night was fixed upon for the transformation; and Philip, as being on the most intimate terms with Grasso, was to visit him about the time of shutting shop. He went, accordingly, and conversed with Grasso for some time, as had been agreed upon, when a little lad ran up in great haste and inquired if Signor Brunellesco were there. Philip answered that he was Brunellesco, and desired to know what was wanted with him. "Oh, signor," said the boy, "you must come immediately, for your mother has met with a dreadful accident, and is very nearly killed." With well-feigned grief and terror, "Good Lord defend us!" exclaimed Philip, and abruptly took leave of his friend, who offered to accompany him if he could be of any service. "Not now," said Philip, thanking him for his kindness; "but if I require your aid I will take the liberty of sending for you." Then, pretending to hasten homewards, Philip turned the corner of a street leading to Grasso's house, picked the lock of the door, walked in, and fastened it behind him.

Now, it happened that Grasso's mother had gone some days previously to a little country-house at Polerossa, in order to wash some linen, and she was expected back again that day. After closing his shop, Grasso sauntered up and down the piazza, ruminating on his friend's misfortune. At length, finding that it was growing late, he concluded that Philip would not send for him that night, and resolved to go home. He was somewhat puzzled, on ascending the steps, to find that he could not open the

door; and after several ineffectual attempts he knocked pretty sharply, and shouted, "Open the door!" supposing that his mother had returned and for some reason or other had fastened it after her.

Presently a voice answered in Grasso's own tone, "Who is there?" Somewhat startled, "It is I," said Grasso: "let me in." "No," said the voice; "pray go away, Matteo, for I am in great anxiety about a friend of mine, with whom I was conversing just now in my shop, when a messenger came in haste to tell him that his mother was nearly killed." Then, as if turning to Grasso's mother, he continued, in the same voice, "Good mother, do let me have my supper: it is really too bad; you ought to have been home two days ago, and you come in just at this time of night." As he went on grumbling and scolding in this strain, Grasso, in great surprise, said, "That is very like my own voice. What the deuce can it all mean? Who is speaking there up-stairs? Can it be I? How is it, I wonder? He says Philip was at his shop when he heard his mother was ill, and now he is busy scolding his mother, or my mother Giovanna, I cannot tell which. Have I lost my senses, or what does it mean?"

Again descending the steps, he shouted up to the windows, when, as had been determined, his friend Donatello, the sculptor, passed by. "Good-night, Matteo," said he; "good-night. I am going to call on your friend Grasso, who I find has just gone home." Grasso was now completely bewildered, and, turning away, he went into the Piazza San Giovanni. "I will stay here," said he to himself, "till some one passes who can tell me who I really am."

He was next met by some police-officers, a bailiff, and a creditor to whom Matteo owed a sum of money. "This is the man, this is Matteo; take him: I have watched him

closely, and caught him at last," cried the creditor; and the officer, arresting him, led him away. In vain Grasso exclaimed, "What have you to do with me? I am Grasso the carver, and not Matteo, or any of his kin. I do not even know him." Hereupon he began to lay about him lustily; but the officers secured and held him fast. "You not Matteo!" cried the creditor, eying him from head to foot. "We shall soon see that. Too well I know my own debtor; you have been in my books too long. I have had scores against you for a year past, and you have the impudence to tell *me* you are not Matteo. Do you think such an *alias* will repay my money?"

He was hurried in no very gentle way to prison, and, as it was supper-time, they met no one on the road. His name was entered as Matteo in the jail-book, and he was compelled to take his place with the rest of the prisoners, some of whom hailed him with, "Good-evening, Matteo." Hearing himself thus addressed, "There must surely be something in it," said Grasso; and he began almost to persuade himself that what every one said must be true. "Will you sup with us," said the prisoners, "and have done thinking of your case till to-morrow?" So he supped with them, and consented to sleep with one, who said, "Make yourself as comfortable as you can to-night, Matteo: to-morrow, if you can pay, well and good; but if not, you must send home for bedding." Grasso thanked him, and laid himself down to rest, wondering what would become of him if he were really changed into Matteo, "which I fear," he added, "must in some way be the case, as the evidence of it appears on every side. Suppose I send home to my mother; but then, if the true Grasso is in the house, they will laugh at me, and perhaps say I am mad. And yet I think I must be Grasso."

All night he lay perplexing himself with such cogita-

tions as these, unable to decide which of the two he was. After a sleepless night, he rose and placed himself at the small grated window, hoping that some passer-by might know him. Presently Giovanni Rucellai, one of the supper-party that hatched the plot, came up. It happened that Giovanni had commissioned Grasso to make a dressing-table for a lady, and she had been in his shop the day before, pressing him to get the work finished as soon as possible. Giovanni going into a shop opposite the prison gate, Grasso began to salute him with smiles of recognition, but his friend only stared at him, as if he were a perfect stranger. Grasso, supposing that the other did not know him, said, "Pray, do you happen to know a person of the name of Grasso, who lives at the back of the Piazza San Giovanni and does inlaid-work?" "To be sure I do," replied Giovanni; "he is a particular friend of mine, and I am just going to see him about a little job which he has in hand for me." "Then," said Grasso, "will you be so kind as just to say to him that a very particular acquaintance of his has been arrested for debt, and would be glad to speak with him for a moment?" "With pleasure I will," replied the other, and pursued his way.

The prisoner remaining at the window began to commune with himself. "Now at last it is clear that I am no longer Grasso. I am Matteo with a vengeance, and no one else. The devil give him luck of the exchange; but what a lot is mine! If I say anything about the matter they will think me mad, and the very beggar-boys will laugh at me. Yet if I do not explain it, a thousand mistakes like that of yesterday may occur. The dilemma is most awkward; but I will wait for Grasso's arrival, and see what explanation can be made."

[During the day Matteo's brothers, who were in the plot, called at the prison, lectured him for his extravagance, became security for his

debt, and took him home. Here they sent for a priest, whom they told that their brother was a little disordered in his wits and took himself to be Grasso the carver. They wanted him talked out of this notion. The priest arrived.]

"Good-evening to you, Matteo," said the priest. "Good-evening, and good-year to you also," said Grasso. "For whom are you looking?" "I am come to sit with you a little," was the answer; and, seating himself, he continued, "Come and sit beside me, Matteo, and I will tell you what is on my mind. I am much concerned to hear that you have been arrested, and that you have taken the matter so much to heart as almost to lose your senses. They tell me that, among other fancies, you have got it into your head that you are no longer the same Matteo, but have become a certain fellow called Grasso the carver. If this be the case, you are very wrong to allow so trivial a misfortune to weigh so heavily on your mind. I must beg that you will dismiss these whims, and devote yourself steadily to your business, by doing which you will please your brothers and gain my approval, besides doing yourself the greatest possible service; for if once you allow people to suspect your state of mind they will never give you credit for being in your senses again. Rouse yourself, then, like a man, and scorn to indulge in such absurdities any longer."

Grasso was won by his kindness, and declared that he would be glad to obey him as well as he could, being convinced that his advice was intended to serve him, and from that hour he would give up thinking he was any one else but Matteo, since it was clear that he was not Grasso. One thing, however, he was very anxious for, in order to set his mind quite at rest; and that was an interview with the real Grasso. "What!" said the priest, "is it still running in your head? For what reason do you wish to speak

with Grasso? It would be both indulging your folly and proclaiming it." And he said so much that he persuaded the poor fellow to abandon the idea; after which he left him, and, having informed the brothers of what had passed, took his leave.

[Meanwhile, Philip Brunellesco brings a sleeping-draught to the brothers, which is administered to Grasso, and when he is fast asleep they carry him on a litter to his own house, where, his mother not having yet returned, they lay him in his bed and place everything in its usual order. In the shop, however, they put everything in confusion. Awaking the next morning, and recognizing his former home, he knows not what to think. He rises and goes to his shop, where he stands aghast with surprise.]

"The Lord help me!" he exclaimed, as he beheld everything out of its place; "the Lord help me! What a sight is here!" and he began the tedious task of replacing his tools as he had left them. Presently Matteo's brothers came, and affected not to know him, saying, "Good-day, sir." Grasso, recognizing them, changed color, and replied, "Good-day, and good-year. Pray, whom are you seeking?" "You shall hear," was the reply. "We happen to have a brother called Matteo, who has latterly become a little cracked, and has taken it into his head that he is no longer the same man, but the master of this shop, whose name is Grasso. We gave him the best advice we could, and the parish priest, a very good sort of man, lent his assistance to eradicate this foolish idea. We thought he was getting better, for he fell into a quiet slumber when we left him last night; but this morning we find he has absconded, and we came to see if he is here."

Grasso, confounded at this relation, answered, "I know nothing about it; why trouble me with your concerns? Matteo has never been here. If he said he was I, he told a falsehood; and if I meet him I will surely learn whether



I am he or he is I before we part. We have surely all been bedevilled this day or two. Why bring such a story to me?" And with this he seized his cloak, and, in great anger closing his shop, he proceeded with bitter complaints towards Santa Reparata. Halting at the church, he began to walk about in great wrath, until he met a companion who had formerly been his fellow-apprentice. This young man had been settled for some years in Hungary, where he had been so successful that he had come back to Florence to obtain what was necessary for executing his numerous orders, and he had been trying to persuade Grasso to accompany him on his return. The moment our hero perceived him, he hastened to join him. "You have more than once asked me," said he, "to go with you to Hungary: hitherto I have refused; but now, from some particular circumstances, and a slight disagreement with my mother, I will gladly accept your offer. But if I am to go it must be immediately; for perhaps before to-morrow night it might be too late."

The young man was exceedingly glad, and it was arranged that Grasso should forthwith proceed to Bologna, where he was to wait for his companion. He accordingly hired a horse, and set out on his journey, leaving a letter to inform his mother of his departure and desire her to take charge of his property in Florence. The two friends were so successful in their enterprise that they amassed considerable fortunes; and Grasso more than once revisited his native place, where he amused his friends by relating the mysterious adventure of his earlier days.

## THE BALLADS OF SPAIN.

ANONYMOUS.

[The early era of Spanish literature abounded in heroic poems, of unknown authorship, many of them stirring and spirited and full of poetic feeling. The earliest of these is the "Poem of the Cid," probably written about 1150, rude in form, yet attractive from its simplicity and its dignity. The active ballad period of Spain, however, seems to have begun in the latter half of the fourteenth century, from which date we possess an extraordinary number of ballads, describing incidents of Spanish or Moorish history and of romantic adventure. These poems are marked by energy and simplicity, and, while devoid of embellishment, have much of the force and beauty which come from earnestness and poetic warmth. We present two short examples of the historic ballad, the first of which relates to the Cid, the favorite hero of early Spanish poetry. The translation is by Lockhart.]

## BAVIECA.

The king looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true ;  
Then to the king Ruy Diaz spake, after reverence due :  
"O king, the thing is shameful, that any man, beside  
The liege lord of Castile himself, should Bavioca ride :

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring  
So good as he ; and, certes, the best befits my king.  
But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,  
I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt  
the Moor."

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and  
wide,

On Bavioca vaulting, put the rowel in his side ;  
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his  
career,

Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

And all that saw them praised them; they lauded man  
and horse,  
As matchéd well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;  
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight  
come near,  
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,  
He snapped in twain his hither rein: "God pity now the  
Cid!—

God pity Diaz!" cried the lords; but when they looked  
again,

They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his  
rein;

They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and  
calm,

Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king:  
But "No!" said Don Alfonso, "it were a shameful thing  
That peerless Bavioca should ever be bestrid  
By any mortal but Bivar: mount, mount again, my Cid!"

#### THE POUNDER.

The Christians have beleagured the famous walls of Xeres:  
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,  
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,  
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,  
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of  
Perez:

No knight like Don Diego, no sword like his is found  
In all the host, to hew the boast of paynims to the ground.

It fell, one day, when furiously they battled on the plain,  
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain :  
The Moors that saw it shouted; for esquire none was near,  
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,  
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full  
nigh,—

An olive-tree with branches strong, close by the wall of  
Xeres :

“Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow,” quoth Don Diego  
Perez.

A gnarléd branch he soon did wrench down from that  
olive strong,

Which o'er his headpiece brandishing, he spurs among the  
throng :

God wot, full many a pagan must in his saddle reel !—

What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that  
weight ye feel ?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,  
Quoth he, “I've seen some flail-armed man belabor barley  
so ;

Sure mortal mould did ne'er infold such mastery of power :  
Let's call Diego Perez *THE POUNDER*, from this hour.”

[From the romantic ballads we select the following :]

COUNT ARNALDOS.

Who had ever such adventure,  
Holy priest, or virgin nun,  
As befell the Count Arnaldos  
At the rising of the sun ?

On his wrist the hawk was hooded,  
Forth with horn and hound went he,  
When he saw a stately galley  
Sailing on the silent sea.

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,  
Burnished poop of beaten gold,—  
Many a morn you'll hood your falcon  
Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,  
Golden poops may come again,  
But mortal ear no more shall listen  
To yon gray-haired sailor's strain.

Heart may beat, and eye may glisten,  
Faith is strong, and Hope is free,  
But mortal ear no more shall listen  
To the song that rules the sea.

When the gray-haired sailor chanted,  
Every wind was hushed to sleep;  
Like a virgin's bosom panted  
All the wide reposing deep.

Bright in beauty rose the starfish  
From her green cave down below,  
Right above the eagle poised him,—  
Holy music charmed them so.

“Stately galley! glorious galley!  
God hath poured his grace on thee!  
Thou alone may'st scorn the perils  
Of the dread, devouring sea!

“False Almeria’s reefs and shallows,  
Black Gibraltar’s giant rocks,  
Sound and sand-bank, gulf and whirlpool,  
All, my glorious galley mocks!”

“For the sake of God, our Maker!”—  
Count Arnaldos’ cry was strong,—  
“Old man, let me be partaker  
In the secret of thy song!”

“Count Arnaldos! Count Arnaldos!  
Hearts I read, and thoughts I know:  
Wouldst thou learn the ocean secret,  
In our galley thou must go.”

[Of the store of ballad-literature relating to the Moors of Spain the following song of lament stands out with peculiar prominence. The effect of the original ballad, of which there was an Arabic version, is said to have been so great that it was forbidden, on pain of death, to be sung by the Moors within Granada. The graceful translation given is by Lord Byron.]

WOE IS ME, ALHAMA!

The Moorish king rides up and down  
Through Granada’s royal town:  
From Elvira’s gates to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell  
How Alhama’s city fell:  
In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.  
Woe is me, Alhama!



He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,  
And through the street directs his course,  
Through the street of Zacatin  
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gained,  
On the moment he ordained  
That the trumpet straight should sound  
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war  
Beat the loud alarm afar,  
That the Moors of town and plain  
Might answer to the martial strain,—

Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware  
That bloody Mars recalled them there,  
One by one, and two by two,  
To a mighty squadron grew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor  
In these words the king before:  
“Wherefore call on us, O king?  
What may mean this gathering?”

Woe is me, Alhama!

“Friends, ye have, alas! to know  
Of a most disastrous blow,—  
That the Christians, stern and bold,  
Have obtained Alhama’s hold.”

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,  
With his beard so white to see :  
“ Good king, thou art justly served,—  
Good king, this thou hast deserved.  
                    Woe is me, Alhama !

“ By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada’s flower ;  
And strangers were received by thee,  
Of Córdoba the chivalry.  
                    Woe is me, Alhama !

“ And for this, O king, is sent  
On thee a double chastisement :  
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
One last wreck shall overwhelm.  
                    Woe is me, Alhama !

“ He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law ;  
And Granada must be won,  
And thyself with her undone.”  
                    Woe is me, Alhama !

Fire flashed from out the old Moor’s eyes ;  
The monarch’s wrath began to rise,  
Because he answered, and because  
He spake exceeding well of laws.  
                    Woe is me, Alhama !

“ There is no law to say such things  
As may disgust the ear of kings :”  
Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.  
                    Woe is me, Alhama !

Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !  
Though thy beard so hoary be,  
The king hath sent to have thee seized,  
For Alhama's loss displeased,—  
Woe is me, Alhama !

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone,  
That this for thee should be the law,  
And others tremble when they saw.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

“Cavalier, and man of worth,  
Let these words of mine go forth ;  
Let the Moorish monarch know  
That to him I nothing owe.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

“But on my soul Alhama weighs,  
And on my inmost spirit preys ;  
And if the king his land hath lost,  
Yet others may have lost the most.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

“Sires have lost their children, wives  
Their lords, and valiant men their lives ;  
One what best his love might claim  
Hath lost,—another, wealth or fame.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

“I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower ;  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,  
And think her ransom cheap that day.”  
Woe is me, Alhama !

And as these things the old Moor said,  
They severed from the trunk his head ;  
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed  
'Twas carried, as the king decreed.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

And men and infants therein weep  
Their loss, so heavy and so deep ;  
Granada's ladies, all she rears  
Within her walls, burst into tears.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

And from the windows o'er the walls  
The sable web of mourning falls ;  
The king weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss,—for it is much and sore.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

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## IN THE DESERTS OF TARTARY.

### ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

[Arminius Vambéry, a Jewish traveller, was born at Duna-Szerdahely, Hungary, in 1832. He took part in the revolution of 1848, was wounded, and after the war was forced to fly to Turkey, whence he travelled through Central Asia. Being very conversant with Mohammedan literature, he made this journey in the character of a Tartar Hadji in company with a party of pilgrims returning from Mecca. He is now professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Pesth, and has published several works descriptive of his travels and of life among the Tartars. From his "*Travels and Adventures in Central Asia*" we select the following description of the perils of desert travel.]

AN hour after sunset the start was determined upon.  
The Kervanbashi pointed out to us that from this point

the true desert begins ; that, although we had all the appearance of being experienced travellers, still he considered it not unprofitable to remark that, as far as possible, we should avoid speaking loudly, or uttering any cry by day or night ; and that henceforth we should each bake his bread before sunset, as no one here ought to light a fire by night, for fear of betraying his position to an enemy ; and finally that we should, in our prayers, constantly implore Amandjilik for security, and in the hour of danger we should not behave like women.

Some swords, a lance, and two guns were divided amongst us ; and, as I was regarded as one having most heart, I received fire-arms and a tolerable provision of powder and ball. I must openly avow that all these preparations did not seem to me calculated to inspire much confidence. . . . It may have been about midnight—we had gone about two miles, and had reached a steep declivity—when the word was given that we should all dismount, for we were in the Döden (as the nomads of the district name the ancient bed of the Oxus), and the storms and rains of the last winter had now entirely washed away all traces of the route, which had been tolerably well defined the winter before. We cut across the ancient channel of the river in a crooked line, in order to find a way out to the opposite bank, the steeper one : it was not till break of day that we contrived, with great fatigue, to reach the high plateau. . . .

The more the Balkan disappeared in the blue clouds in our rear, the greater and more awful became the majesty of the boundless desert. I had before been of opinion that the desert can only impress the mind with an idea of sublimity where both fancy and enthusiasm concur to give coloring and definiteness to the picture. But I was wrong. I have seen in the lowlands of my own beloved

country a miniature picture of the desert; a sketch of it, too, on a larger scale, later, when I traversed, in Persia, a part of the salt desert; but how different the feelings which I here experienced! No; it is not the imagination, as men falsely suppose, it is nature itself that lights the torch of inspiration. I often tried to brighten the dark hues of the wilderness by picturing in its immediate vicinity cities and stirring life, but in vain; the interminable hills of sand, the dreadful stillness of death, the yellowish-red hue of the sun at rising and setting, yes, everything tells us that we are here in a great, perhaps in the greatest desert on the surface of our globe!

About mid-day we encamped near Yeti Seri, so called from the seven wells formerly existing here; from three of these a very salt, bad-smelling water can still be obtained, but the other four are entirely dried up. As the Kervanbashi expressed a hope of our finding in the evening some rain-water, although what remained in my skin was more like mud, I would not exchange it for the bitter nauseous fluid of these wells, out of which the camels were made to drink and some of my fellow-travellers made their provisions. I was astonished to see how the latter vied with their four-footed brethren in drinking; they laughed at my counsels to be abstemious, but had later occasion to rue their having slighted them.

After a short halt we again started, passing by a hill higher than the rest of the sand-hills; upon the former we saw two empty *Kedjeve*. I was told that the travellers who had been seated therein had perished in the desert, and that everything that had held men was respected among the Turkomans, and its destruction regarded as a sin. Singular superstition! Men sold to slavery and lands laid waste regarded as acts of virtue, and a wooden basket held in honor because men have once been seated



in it! The desert and its inhabitants are really singular and extraordinary. The reader will be still more surprised when I relate to him what we witnessed this same evening. When it became cooler, I dismounted with the Kervanbashi and some other Turkomans, in search of some rain-water that we hoped to find. We were all armed, and each went in a different direction. I followed the Kervanbashi; and we had advanced perhaps forty steps, when the latter observed some traces in the sand, and in great astonishment exclaimed, "Here there must be men."

We got our muskets ready, and, guided by the track, that became clearer and clearer, we at last reached the mouth of a cave. As from the prints in the sand we could infer that there was but a single man, we soon penetrated into the place, and I saw, with indescribable horror, a man—half a savage, with long hair and beard, clad in the skin of a gazelle—who, no less astonished, sprang up and with levelled lance rushed upon us. Whilst I was contemplating the whole scene with the greatest impatience, the features of my guide showed the most imperturbable composure. When he distinguished the half-savage man, he dropped the end of his weapon, and, murmuring in a low voice, "Amanbol" ("peace be unto thee!"), he quitted the horrible place. "Kanli dir, he is one who has blood upon his head," exclaimed the Kervanbashi, without my having ventured to question him. It was not till later that I learned that this unhappy man, fleeing from a righteous vendetta, had been for years and years, summer and winter, wandering round the desert; man's face he must not, he dares not behold!

Troubled at the sight of this poor sinner, I sighed to think that in the search after sweet water we had discovered only traces of blood. My companions returned

also without having been successful, and the thought made me shudder that this evening I should swallow the last dregs of the "sweet slime." Oh (thought I), water, dearest of all elements, why did I not earlier appreciate thy worth? Man uses thy blessings like a spendthrift! Yes, in my country man fears thee, even; and now what would I give could I only obtain thirty or twenty drops of thy divine moisture!

I ate only a few bits of bread, which I moistened in hot water, for I heard that in boiling it loses its bitter flavor. I was prepared to endure all until we could meet with a little rain-water. I was terrified by the condition of my companions, all suffering from violent diarrhœa. Some Turkomans, especially the Kervanbashi, were much suspected of having concealed some of the necessary liquid; but who dared to speak out his thought, when every design upon his water-skin would be considered as a design upon the life of its owner, and when a man would have been regarded as out of his senses who should have asked another for a loan of water or present of water? This evening my appetite left me. I had not the slightest craving even for the smallest piece of bread: my sensations were those of extreme debility; the heat of the day was indescribable. My strength was gone, and I was lying there extended, when I perceived that all were pressing round the Kervanbashi: they made a sign to me also to approach. The words "Water, water," gave me fresh vigor. I sprang up; how overjoyed and how surprised I was when I saw the Kervanbashi dealing out to each member of the caravan about two glasses of the precious liquid! The honest Turkoman told us that for years it had been his practice in the desert to keep concealed a considerable quantity, and this he doled out when he knew that it would be most acceptable; that this would

be a great *Sevab* (act of piety), for a Turkoman proverb says that "a drop of water to a man thirsting in the wilderness washes away a hundred years' sins."

It is as impossible to measure the degree of the benefit as to describe the enjoyment of such a draught. I felt myself fully satisfied, and imagined I could again hold out three days. The water had been replenished, but not my bread. Debility and want of appetite had rendered me somewhat careless, and I thought that I could employ for firing, not the wood which was at a little distance, but the camel's dung. I had not collected enough. I placed the dough in the hot ashes, and it was not till after half an hour that I discovered the insufficiency of the heat. I hastened to fetch wood, which I set on fire; it was now dark, and the *Kervanbashi* called out to me, demanding "if I wanted to betray the caravan to the robbers." So I was obliged to extinguish the fire, and to remove my bread, which was not only not leavened, but was only half baked.

The next morning, May 23, our station was *Koymat Ata*. It had formerly a well, now dried up; no great loss, for the water, like that from all the other wells in the district, was undrinkable. Unfortunately, the heat, particularly in the forenoon, was really unendurable. The rays of the sun often warm the dry sand to the depth of a foot, and the ground becomes so hot that even the wildest inhabitants of Central Asia, whose habits make him scorn all covering for the feet, is forced to bind a piece of leather under his soles, in the form of a sandal. What wonder if my refreshing draught of yesterday was forgotten, and I saw myself again a prey to the most fearful torments of thirst!

At mid-day the *Kervanbashi* informed us that we were now near the renowned place of pilgrimage and station

named Kabrیمان Ata, and that to fulfil our pious duty we should dismount and walk on foot a quarter of an hour to the tomb of the saint. Let the reader picture to himself my sufferings. Weak and enfeebled from heat and thirst, I was forced to quit my seat and join the procession of pilgrims, to march to a tomb situated on an elevation, at a distance of fifteen minutes' walk, where, with parched throat, I was expected to bellow forth *telkin* and passages from the Koran, like one possessed. "Oh (thought I), thou cruel saint, couldst thou not have got thyself interred elsewhere, to spare me the terrible martyrdom of this pilgrimage?" Quite out of breath, I fell down before the tomb, which was thirty feet long, and ornamented with rams' horns, the signs of supremacy in Central Asia. The *Kervanbashi* recounted to us that the saint who therein reposed was a giant as tall as his grave was long; that he had for countless years past defended the wells around from the attacks of evil spirits that sought to fill them up with stones. In the vicinity several small graves are visible, the last resting-places of poor travellers, who in different parts of the desert have perished from the hands of robbers or from the fury of the elements. The news of wells under the protection of the saint overjoyed me. I hoped to find water that I could drink. I hastened so much that I really was the first to reach the place indicated. I soon perceived the well, which was like a brown puddle. I filled my hands; it was as if I had laid hold of ice. I raised the moisture to my lips. Oh! what a martyrdom! not a drop could I swallow,—so bitter, so salt, so stinking, was the ice-cold draught. My despair knew no bounds: it was the first time that I really felt anxiety for the result.

Thunder, heard for hours at a distance, not coming near

to us till midnight, and then bringing only a few heavy drops of rain, was the herald that announced to us the end of our torments. Towards the morning of the 24th May we had reached the extreme boundary of the sand through which we had toiled during three days; we were now certain to find this day rain-water wherever we should meet a sub-soil of clay. The Kervanbashi had found a confirmation of this hope in the traces of numbers of gazelles and wild asses; he did not betray his thoughts, but hastened on, and was in effect the first happy one to discover with his ferret eyes, and to point out to the caravan, a little lake of rain-water. "Su! Su!" ("water, water") shouted all for joy; and the mere sight, without wetting the lips, satisfied the craving and quieted our uneasiness. At noon we reached the spot. We afterwards found, in addition to our previous discovery, other pits filled with the sweetest water. I was one of the first to hurry thither with my skin and vessels,—not to drink, but rather to collect the water before it was disturbed and converted into mire by the crowd. In half an hour everybody in a rapture was seated at his breakfast: it is quite impossible to convey an idea of the general delight. From this station, called Deli Ata, all the way to Khiva our skins were constantly full, and henceforth our journey in the desert may be styled, if not agreeable, at least free from uneasiness.

In the evening we reached a spot where spring reigned in all its glory. We encamped in the midst of countless little lakes, surrounded as it were by garlands of meadows; it seemed a dream when I compared it with our encampment of the previous day. To complete our delight, we were here informed that all fear of a surprise, that we most dreaded, was at an end; but it was recommended that for this night we should still abstain from lighting

fires. It must not be omitted that the sons of the desert ascribed the unexpected abundance of water solely to our pious Hadji character. We filled our skins and started again in excellent spirits. . . .

We had before occasionally met with gazelles and wild asses, single and separate; but how astounded I was to find them here by hundreds and grazing in large herds! I think it was on the second day that we perceived, about noon, an immense cloud of dust rising toward the north. The Kervanbashi and the Turkomans all grasped their arms. The nearer it approached the greater grew our anxiety. At last we could distinguish the whole moving mass: it seemed like a rank or column of squadrons on the point of charging. Our guides lowered the points of their weapons. I strove to remain faithful to my Oriental character and not to betray my curiosity, but my impatience knew no bounds; the cloud came nearer and nearer; at a distance of about fifty paces we heard a clatter as if a thousand practised horsemen had halted at the word of command. We saw a countless number of wild asses, animals in good condition and full of life, standing still, ranged in a well-formed line. They gazed intently at us a few moments, and then, probably discovering of how heterogeneous a character we were, they again betook themselves to their flight, hurrying with the swiftness of arrows towards the west.

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## DON QUIXOTE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

[Our present selection is from the greatest of the prose-writers of Spain, and one of the most distinguished and original authors in the whole history of literature, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, who was



born at Alcalá de Henares, in October, 1547. He studied in the Universities of Salamanca and Madrid, gained some reputation while young as a poet, and fought valiantly in the wars of the period, being finally taken by an Algerine corsair and held in slavery for five years. He was ransomed in 1580. The remainder of his life was employed in literary labors, his productions including "*Galatea*," a pastoral romance of some merit, numerous dramas, "*Moral Tales*," which were much admired, and "*Journey to Parnassus*," a poem which some consider a masterpiece. But all these were thrown far in the shade by his great satirical romance, "*Don Quixote de la Mancha*," a work which attained extraordinary popularity, and which brought to a sudden end that form of fictitious literature which had been popular for centuries, the romance of chivalry. It had long outlived its usefulness, and the amusing satire of Cervantes proved its death-blow. Cervantes died on April 23, 1616, on the day of Shakespeare's death,—a remarkable coincidence, considering their mutual position in literature.

"*Don Quixote*" is the only Spanish book which has to-day a general European reputation. This it has well deserved from the fertility of invention displayed by its author, his overflowing humor, and his great power of philosophical analysis of the human mind. It is classed among the few supreme works of literature, and will live while men retain the power to enjoy humor and satire and to appreciate deep insight into human nature. We select the opening chapter of the work, with one of the lean knight's subsequent adventures.]

IN a certain village in La Mancha, in the kingdom of Aragon, of which I cannot remember the name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and, with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three-quarters of his revenue; the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays, and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days. His whole family was a housekeeper

something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field and could saddle a horse and handle the pruning-hook. The master himself was wellnigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser, and a lover of hunting. . . .

Be it known, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round) he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with that application and delight that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely enamoured of these amusements that he sold many acres of land to purchase books of that kind, by which means he collected as many of them as he could; but none pleased him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Silva; for the brilliancy of his prose, and those intricate expressions with which it is interlaced, seemed to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the love-addresses and challenges, many of them in this extraordinary style: "The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason doth so enfeeble my reason that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty." And this: "The sublime heavens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and fix you the deserver of the desert that is deserved by your grandeur." These, and such-like rhapsodies, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was racking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been raised from the dead for that very purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body

from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinishable adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper and faithfully and literally finish it himself; which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important designs. . . .

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances that at night he would pore on until it was day, and would read on all day until it was night; and thus a world of extraordinary notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, love-passages, torments, and abundance of absurd impossibilities; insomuch that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say that the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the Knight of the Burning Sword, who with a single back-stroke would cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who at Roncesvalles deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus, the son of the Earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of him; for among that monstrous brood, who were ever intolerably proud and insolent, he alone behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his carrying away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as the history says; while he so hated that traitor Galalon that for the

pleasure of kicking him handsomely he would have given up his housekeeper, nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus confused his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honor as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed cap-a-pie, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honor and renown.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting; for instead of a complete helmet there was only a single head-piece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or visor, which, being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard visor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week in doing. He did not like its being broke with so much ease, and therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so without any further experiment he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

The next moment he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real, being a worse jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*; however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Baviaca could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name: so, after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante.

Having thus given his horse a name, he thought of choosing one for himself, and, having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the author of this history draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. And observing that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country; and consequently would fix a lasting honor on that part of the world.

And now, his armor being scoured, his head-piece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new-named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. "Should I," said he to himself, "by good or ill fortune,

chance to encounter some giant, as it is common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valor? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: Lady, I am the giant Caraculimbambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extolled knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honor to dispose of me according to your will."

Near the place where he lived dwelt a good-looking country-girl, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though, it is believed, she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of his heart; upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess, or lady of quality: so at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, and dignified, like the others which he had devised.

[Thus equipped, the good knight rode forth in quest of adventures, which we need but say he found in abundance, much to the detriment of his armor and the soundness of his skin. Returning home to repair damages, he sallied forth a second time, now taking with him a squire, the immortal Sancho Panza, a round-bodied, thick-headed country-fellow, with some degree of natural shrewdness and an equal degree of natural stupidity, who was tempted into the service of Don Quixote by



the promise of being made governor of an island, which the knight was to conquer for him. Of the numerous adventures and mishaps which befell this brace of worthy lunatics, we have space but for one, the adventure of the sheep, which will serve as a type of the whole and as an example of Cervantes's inimitable humor and invention.]

The knight and his squire went on conferring together, when Don Quixote perceived, in the road on which they were travelling, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; upon which he turned to Sancho, and said, "This is the day, O Sancho, that shall manifest the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, on which shall be proved, as at all times, the valor of my arms, and on which I shall perform exploits that will be recorded and written in the book of fame, there to remain to all succeeding ages. Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers nations, who are on the march this way." "If so, there must be two armies," said Sancho; "for here, on this side, arises just such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote turned, and, seeing that it really was so, he rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain; for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagances, combats, and challenges detailed in his favorite books, and in every thought, word, and action he reverted to them. Now, the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and as the dust concealed them until they came near, and Don Quixote affirmed so positively that they were armies, Sancho began to believe it, and said, "Sir, what then must we do?" "What," replied Don Quixote, "but favor and assist the weaker side? Thou must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front is led and

commanded by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana; this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm,—for he always enters into battle with his right arm bare.” “But why do these two princes bear one another so much ill will?” demanded Sancho. “They hate one another,” answered Don Quixote, “because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is most beautiful, and also a Christian; but her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn Christian.” “By my beard,” said Sancho, “Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power.” “Therein wilt thou do thy duty, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “but listen with attention whilst I give thee an account of the principal knights in the two approaching armies; and, that thou mayst observe them the better, let us retire to that rising ground, whence both armies may be distinctly seen.”

Seeing, however, in his imagination what did not exist, he began, with a loud voice, to say, “The knight thou seest yonder with the gilded armor, who bears on his shield a lion crowned, couchant at a damsel’s feet, is the valorous Laurealco, Lord of the Silver Bridge. The other, with the armor flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembó, Grand Duke of Quiracia. The third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias. He is armed with a serpent’s skin, and bears, instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says is one of those belonging to the temple which Samson pulled down when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies.”

In this manner he went on naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colors, devices, and mottoes, extempore; and, without pausing, he continued thus: "That squadron in the front is formed and composed of people of different nations. Here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing bank of the clear Thermodon; those who drain, by divers and sundry ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually changing their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, although I cannot recollect their names."

How many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate, giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes! Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But, seeing none, he said, "Sir, not a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, can I see anywhere." "How sayest thou, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote; "hearest thou not the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and the rattling of the drums?" "I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs:" and so it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. "Thy fears, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevent thee from hearing or seeing aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what

they really are: and if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone; for with my single arm I shall insure victory to that side which I favor with my assistance." Then, clapping spurs to Rozinante, and setting his lance in rest, he darted down the hillock like lightning.

Sancho cried out to him, "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back! they are only lambs and sheep you are going to encounter; pray come back; what madness is this! there is neither giant, nor knight, nor horses, nor arms, nor shields quartered or entire, nor true azures, nor devices; what are you doing, sir?" Notwithstanding all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud, "Ho, knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." With these words he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flock called out to him to desist; but, seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to salute his ears with a shower of stones. Don Quixote cared not for the stones, but, galloping about on all sides, cried out, "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Present thyself before me; I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valor hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta."

At that instant a large stone struck him with such violence that he believed himself either slain or sorely wounded; and, remembering some balsam which he had, he pulled out the cruse, and, applying it to his mouth, began to swallow some of the liquor; but before he could

take what he thought sufficient, another hit him on the hand, and dashed the cruse to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight fell from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they collected their flock, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without further inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's actions, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds gone off, he descended from the hillock, and, running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though not quite bereaved of sense, and said to him, "Did I not beg you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?" "How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, transform things or make them invisible! However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive thyself, and see the truth of what I tell thee: mount thy ass, and follow them fair and softly, and thou wilt find that when they are got a little farther off they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want thy assistance: come hither to me, and see how many of my teeth are deficient; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head."

He now raised himself up, and, placing his left hand upon his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hand on Rozinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side,

such was his fidelity, and went towards his squire, who stood leaning with his breast upon the ass, and his cheek reclining upon his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him thus, and to all appearances so melancholy, said to him, "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, only inasmuch as he does more than another. So do not afflict thyself for the mischances that befall me, since thou hast no share in them." "How? no share in them!" answered Sancho; "peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son, and the wallets I have lost to-day, with all my movables, belong to somebody else?" "What! are the wallets lost?" quoth Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day?" replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs which your worship says you know, and with which unlucky knights-errant like your worship are used to supply such wants." "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of salt pilchards than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon thy ass, and follow me; for God, who provides for all, will not desert us, since he neglects neither the birds of the air, the beasts of the earth, nor the fish of the waters; more especially being engaged, as we are, in his service." "Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than a knight-errant." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the knowledge of knights-errant must be universal; there have been knights-errant in times past who would make sermons or harangues on the king's highway as successfully as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris; whence it may be inferred that the lance



never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance." "Well, be it as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but let us begone hence, and endeavor to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be where there are neither blankets nor blanket-heavers, hobgoblins nor enchanted moors."

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### FROM THE "DIVINA COMMEDIA."

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

[From the greatest Italian poet, and one of the greatest of all poets, we offer the present selection, composed of brief passages from the world-renowned "Divine Comedy." Dante was a native of Florence, born in May, 1265. He was well instructed in literature and the arts of his day, and when in his tenth year conceived that love for Beatrice Portinari which became the moving influence in his poetical labors. This lady died in 1290, about which time was written the "Vita Nuova," a poem in which his love was tenderly and beautifully commemorated. Dante became involved in the political struggles of his day, and, on the triumph of the opposite party, was sentenced to perpetual banishment from Florence, with confiscation of his estate. The remainder of his life, till his death in 1321, was spent in wandering about Italy in sorrowful pride, he refusing to accept the offered privilege of returning to Florence on condition of paying a fine and confessing guilt. During these wanderings was composed his great poem, one of the finest epics which the world possesses, and a work of extraordinary power for the period of its origin. The "Divine Comedy" embodies the mediæval conception of the future life, but with such distinct realization as almost to bring it into the realm of actual fact. The poet, conducted by Virgil, traverses the three regions of hell, purgatory, and paradise, details his experiences in this strange journey, and peoples these regions with his own personal friends and foes in a manner that must have been decidedly uncomfortable for the latter had the work been published during their lives. The seriousness and occasional grimness of his narrative are softened by a sympathetic tenderness which forms the distinguishing characteristic of his work. "I suppose," says Ruskin, "that the powers of the imagination may always

be tested by accompanying tenderness of emotion; and thus (as Byron said) there is no tenderness like Dante's, neither any intensity nor seriousness like his,—such seriousness that it is incapable of perceiving that which is commonplace or ridiculous, but fuses all down into its white-hot fire."

The style of Dante's verse is of admirable purity and elegance, while his power of painting a picture in a few apposite words has never been surpassed. In the words of Hallam, "Of all writers he is the most unquestionably original." From the "*Inferno*" we select Byron's translation of what is by all acknowledged as its most charming episode, the love-story of Francesca da Rimini. It must be premised that, discovered by her husband Lanciotto, Lord of Rimini, whom she disliked, in company with his brother Paolo, whom she loved, Francesca and her lover had been slain on the spot by the enraged husband, and entered the future life together. Paolo tells their story to Dante and his guide.]

"THE land where I was born sits by the seas,  
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,  
With all his followers, in search of peace.

Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,  
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en  
From me; and me even yet the mode offends.

Love, who to none beloved to love again  
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,  
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.

Love to one death conducted us along,  
But Caina\* waits for him our life who ended."  
These were the accents uttered by her tongue.

Since I first listened to these souls offended,  
I bowed my visage, and so kept it, till  
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I unbended,  
And recommenced: "Alas! unto such ill  
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies,  
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil!"

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\* The home of murderers in the *Inferno*.

And then I turned unto their side my eyes,  
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies  
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.

But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,  
By what and how thy love to passion rose,  
So as his dim desires to recognize."

Then she to me, "The greatest of all woes  
Is, to remind us of our happy days  
In misery; and that thy teacher knows.

But if to learn our passion's first root preys  
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,  
I will do even as he who weeps and says.

We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,  
Of Lancelot, how Love enchained him too.  
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.

But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue  
All o'er discolored by that reading were;  
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew:

When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,  
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,  
He who from me can be divided ne'er

Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.  
Accursed was the book and he who wrote!  
That day no further leaf we did uncover."

While thus one spirit told us of their lot,  
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls  
I swooned, as if by death I had been smote,  
And fell down even as a dead body falls.

[From H. F. Cary's excellent blank-verse translation we transcribe the following passage, in which the future punishment of the self-murderer is described.]

Ere Nessus yet had reached the other bank,  
We entered on a forest, where no track

Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there  
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light  
The boughs and tapering, but with knares deformed  
And matted thick: fruits there were none, but thorns  
Instead, with venom filled. Less sharp than these,  
Less intricate the brakes, wherein abide  
Those animals, that hate the cultured fields,  
Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.

Here the brute Harpies make their nest, the same  
Who from the Strophades the Trojan band  
Drove with dire bodings of their future woe.  
Broad are their pennons, of the human form  
Their neck and countenance, armed with talons keen  
The feet, and the huge belly fledge with wings.  
These sit and wail on the dread mystic wood.

The kind instructor in these words began:  
"Ere farther thou proceed, know thou art now  
I' th' second round, and shalt be, till thou come  
Upon the horrid sand: look therefore well  
Around thee, and such things thou shalt behold  
As would my speech discredit." On all sides  
I heard sad plainings breathe, and none could see  
From whom they might have issued. In amaze  
Fast bound I stood. He, as it seemed, believed  
That I had thought so many voices came  
From some amid those thickets close concealed,  
And thus his speech resumed: "If thou lop off  
A single twig from one of those ill plants,  
The thought thou hast conceived shall vanish quite."

Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,  
From a great wilding gathered I a branch,  
And straight the trunk exclaimed, "Why pluck'st thou  
me?"

Then, as the dark blood trickled down its side,

These words it added: "Wherefore tear'st me thus?  
Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast?  
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.  
Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been  
The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green,  
That burning at one end from th' other sends  
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind  
That forces out its way, so burst at once,  
Forth from the broken splinter, words and blood.

I, letting fall the bough, remained as one  
Assailed by terror, and the sage replied,  
"If he, O injured spirit, could have believed  
What he hath seen but in my verse described,  
He never against thee had stretched his hand.  
But I, because the thing surpassed belief,  
Prompted him to this deed, which even now  
Myself I rue. But tell me who thou wast,  
That, for this wrong to do thee some amends,  
In th' upper world (for thither to return  
Is granted him) thy fame he may revive."

"That pleasant word of thine," the trunk replied,  
"Hath so inveigled me that I from speech  
Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge  
A little longer, in the snare detained,  
Count it not grievous. I it was who held  
Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turned the wards,  
Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet  
That, besides me, into his inmost breast  
Scarce any other could admittance find.  
The faith I bore to my high charge was such,  
It cost me the life-blood that warmed my veins. . . .  
By the new roots that fix this stem, I swear  
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,  
Who merited such honor; and of you,

If any to the world indeed return,  
Clear he from wrong my memory, that lies  
Yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow."

First somewhat pausing, till the mournful words  
Were ended, then to me the bard began :

"Lose not the time ; but speak and of him ask,  
If more thou wish to learn." Whence I replied,  
"Question thou him again of whatsoe'er  
Will, as thou think'st, content me ; for no power  
Have I to ask, such pity's at my heart."

He thus resumed : "So may he do for thee  
Freely what thou entreatest, as thou yet  
Be pleased, imprisoned spirit, to declare  
How in these gnarléd joints the soul is tied ;  
And whether any ever from such frame  
Be loosened, if thou canst, that also tell."

Thereat the trunk breathed hard, and the wind soon  
Changed into sounds articulate like these :

"Briefly ye shall be answered. When departs  
The fierce soul from the body, by itself  
Thence torn asunder, to the seventh gulf  
By Minos doomed, into the wood it falls,  
No place assigned, but wheresoever chance  
Hurls it ; there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,  
It rises to a sapling, growing thence  
A savage plant. The Harpies on its leaves  
Then feeding cause both pain and for the pain  
A vent to grief. We, as the rest, shall come  
For our own spoils, yet not so that with them  
We may again be clad ; for what a man  
Takes from himself it is not just he have.  
Here we perforce shall drag them ; and throughout  
The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,  
Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade."



[The following is F. C. Grey's translation of that portion of the "Paradise" in which is given the final, supernal vision vouchsafed to the poet.]

Like as the bird, who on her nest all night  
Had rested, darkling, with her tender brood,  
'Mid the loved foliage, longing now for light,  
To gaze on their dear looks and bring them food,—  
Sweet task, whose pleasures all its toil repay,—  
Anticipates the dawn, and, through the wood

Ascending, perches on the topmost spray,  
There, all impatience, watching to descry  
The first faint glimmer of approaching day :

Thus did my lady, toward the southern sky,  
Erect and motionless, her visage turn ;  
The mute suspense that filled her wistful eye

Made me like one who waits a friend's return,  
Lives on this hope, and will no other own.  
Soon did my eye a rising light discern ;

High up the heavens its kindling splendors shone,  
And Beatrice exclaimed, "See, they appear,  
The Lord's triumphal hosts! For this alone

These spheres have rolled and reap their harvest here!"  
Her face seemed all on fire, and in her eye  
Danced joy unspeakable to mortal ear.

As when full-orbed Diana smiles on high,  
While the eternal nymphs her form surround,  
And, scattering beauty through the cloudless sky,

Float on the bosom of the blue profound :  
O'er thousands of bright flowers was seen to blaze  
One sun transcendent, from whom all around,

As from our sun the planets, drew their rays ;  
He through these living lights poured such a tide  
Of glory as o'erpowered my feeble gaze.

"O Beatrice, my sweet, my precious guide!"

[To the above we add a selection from the "Vita Nuova," as translated by Lyell.]

## VISION OF BEATRICE'S DEATH.

A lady, young, compassionate, and fair,  
Richly adorned with every human grace,  
Watched o'er my couch, where oft I called on death;  
And noticing the eyes with sorrow swollen,  
And listening to the folly of my words,  
Fear seized upon her, and she wept aloud.  
Attracted by her moaning, other dames  
Gave heed unto my pitiable state,  
And from my view removed her.  
They then approached to rouse me by their voice,  
And one cried, "Sleep no more!"  
And one, "Why thus discomfort thee?"  
With that the strange, delirious fancy fled,  
And, calling on my lady's name, I woke.  
So indistinct and mournful was my voice,  
By anguish interrupted so, and tears,  
That I alone the name heard in my heart:  
Then with a countenance abashed, through shame,  
Which to my face had mounted visibly,  
Prompted by Love, I turned towards my friends,  
And features showed so pale and wan  
It made beholders turn their thoughts on death.  
"Alas! our comfort he must have,"  
Said every one, with kind humility.  
Then oft they questioned me,  
"What hast thou seen, that has unmanned thee thus?"  
And when I was in part restored, I said,  
"Ladies, to you the vision I'll relate.  
Whilst I lay pondering on my ebbing life,  
And saw how brief its tenure, and how frail,

Love wept within my heart, where he abides ;  
For my sad soul was wandering so, and lost,  
That, sighing deeply at the thought, it said,  
'Inevitable death attends Madonna too.'  
Such consternation then my senses seized,  
The eyes weighed down with fear were closed ;  
And scattered far and wide  
The spirits fled, and each in error strayed ;  
And then imagination's powers,  
Of recollection and of truth bereft,  
Showed me the fleeting forms of wretched dames,  
Who shouted, 'Death !' still crying, 'Thou shalt die !'  
Many the doubtful things which next I saw,  
Wandering in vain imagination's maze.  
I seemed to be I know not in what place,  
And ladies loosely robed saw fleet along,  
Some weeping, and some uttering loud laments  
Which darted burning griefs into the soul.  
And then methought I saw a gradual veil  
Obscure the sun ; the star of Love appeared,  
And sun and star seemed both to weep ;  
Birds flying through the dusky air dropped down ;  
Trembled the earth :  
And then appeared a man, feeble and pale,  
Who cried to me, 'What ! here ? Heard'st not the news ?  
Dead is thy lady,—she who was so fair.'  
I raised the eyes then, moistened with my tears,  
And, softly as the shower of manna fell,  
Angels I saw returning up to heaven :  
Before them was a slender cloud extended,  
And from behind I heard them shout, 'Hosanna !'  
What more was sung I know not, or would tell.  
Then Love thus spoke : 'Concealment here shall end ;  
Come now, and see our lady who lies dead.'

Imagination's fallacy  
Then led me where in death Madonna lay;  
And after I had gazed upon her form,  
Ladies I saw conceal it with a veil;  
And such true meekness from its features beamed,  
It seemed to say to me, 'I dwell in peace.'  
So meek in my affliction I became,  
Seeing such meekness on her brow expressed,  
That I exclaimed, 'O Death, I hold thee sweet,  
Noble and kind henceforth thou must be deemed,  
Since thou hast been united to Madonna;  
Piteous, not cruel, must thy nature be.  
Behold desire so strong to be enrolled  
Thy follower, my faith and thine seem one!  
Come, for the heart solicits thee!'  
I then departed, all sad rites complete;  
And when I found myself alone,  
With eyes upraised to the realms above I said,  
'Blessed is he beholds thee, beauteous soul!'  
That instant, through your kindness, I awoke."

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## THE ESCAPE OF GARIBALDI.

CARLO LUIGI FARINI.

[The popular Italian statesman and orator from whom our present selection is made was born in 1822, at Russi, in the Roman States. About 1842 he was exiled for his political opinions, and subsequently held important political positions in the northern states of Italy, being minister of commerce in the last cabinet of Cavour. He died in 1866. He is known in history through his historical works, the principal of which are "The Roman State" (a history of Rome from 1815 to 1850), and a continuation of Botta's "History of Italy." From the first-

named of these, as translated under the auspices of W. E. Gladstone, we make the following selection. The Italian revolutionary movement of 1848, and the announcement of a republic in Rome in 1849, had caused a general advance of the Catholic powers, France, Austria, Spain, and Naples, on Italy. In July the French army assailed and took Rome. Garibaldi, who had been engaged in its defence, escaped. His subsequent adventures and his final escape from the host of enemies who surrounded him are told in an interesting manner in our selection.]

UNDER favor of night Garibaldi escaped from the French, under the guidance of Ciceruacchio, and arrived at Tivoli on the morning of the 3d [of July, 1849], with all his followers, and a great quantity of wagons, baggage, and ammunition. As long as he had any hope of being followed by the other Roman troops, and the commissioners of the Assembly, he intended to go to Spoleto, a city conveniently adapted, in his opinion, for defence, and not yet occupied by the enemy; and after having established the seat of government there, to hoist once more the standard of the Republic and renew the desperate war. But when this hope had vanished, he directed his audacious thoughts to Venice, which was still magnanimously resisting the Austrians; but he wished to avoid pitched battles, to reach the Adriatic by unbeaten paths, and thence to set sail for the Lagune.

He was accompanied by the few surviving fellow-soldiers who had followed him from America, where, with him, they had cast a lustre on Italian valor and had shared in all the adventures of the war. He was also accompanied by his Anita, his devoted wife, a lady of Brazilian origin, who had made him father of three sons, and was about to give birth to a fourth child, and who had always fought at his side with masculine energy. They left Tivoli at the close of day on the 3d of July, and

passed the night at Monticelli; the following day they reached Monte Rotondo, when they took their departure on the 6th, traversed the Via Salara towards Poggio Mir-teto, and with severe and long-continued fatigue crossed the hills which descend from the Apennines, and arrived at Terni, with all their baggage, on the 9th.

Thus Garibaldi baffled the designs of General Oudinot, who had ordered him to be pursued by the first division of the army; on the roads leading to Albano, Frascati, and Tivoli, by General Mollier; and by the cavalry under General Morris on the roads to Civita Vecchia, Castellana, Orvieto, and Viterbo; but neither the French, Spanish, nor Neapolitans succeeded in cutting off his march. Having found Colonel Forbes at Terni, with nine hundred men, he gave him the command of one legion; the other was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sacchi; the cavalry by an American called Bueno; each legion was formed of three cohorts, each cohort of five or six centuries.

On the night of the 11th they left Terni, and moved on towards Todi, by way of San Gemini, arriving there on the 13th. News from Tuscany had reached the place before their arrival; it was stated that the minds of the people were boiling over with anger, because the Grand Duke had not only delivered up rebellious Leghorn into the power of the Austrians, but even Florence,—which had restored him to his duchy by means of the courage of the people,—Florence, beautiful Florence, was overrun by the Croats; the Austrians were few and scattered, the passion of revenge was burning in the hearts of the people; if the Romans passed the confines Tuscany would rise to a man. Garibaldi, therefore, determined to try his fortune there, with the intention, if the Tuscan enterprise should fail, to repass the Apennines and repair to the Adriatic. Having found some guns at Todi, he took one



which was small and light, left the wagons, horses, and superfluous ammunition behind him, and prepared for his departure.

Two highroads lead from Todi into Tuscany, one which passes by way of Viterbo and Acquapendente to Siena; the other, which leads through Perugia, to Arezzo, both of them occupied by the Austrians. As soon as De Aspre, of Florence, Gorzhowsky and Wimpffen, of the Legations, heard of the movements of the Roman refugees, they reduced the garrisons in the cities they occupied, that they might give chase to the rebels. The Neapolitan general Statella, with a large force, was in the Abruzzi; the French were encamped at Collesecco, and had occupied Viterbo: there seemed no way of escape. But Garibaldi, who was experienced in that kind of warfare, triumphed over natural obstacles, and over the tactics of the enemy; he sent a troop of horse under the very walls of Foligno, six companies towards Perugia, and two towards Viterbo, to keep the Austrians and French at bay on the left bank of the Tiber, and directed that one party should cross the river near the Lake of Trasimene, the other near Bagnorea and Orvieto, and that they should reach Cetona on the 19th. On the morning of the 15th he left Todi with the main body of his troops, and crossed the Tiber; on the 16th he was at Orvieto half an hour before the French reached it, and, arriving in Tuscany by way of Ficulle and Città Pieve, occupied Cetona on the 19th, the place having been hastily abandoned by the few soldiers left to guard it.

But his little army was already much diminished: hardly three thousand men followed him; the others, knocked up, exhausted, and ill, lagged behind; deserters were numerous, especially among those whom Colonel Forbes commanded, and among the dragoons which had come from

Rome. These men gave themselves up to rapine and all sorts of villany, and by their deeds cast a stigma upon the fame of the followers of Garibaldi, though the commander and the majority of the officers, and many noble-minded young men, were clear from the stains which these bad men cast on the name of the legions.

Garibaldi had sent a body of cavalry from Cetona, where the other companies had arrived on the 19th and following day, to reconnoitre the neighborhood of Siena; but the captain encamped at the distance of ten miles from the city, and bargained with the Austrians, to whom he sold men, horses, and ammunition, and fled. Such villanies as these come to light in the ferment of society; such corruption taints the bands which these ferments create.

On the 20th Garibaldi moved from Cetona to Foino, and on the 21st he went from Foino to Monte Pulciano, which he left on the same evening for Castiglione Fiorentino, and on the 23d he went to Arezzo, which he attempted in vain to occupy, for the magistrates, with the few Austrians who were there, and the civic guard, knowing that the Archduke Ernest, and Stadion, were marching in that direction, barricaded the gates and stood on the defensive. On the 24th he raised the camp, and, though molested on his retreat by the Austrians, marched by steep and rugged paths towards Citerna, situated on the summit of a high hill, and arrived there the next day. The enemy were already at Monterchi on one side and at Borgo San Sepolero on the other; in a short time they might surround Citerna and cut off all retreat. Garibaldi sent a few companies against Monterchi to keep them at bay, and dispatched a few more between Monterchi and Borgo San Sepolero, as if he intended to open for himself a route by way of Città di Castello, and, having thus alarmed the enemy's camp, he departed in silence on the evening of the

26th towards Santa Giustina, and, making his way along paths so narrow that it was scarcely possible to pass singly along them, reached Santa Giustina at dawn. Still he marched on and on, arrived at the extreme summit of the Apennines, and passed the night there. Having escaped the main body of the Austrian forces, he reached San Angelo in Vado, in the Roman States, on the 28th. In his rear were the troops commanded by the Archduke Ernest, and, wishing to continue his route, he feigned, on the 29th, to arrange his men in order of battle, and attacked the enemy with his *bersaglieri*, but made off again before the engagement became general, and directed his course towards San Marino. His followers had not all got out of San Angelo when the Austrians overtook the stragglers, who defended themselves with desperate valor. Among them was Captain Jourdan, of the Engineers, a Roman, who killed an Austrian cavalry soldier, and who went on fighting, though he had been wounded in the head, until he had forced a passage for himself by which to regain his companions.

Reduced to these extremities, Garibaldi determined to enter the little republic of San Marino, and leave all those who had not courage or strength to face new dangers, under its protection, on which he hoped he might certainly rely, whilst he proceeded to Venice with the braver and more trustworthy portion of his followers. But the hearts of the majority were already failing them, their strength was at a still lower ebb; they had lost every hope, nothing was left them, neither the excitement of battle nor the glory in death of leaving an honored name behind them. Who, indeed, could gain one amidst these rocks and woods where they were finishing their miserable days? Who among them could gain one whilst the name of a follower of Garibaldi, stained by the bad, who bear it as well as the noble, sounds infamous in this cowardly age, which sup-

ports and honors, while it trembles, the violent of every class and faction, when they rule in cringing cities, but which, fearful lest the skin should be scratched, or a leaf taken from the gardens of Italy, mocks and curses those who fight against the foreigners, and who die, however wild and imprudent they may be, for the honor of Italy?

It was an arduous expedition to reach San Marino; wild unknown paths, dense woods, impetuous torrents, and not only the Austrians, who were descending from the Tuscan Apennines in their rear, but before them, and on both sides, those who were pressing on from Romagna. Garibaldi marched during the whole of the 29th, and arrived at Macerata Feltria in the evening; the following day he occupied Pietra Rubbia, recommenced his march, ran the risk of losing himself in the woods, was attacked in a valley by the enemy from the adjoining heights, but, in spite of all, arrived with his people at San Marino on the 31st, where he published the following manifesto:

“Soldiers! we have reached a land of refuge, and must conduct ourselves with propriety towards our generous hosts. We shall thus merit the consideration which is due to persecuted misfortune. I exonerate my companions from all obligations, and leave them free to return to their homes; but let them remember that Italy ought not to remain under oppression, and that it is better to die than to live as slaves to the foreigner.”

The Austrians were making preparations for attacking the republic of San Marino, but the authorities, anxious to come to terms, went to General Gorzhowski, who was then at Rimini, and who intimated to them that he would act with forbearance if the legions would lay down their arms, that he would permit them to return to their homes, and that he would send Garibaldi to America: in the mean time ten thousand men took possession of the passes. Part

of the legions, on hearing this proposal, cried out, "Surrender! Never! better die! to Venice! to Venice!" and Garibaldi, starting up, raised his haughty head, and exclaimed, "I offer fresh sufferings, greater perils, death, perhaps, to all who will follow me; but terms with the foreigner—never!" Then he mounted his horse, and departed with three hundred men and his wife. On reaching Cesenatico, he took the few Austrians who were in the garrison prisoners, made ready thirteen fishing-boats, and on the morning of the 3d of August steered for Venice.

The Austrian, after seeking him in vain on the hills and in the valleys, put forth a proclamation, in which he threatened death to any one who should shelter Garibaldi, or give fire, bread, or water to him, or to his followers, or to his pregnant wife. He then went to San Marino, and agreed with the authorities to give liberty to the nine hundred men who had consented to lay down their arms. He afterwards caused these men to be stopped on the road, and sent prisoners to Bologna; the Lombards he consigned to the prisons of Mantua, and set the Romans at liberty after they had each received thirty blows with a stick.

Garibaldi, who was a skilful navigator, and sailing with a favorable wind, had already rounded the *Punta di Maestra*, and could see the towers of the Queen of the Adriatic, when the Austrian ships attacked him, and the wind became no longer propitious. The sailors lost courage at the discharge of the cannon, but Garibaldi's heart did not fail him. He attempted to force a passage, and kept his boats together for the purpose, until one of the enemy's ships separated them. Eight got scattered; in vain he attempted to rally them; they were taken, and the prisoners, loaded with chains, were sent to the fortress of Pola. Garibaldi escaped with the rest, and, driven upon the

Roman coast, succeeded in landing on the shore of Mesola on the morning of the 5th of August. He had with him his wife, Ciceruacchio with his two sons, a Lombard officer of the name of Livraghi, a Barnabite monk named Bassi, and other officers and soldiers, whose names are not known. They endeavored to seek safety in flight; Garibaldi, with his Anita and a comrade, directed their steps towards Ravenna, and travelled for two days, recognized, sheltered, and succored by the peasants, the police, and the revenue-officers, in spite of the Austrian proclamation. But on the third day his wife, exhausted by anxiety and fatigue, fainted, and in a short time breathed her last, in the arms of her inconsolable husband. Garibaldi then went to Ravenna, thence to Tuscany, afterwards to Genoa and Tunis, and lastly emigrated to America. The others, who had been driven on shore with him, wandered at hazard amidst the woods and on the moors, chased, slain like wild beasts, and left unburied. Nothing was ever heard of the greater portion, but melancholy accounts remain of two, Ugo Bassi the Barnabite, and Livraghi, who were put in chains and taken to Bologna, where we shall see how they finished their lives miserably soon afterwards. Thus ended the Roman Republic.

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## KACAIKE, THE FLEA.

IVAN TURGENIEFF.

[Ivan Turgeneff, a Russian novelist of great distinction, was born at Orel, Russia, in 1817. He began his literary career in 1842 with a poem, but his first important work was "The Annals of a Sportsman," published in 1852, in which the evils of serfdom were clearly delin-



eated. This was followed by short stories, poems, and dramatic sketches, and a series of able novels, which raised him to high fame among modern writers of fiction. The characters and characteristics of Russian life had never before been so graphically and clearly depicted, and his works have been widely translated and everywhere admired. He died in 1883. From F. P. Abbott's translation of the above-named work, published by Henry Holt & Co., we select the following interesting description of a Russian "innocent." The story relates that, on returning from a day's shooting, the axle of the sportsman's *téléga* broke. He managed to reach a hamlet, which appeared to be deserted. After some search, a person was found.]

THERE, in the very middle of the yard, in the full glare of the sun, there was lying with his face to the ground, and his head covered with an *armiak*, a human being whom I took for a boy. A few steps from him, under a thatched shed, beside a wretched *téléga*, stood a little, thin horse, in a harness all pieced together. The rays of the sun that came through the chinks of the dilapidated roof mottled its shaggy coat of light bay with little luminous spots. Near by, in an elevated bird-house, some starlings chattered, and watched me from the height of their aerial home with a peaceable curiosity. I approached the sleeper and tried to arouse him.

He raised his head, and as soon as he saw me he leaped to his feet.

"What do you want? What is it?" he muttered, still half asleep.

I was so surprised by his exterior that at first I did not reply. Imagine a dwarf of about fifty, with a little, tanned, wrinkled face, a pointed nose, little brown eyes scarcely visible, and black woolly hair that spread out like the crown of a mushroom over his little head. His whole body was thin and wrinkled, and his expression was such that I cannot describe it.

"What do you want?" he said, again.

I explained what brought me there. He listened without turning away for a moment his strangely winking eyes.

"Can't I procure a new axle here?" I said, at last. "I will pay for it with pleasure."

"But who are you? A hunter?" he replied, eying me from head to foot.

"Yes. I am a hunter."

"Ah! you kill the birds of the good God, and the beasts of the forest. And do you think that to kill the birds of heaven and to shed innocent blood is no sin?"

The little old man drawled out his words, but his voice surprised me no less than his appearance. Not only was it not broken at all, but it possessed even great sweetness; it was young and almost as tender as the voice of a woman.

"I have no axle," he said, after a moment's silence; "that one isn't good for anything," he said, pointing to his own téléga, "for your téléga must be a large one."

"But can't I find one in the village?"

"In the village, do you say? Nobody there has one; besides, there is nobody at home. Everybody is at work. Go away," he concluded, suddenly, and lay down again.

I was not prepared for such an ending.

"Listen, my good man," I said to him, putting my hand on his shoulder; "do me a kindness. Help me out of this embarrassment."

"Go away, and God be with you! I am tired; I have been to town," he said, covering his head with his *armiak*.

"Come, do me this favor. I will pay you."

"I don't need your money."

"I beg you, my good fellow!"

He raised himself, and sat with his little spindle legs crossed.

"I can certainly take you to the clearing. Some traders have bought a wood yonder. May God be their judge! they are felling the trees, and have built a shop there. May God be their judge! there you may be able to give orders for an axle, or to buy one ready-made."

"That's the thing!" I exclaimed, joyfully. "That's the very thing! Come on!"

"An oaken axle, a good axle," he continued, without stirring.

"And this clearing, is it far from here?"

"Three verstes."

"Good! Can we go there in your *téléga*?"

"Certainly not."

"Come, come, old man," I said, "my driver is waiting for us in the street."

The old man rose with considerable reluctance, and followed me into the street. My driver was in very bad humor. He had been to water his horses, but the wells were almost dry, and the water had a very bad taste. Hence his ill temper. Water is, according to drivers, the essential thing. However, at the sight of the old man he was somewhat mollified, and, nodding to him, he said,—

"Ah, Kacianouchka, good-day!"

"Good-day to you, Erofeï, good-day to the just man," responded Kacaine, in a doleful tone.

[They returned to the yard, where it was decided to take the old man's *téléga*.]

I begged Erofeï to harness it as quickly as possible. I was impatient to be on the way to the wood with Kacaine, for grouse are often found in the clearings. When the *téléga* was ready I arranged myself and my

dog as comfortably as possible upon the linden bark that was in it, while Kacaine rolled himself up almost into a ball in front of me. He continued to look very sad. We were just about to start, when Erofeï came up to me, and whispered in my ear, with a look of mystery,—

“You do well, father, to go with him. He is a—what shall I say?—a kind of innocent, and he is called ‘The Flea.’ I don’t know how you have understood him.”

I was about to reply that, so far, Kacaine had seemed to me to be a very rational person; but he began again, still in a whisper:

“Only see that he drives you where he has said he would. Pick out the axle yourself. Get a good, solid one. I say, Flea,” he added, raising his voice, “can I find a bit of bread in your house?”

“Look: perhaps you will find some,” replied Kacaine. He gathered up the reins, and we set out.

To my great surprise, his little horse did very well. During the whole way Kacaine preserved an obstinate silence. When he replied to a question, he did so shortly and with a bad grace. We soon reached the clearing, and went into the store. It was in an isolated *isba* on the edge of a ravine that had been transformed into a pond by means of a temporary dam. I found in the store two young clerks, with teeth as white as snow, soft-looking eyes, lively and insinuating tongues, and knowing smiles. I bought an axle of them and returned to the clearing. I thought that Kacaine would wait there for me with the *téléga*. But he suddenly came up and said,—

“You are going to shoot birds, are you not?”

“Yes, if I can find any.”

“I will go with you. Will you let me?”

“Certainly.”

We entered the clearing. It was about a verste in length. I confess I was more occupied with Kacaine than with my dog. It was not without cause that he had been surnamed "The Flea." His bare black head (his thick hair could very well take the place of any head-gear) would disappear in the bushes and suddenly reappear a little farther on. He walked very rapidly with a skip, so to speak, and he stooped every moment to pick some herb or other, which he thrust into his bosom, all the while muttering something between his teeth, and watching me as well as my dog with an inquisitive, distrustful look. There is often found in the coppices and glades a small bird of a gray plumage that continually flies whistling and diving from bush to bush. Kacaine would imitate them, answering them and calling them. A young quail started up under his feet, uttering its cry. Kacaine imitated it as he followed its flight with his eyes. A lark came down beside him, beating its wings and singing its loudest; Kacaine repeated the song. But he did not address a word to me.

Meanwhile, the day had become magnificently clear; but the heat had not grown less. A few clouds, high up and of the creamy white of snow that falls late in spring, sailed through the serene heavens, flat and long, like reefed sails. Their jagged edges would change slowly but distinctly, until they melted, so to speak, into the air and no longer cast any shadow. We remained a long time with Kacaine in the thicket. Young sprouts scarcely a yard high, with thin smooth stems, surrounded the old blackened stumps, covered with those rough excrescences with gray edges of which match-wood is made. Strawberry-plants, with their little red tendrils, covered their tops. Whole families of mushrooms, burned and whitened by the sun, surrounded them. My feet were constantly

entangled in the high grass. The foliage, still tender and reddish, shone with a metallic lustre that dazzled my eyes. The earth was studded with flowers. There were the blue harebell, the little yellow buttercup, and the rosy petals of the celandine. Here and there by the side of the unfrequented ways, where the track of the *télégas* was marked only by narrow bands of a fine reddish grass, were square piles of wood, and the slanting squares made by the light shadows they cast were the only spots protected from the sun's rays. At moments an almost imperceptible breeze would now and then die away almost as quickly as it came. It would suddenly fan my face gently with its breath, and everything would rustle merrily and seem to become animated about. The flexible palm-like leaves of the ferns would sway gracefully. Then the wind would die away, and all would become silent again. The crickets alone chanted in chorus with a sort of fury, and tired me with their dry, sharp, and continued chirp. It is a fit accompaniment to the persistent heat of mid-day; it seems almost as if it were created and called from the glowing entrails of the earth by it.

After walking some time without flushing a single bird, we at last came to another clearing. Here the recently-felled aspens lay melancholily upon the ground, crushing the grasses and bushes beneath them. There were some of them still covered with green leaves, but they were dead and hung limp and withered from the motionless branches. There were others whose leaves were already dried and shrivelled. The fresh yellow chips, which lay in heaps under the felled trunks that were still full of sap, diffused a pungent but agreeable odor; farther on, near the woods, resounded the dull blows of the axe, and from time to time a tufted tree would sink slowly and majestically, as if it spread its arms and bowed.



I was a long time without coming across any game, but at last a corn-crake sprang from a thick clump of oak-bushes. I fired: the crake pirouetted in the air and fell. At the report of the gun, Kacaine clapped his hands to his face and stood motionless, while I reloaded and picked up the bird. When I started on again he went to the spot where the crake had fallen, and, bending over the grass that was stained with a few drops of blood, he shook his head, and looked at me timidly. I heard him say then, in a low voice, "It's a sin! yes, it's a sin!"

The heat finally forced us to take refuge in the woods. I threw myself down under a thick clump of hazel above which a young plane-tree graciously spread its light branches. Kacaine seated himself upon the butt of a fallen birch, while I watched him. The tops of the trees moved gently, and the slightly greenish shadow of their foliage passed slowly to and fro over his wretched body, enveloped after a fashion in a dark *armiak*. He did not lift his head. At length, tired of his silence, I stretched out on my back and amused myself by contemplating the peaceful play of the leaves which crossed each other in every direction and stood out against the clear vault of the sky.

No occupation is pleasanter than this. An immense ocean seems to spread overhead. The trees seem not to rise from the earth, but like roots of immense plants to descend vertically and plunge into waves as clear as crystal. The foliage has in places the brilliancy of the emerald; in others it is thicker, and has a shade of velvety green that is almost black. Somewhere very far in the distance, at the extremity of a tapering branch, is a solitary leaf, motionless against a patch of blue. Near it is another that waves, and recalls the play of a fish's fin by a movement that seems spontaneous and not caused by

the wind. Little islands of round white clouds float in the air above. But suddenly this immense sea, this radiant ether, these branches, these empurpled leaves, all are in motion, and trembling with a fugitive sheen; a fresh, tremulous murmur, like the continuous plashing of the waves rolling up on the beach, strikes on the ear. You do not stir; you gaze, and it is impossible to describe the sweet, soft feeling of joy that fills your heart. You gaze on. The clear depth of azure brings to the lips a smile as pure as itself; memories of happiness pass through the mind like these flaky clouds that follow each other in gentle succession. The vision seems to penetrate ever onward, and to draw you after it into this abyss at once dazzling and tranquil.

"Master, master," said Kacaine, suddenly, in his sonorous voice.

I started up in surprise. Before that he had scarcely replied to my questions, and now he was beginning the conversation.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why did you kill that bird?" he said, looking intently at me.

"Eh! Why? The crake? It is game. It is good to eat."

"It wasn't for that you killed it, master,—to eat it. Oh, no: you killed it for amusement."

"But you yourself certainly eat, I suppose, geese and chickens."

"Those are birds that God has made for man. But the crake is a wild bird,—a bird of the woods. And that is not the only one. There are many other creatures in the woods, the streams, the fields, the meadows, and the marshes, on the earth and in the air, and it is a sin to kill them. Let them live on earth for their allotted term.

Another food is provided for man; another food and another drink,—corn, the gift of God, and the water of heaven, and the domestic animals bequeathed to us by the patriarchs.”

I looked at Kacaine with astonishment. His words flowed freely. He did not hesitate, but spoke with a calm inspiration and a modest gravity, sometimes closing his eyes.

“So, according to you, it is also a sin to kill fishes?” I asked.

“Fishes are cold-blooded,” he answered, with assurance. “Fishes are dumb creatures. They know neither joy nor sorrow. They have no feeling; their blood, even, is not living. Blood,” he resumed, after a moment’s silence, “is not a holy thing. Blood does not see God’s sun; blood hides from the light. It is a great sin to bring blood into daylight,—a great sin; a frightful, yes, a frightful thing.”

He sighed and bowed his head. My astonishment increased, I confess, more and more. There was nothing vulgar in these words; common people do not express themselves in such language, even those among them who pass for fine speakers. The language of Kacaine was at once noble, thoughtful, and strange. I had never before heard anything like it.

“Tell me, pray, Kacaine,” I said, without taking my eyes from his gently animated face, “what do you do for a living?”

He did not reply at once, and for a moment there was an expression of uneasiness on his features.

“I live as the Lord commands,” he said, at last; “but as for a trade, to tell the truth, I have none. From my infancy I have never been bright. I work as well as I can, but I am not a good worker. What can I do? I

have no health, and my hands are clumsy. In the spring I catch nightingales."

"You catch nightingales? But you have just told me it was wrong to catch any living thing, whether in the woods or fields or elsewhere."

"It is wrong to kill them, it is true: Death will take his own without that. Against death men and animals are alike powerless. Death pursues not, and yet he cannot be escaped by flight. But there is no need to help him. As for me, I do not kill the little nightingales—God forbid! I do not trap them for their harm; I do not make them give up their lives. I capture them for the pleasure of man, for his amusement, his joy."

"Do you go to the neighborhood of Kursk for them?"

"Yes, and even farther, according to circumstances. I pass nights in the marshes at the edge of the woods. I lie alone in the fields and in the thickets. There is heard the sound of the curlew, the hare, and the wild duck. In the evening I take my observations; in the morning I listen, and at sunrise I stretch my nets over the bushes."

"Do you sell them?"

"I give them to worthy persons."

"And what else do you do?"

"How? What do I do?"

"How do you occupy yourself?"

The old man was silent.

"I occupy myself at nothing. I am a poor workman. And still I can read and write."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I learned with the help of God and some good people."

"Have you any family?"

"No. I am alone."

"How is that? Are all your relations dead?"

"No, but I have not been fortunate in life. However, it is God's will. We are all under God's commands; but man must be just, that is all; that is pleasant to God."

[After some further conversation, they returned to the village, fitted the axle, which Erofeï pronounced a poor one, and drove off, after the hunter had forced Kacaine to accept some money.]

"Erofeï," said I, at last, "what sort of a man is this Kacaine?"

Erofeï did not reply at once. He was generally very deliberate, and never hurried himself; but I saw immediately that my question pleased him and had dissipated his bad humor.

"The Flea," he said, at length, shaking the reins, "is a strange being, a veritable innocent. It would be hard to find another man as peculiar as he is. He and our roan horse are as like as two drops of water. He shirks his work in just the same way. I know that one makes a poor worker with such a body; but still—— He has been that way from his infancy. He drove for his uncles, who kept horses, but he seemed to get tired of that. He left his occupation, and began to live at home. But that did not suit him either. He is too restless; he is a true flea. Fortunately, the Lord had given him a good master, who did not torment him. Since then he has done nothing but wander here and there like a stray sheep. Then he is so peculiar. Sometimes he is as dumb as a rock; sometimes he begins to talk, and what he says God only knows. Is it an affectation? He is a very extraordinary man. He sings well, however, like that,—gravely; yes, very well."

"He also treats the sick?"

"What, he? A man like that? However, he cured me of the king's evil. He a doctor? A pretty idea! Why,

he is a man without any mind. Yes, that is so," he added, after a moment's silence. . . . "He is so different from other men,—a changeable man; and one can't even explain—— Hi, hi!" exclaimed my driver, suddenly stopping his horses; and then, putting his head over the side of the téléga, he began to sniff.

"I think I smell something burning. I certainly do. Oh, that new axle! Don't mention it to me! Yet I greased it enough, I thought. I must go for some water: there is a little pond yonder."

Erofeï got slowly down from his seat, took the bucket, went towards the pond, and then returned to the téléga. It was not without pleasure that he listened to this hissing of the hub as it was suddenly dashed with water. He repeated this operation more than ten times during the drive of ten verstes, and we reached home at nightfall.

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## FLOW FORTH, MY TEARS.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

[The author of our present selection (born at Toledo in 1503) was distinguished both as a gallant soldier and as a poet of rare genius. His works consist of eclogues, epistles, odes, and sonnets, and are so full of pathos and tenderness that he has been styled "The Spanish Petrarch." His first eclogue, indeed, stands unequalled, though it has been often imitated, and has gained him from his countrymen the title of "the Prince of Castilian Poets." We can here give but a brief extract from this fine poem, but select one of its most melodious and pathetic passages.]

THROUGH thee the silence of the shaded glen,  
Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain,  
Pleased me no less than the resort of men;  
The breeze, the summer wood, and lucid fountain,



The purple rose, white lily of the lake,  
Were sweet for thy sweet sake ;  
For thee the fragrant primrose, dropped with dew,  
Was wished when first it blew.  
Oh, how completely was I in all this  
Myself deceiving ! Oh, the different part  
That thou wert acting, covering with a kiss  
Of seeming love the traitor in thy heart !  
This my severe misfortune, long ago,  
Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by  
On the black storm, with hoarse, sinister cry,  
Clearly presage ! In gentleness of woe,  
Flow forth, my tears !—'tis meet that ye should flow.

How oft, when slumbering in the forest brown,  
Deeming it Fancy's mystical deceit,  
Have I beheld my fate in dreams foreshown !  
One day, methought that from the noontide heat  
I drove my flocks to drink of Tagus' flood,  
And, under curtain of its bordering wood,  
Take my cool siesta ; but, arrived, the stream,  
I know not by what magic, changed its track,  
And in new channels, by an unused way,  
Rolled its warped waters back ;  
Whilst I, scorched, melting with the heat extreme,  
Went ever following, in their flight astray,  
The wizard waves ! In gentleness of woe,  
Flow forth, my tears !—'tis meet that ye should flow

In the charmed ear of what beloved youth  
Sounds thy sweet voice ? on whom revolvest thou  
Thy beautiful blue eyes ? on whose proved truth  
Anchors thy broken faith ? who presses now  
Thy laughing lip, and hopes thy heaven of charms,  
Locked in the embraces of thy two white arms ?

Say thou,—for whom hast thou so rudely left  
My love? or stolen, who triumphs in the theft?  
I have not yet a bosom so untrue  
To feeling, nor a heart of stone, to view  
My darling ivy, torn from me, take root  
Against another wall or prosperous pine,—  
To see my virgin vine  
Around another elm in marriage hang  
Its curling tendrils and empurpled fruit,  
Without the torture of a jealous pang,  
Even to the loss of life! In gentle woe,  
Flow forth, my tears!—'tis meet that ye should flow!

\* \* \* \* \*

But, though thou wilt not come for my sad sake,  
Leave not the landscape thou hast held so dear;  
Thou may'st come freely now without the fear  
Of meeting me, for, though my heart should break,  
Where late forsaken, I will now forsake.  
Come, then, if this alone detains thee; here  
Are meadows full of verdure, myrtles, bays,  
Woodlands, and lawns, and running waters clear,  
Beloved in other days,  
To which, bedewed with many a bitter tear,  
I sing my last of lays.  
These scenes, perhaps, when I am far removed,  
At ease, thou wilt frequent  
With him who rifled me of all I loved.  
Enough! my strength is spent,  
And, leaving thee in his desired embrace,  
It is not much to leave him this sweet place.

[To this lament of the shepherd Salicio his friend Nemoroso replies, mourning the death of his mistress, whom he describes with charming tenderness, and concludes with this affecting passage, one of the finest in the whole range of pastoral poetry.]

Poor lost Eliza! Of thy locks of gold  
One treasured ringlet in white silk I keep  
Forever at my heart, which when unrolled,  
Fresh grief and pity o'er my spirit creep,  
And my insatiate eyes, for hours untold,  
O'er the dear pledge will like an infant weep;  
With sighs more warm than fire, anon I dry  
The tears from off it; number, one by one,  
The radiant hairs, and with a love-knot tie;  
Mine eyes, this duty done,  
Give over weeping, and with slight relief  
I taste a short forgetfulness of grief.

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## ODE TO SLEEP.

FERNANDO DE HERRERA.

[To the poem just given we add a companion-piece of pathetic appeal from a poet of excellent powers, Fernando de Herrera, born at Seville about 1534. His odes on the battle of Lepanto and on the death of Sebastian of Portugal are of high celebrity. We give one of his shorter poems, distinguished for its grace and feeling.]

SWEET Sleep, that through the starry path of night,  
With dewy poppies crowned, pursu'st thy flight!  
Still'er of human woes,  
That shedd'st o'er Nature's breast a soft repose!  
Oh, to these distant climates of the West  
Thy slowly-wandering pinions turn,  
And with thy influence blest  
Bathe these love-burdened eyes, that ever burn  
And find no moment's rest,

While my unceasing grief  
Refuses all relief!  
Oh, hear my prayer! I ask it by thy love,  
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above.

Sweet Power, that dost impart  
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,  
Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow  
A solace for my woe!  
Thrice happy be the hour  
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power!  
Why to these eyes alone deny  
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign?  
Why let thy votary all neglected die,  
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain?  
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain?  
Hear, gentle Power, oh, hear my humble prayer,  
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share!

In this extreme of grief, I own thy might.  
Descend, and shed thy healing dew;  
Descend, and put to flight  
The intruding Dawn, that with her garish light  
My sorrows would renew!  
Thou hear'st my sad lament, and in my face  
My many griefs may'st trace:  
Turn, then, sweet wanderer of the night, and spread  
Thy wings around my head!  
Haste, for the unwelcome Morn  
Is now on her return!  
Let the soft rest the hours of night denied  
Be by thy lenient hand supplied!

Fresh from my summer bowers  
A crown of soothing flowers,

Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,  
I offer thee; won by their odors sweet,  
The enamoured air shall greet  
Thy advent: oh, then, let thy hand  
Express their essence bland,  
And o'er my eyelids pour delicious rest!  
Enchanting Power, soft as the breath of Spring  
Be the light gale that steers thy dewy wing!  
Come, ere the sun ascends the purple east,—  
Come, end my woes! So, crowned with heavenly charms,  
May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms!

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### THE PARADISE OF CLEANLINESS.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

[The author of our present selection, born at Oneglia, Italy, in 1846, served as a soldier in the Italian army, but after the occupation of Rome left the army and began a literary life. His experiences as a soldier are given in his "Military Life," while among his best-known works are books of travel in Holland, Spain, Turkey, etc. From his racily-written description of life and scenery in Holland we select a pen-picture of the village of Broek, the place in which the Dutch passion for cleanliness reaches its ultimatum. Our selection is from the translation of Caroline Tilton, published by Putnam's Sons.]

IN the different cities where I had been, from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, I had heard more than once of the village of Broek, but always in a way to tickle my curiosity rather than to satisfy it. The name of Broek pronounced among a group of people always raised a laugh. When I asked why they laughed, I got the dry answer, "Because it is ridiculous." One person, at the Hague, had

said to me, half pleasantly and half annoyed, "Oh, when will strangers have done with that blessed Broek? Is there nothing else for them to quiz us about?" At Amsterdam, the landlord of my hotel, tracing out for me on the map the way to Broek, laughed in his beard with an air as if he were saying, "How childish!" I had asked for information from various people, and they had one and all refused to give it, shaking their heads, and saying, "You will see." Only from a few words dropped here and there had I been able to gather that Broek was a very queer place, famous for its oddity since the last century, described, illustrated, derided, and made by foreigners a pretext for an infinite number of jokes and stories against the Hollanders.

My curiosity may be imagined. Enough to say that I dreamed of Broek, and that the description of all the fantastic, wonderful, and impossible villages which I saw in my dreams would fill a volume. It was with an effort that I gave precedence to Utrecht, and I had no sooner returned to Amsterdam than I started for the mysterious village.

[Broek is in North Holland, near the shore of the Zuyder Zee. The traveller reached it by steamboat through the Grand Canal.]

Arrived at my destination, I landed, and waited to see the steamboat go on before I took the road alone to Broek, flanked on the left by a canal and on the right by a hedge. I had an hour's walk before me. The country was green, striped by many canals, sprinkled with groups of trees and windmills, and as silent as a steppe. Beautiful black-and-white cows wandered at will, untended by any one, or reposed upon the banks of the canals; flocks of ducks and white geese swam about the basins; and here and there a boat, rowed by a peasant, darted through a canal between



the meadows. That vast plain, animated by a life so mute and tranquil, inspired me with a feeling of such sweet peace that the softest music would have disturbed me there like an importunate noise.

After half an hour's walk, although no sign of Broek appeared beyond the top of a tall steeple, I began to see here and there something which announced the neighborhood of a village. The road ran along a dike, and upon the side of it there were a few houses. One of these, a wooden hutch whose roof scarcely reached to the level of the road,—a rough, disjointed, tumble-down place, more like a kennel than a house,—had a little window with a smart white curtain tied up with a bow of blue ribbon, and showing through the panes a little table covered with cups, glasses, flowers, and shining trifles.

A little further on I saw two posts planted in the ground and supporting a hedge, which were painted in blue and white stripes like the banner-poles which are erected for public festivals; and still beyond, I came upon another peasant's house, before which were displayed small buckets, benches, rakes, shovels, and picks, all painted red, blue, white, yellow, and striped and bordered with contrasting colors, like the utensils of a mountebank. As I went on, I saw other rustic houses with their windows ornamented with net curtains and ribbons, with little movable mirrors and toys hung up; their doors and window-frames painted in bright colors. The brightness and variety of tints, the cleanliness and shining neatness of everything, increased as I advanced. I saw embroidered white curtains and rose-colored bows in the windows of a mill; the nails and metal bands of the carts and agricultural implements shone like silver; the wooden houses were painted red and white; the windows were bordered with stripes of two or three colors; and finally, strangest of all, trees

with their trunks colored bright blue from the root to the first branches.

Laughing to myself at this last oddity, I arrived at a large basin of the canal surrounded by thick and leafy trees, beyond which, on the other side, arose a steeple. I looked about, and discovered a boy lying on the grass. "Broek?" inquired I. "Broek," he responded, laughing. Then I looked, and beheld amid the green of the trees such a show of harlequin colors that I could only cry out in astonishment. Skirting the basin, and crossing a small bridge of wood as white as snow, I entered a narrow road. I looked. Broek! Broek! I knew it; there was no mistake; it could not be any other than Broek.

Imagine a *presepio* made of pasteboard by a child eight years old, a city made for the show-window of a Nuremberg toy-shop, a village constructed by a ballet-master after the drawing on a Chinese fan, a collection of barracks of wealthy mountebanks, a group of houses made for the scenes of a puppet-theatre, the fancy of an Oriental drunk with opium, something which makes you think of Japan, India, Tartary, and Switzerland all at once, with a touch of Pompadour *rococo*, and something of the constructions in sugar that one sees in a confectioner's window; a mixture of the barbaric, the pretty, the presumptuous, the ingenious, and the silly, which, while it offends good taste, provokes at the same time a good-natured laugh; imagine, in short, the most childish extravagance to which the name of village can be given, and you will have a faint idea of Broek.

All the houses are surrounded by small gardens, separated from the street by a sky-blue paling, in the form of a balustrade, with wooden apples and oranges on the top of the pales. The streets bordered by these palings are very narrow, and paved with tiny bricks of various colors,

set edgewise and combined in different designs, so that, at a distance, the street seems to be carpeted with Cashmere shawls. The houses, for the most part built of wood, and all of one story only, and very small, are rose-colored, black, gray, purple, blue, and grass-green; their roofs are covered with painted tiles disposed in squares of different colors; the eaves ornamented with a kind of wooden festoon, carved in open work; the façades pointed, with a little flag at the top, or a small lance, or something resembling a bunch of flowers; the windows with red and blue glass, and having curtains decorated with embroidery, ribbons, fringes, and a display of cups and vases and toys within; the doors painted and gilded, and surmounted with all sorts of bas-reliefs representing flowers, figures, and trophies, in the midst of which can be read the name and profession of the proprietor. Almost all the houses have two doors, one front and one back,—the latter for every-day use, the other for solemn occasions, such as a birth, a death, or a marriage.

The gardens are not less odd than the houses. They seem made for dwarfs. The paths are scarcely wide enough for the feet, the arbors can contain two very small persons standing close together, the box borders would not reach the knee of a child of four years old. Between the arbors and the tiny flower-beds there are little canals, apparently made for toy-boats, which are spanned here and there by superfluous bridges with little painted railings and columns; basins about as large as an ordinary sitz-bath contain a liliputian boat tied by a red cord to a sky-blue post; tiny steps, paths, gates, and lattices abound, each of which can be measured with the hand, or knocked down with a blow of the fist, or jumped over with ease. Around houses and gardens stand trees cut in the shape of fans, plumes, disks, etc., with their

trunks painted white and blue, and here and there appears a little house for a domestic animal, painted, gilded, and carved like a house in a puppet-show.

After a glance at the first houses and gardens, I advanced into the village. There was not a living soul in the streets or at the windows. All doors were closed, all curtains drawn, all canals deserted, all boats motionless. The village is so constructed that from no point can more than four or five houses be seen at a time; consequently at every step a new scene is discovered, a new combination of bright colors, a new caprice, a new absurdity. One expects every moment to see the doors fly open and a population of automatons come forth with cymbals and tambourines in their hands, like the figures on hand-organs. Fifty paces carry you around a house, over a bridge, through a garden, and back to your starting-point. A child looks like a man, and a man appears a giant. Everything is tiny, compressed, smooth, colored, childish, and unnatural. At first you laugh; then comes the thought that the inhabitants of this village believe you find it beautiful. The caricature seems odious to you; the owners of the houses are all idiots; you would like to tell them that their famous Broek is an insult to art and nature, and that there is in it neither good taste nor good sense. But when you have relieved your mind a little in this way, the laugh returns and prevails.

[The traveller was soon after invited to inspect the interior of a house, by a woman who appeared at the door. He did so, and found it a miracle of cleanliness and neatness, with a host of utensils for cleaning the rooms, among which were sticks to poke out straws that might get into the cracks of the floor.]

She gave me some curious information about the fury of cleanliness for which the village of Broek is famous

throughout Holland. It is not long since an inscription to the following effect could be seen at the entrance to the village: "Before and after sunrise, it is forbidden to smoke in the village of Broek except with a cover to the pipe-bowl (*so as not to scatter the ashes*); and in crossing the village with a horse it is forbidden to remain in the saddle; the horse must be led."

It was also forbidden to go through the village in a carriage, or with sheep or cows, or any other animal that might soil the street; and, although this prohibition no longer exists, carts and animals still go round the village, from old custom. Before every house there was once (and some may still be seen) a stone spittoon, into which smokers spat from the windows. The custom of being without shoes within-doors is still in vigor, and before every door there is a heap of shoes and boots and wooden pattens.

That which has been told about popular risings in Broek in consequence of strangers having scattered some cherry-stones in the street, is a fable; but it is quite true that every citizen who sees from his window a leaf or straw fall upon the pavement comes out and throws it into the canal. That they go five hundred paces outside the village to dust their shoes, that boys are paid to blow the dust out of the cracks of the pavements four times an hour, and that, in certain cases, guests are carried in the arms, lest they should soil the floors, are things which are told, said this good woman, but which probably have never happened. Before letting me go, however, she related to me an anecdote which almost made these extravagances seem possible. "In former times," she said, "the mania for cleanliness arrived at such a pass that the women of Broek neglected their religious duties for it. The pastor of the village, after having tried all means of persuasion to cause the cessation of the scandal, took

another way. He preached a sermon in which he said that every Dutchwoman who should have faithfully fulfilled her duties towards God in this earthly life would find in the other world a house full of furniture, utensils, and trifles various and precious, in which, undisturbed by other occupation, she could sweep, wash, and polish for all eternity, without ever coming to an end. The image of this sublime recompense, the thought of this immense felicity, infused such ardor and piety into the women of Broek that from that moment they were assiduous at religious exercises, and never had need of further admonition."

[Broek, however, is to-day only the shadow of its former self; but there is a house at the entrance of the village, open to strangers, which is an exact model of the ancient houses. This the visitor next describes.]

The rooms, very small, are so many bazaars, each one of which would require a volume of description. The Dutch mania for piling object upon object, and seeking elegance and beauty in the excess of the utmost disparity of ornament, is here seen pushed to the superlative of the ridiculous. There are porcelain figures upon the shelves, Chinese cups and sugar-bowls on and under all the tables, plates suspended on the walls from ceiling to floor, clocks, ostrich-eggs, boats, ships, vases, saucers, goblets, stuck in every space and hidden in every corner; pictures which present different figures according to the point from which they are viewed; closets full of thousands of toys and trifles; nameless ornaments, senseless decorations, a confusion and dissonance of color, bad taste so innocently displayed that it is pitiful to see.

But the absurdity is still greater in the garden. Here are bridges a palm long, grottos and cascades of miniature proportions, small rustic chapels, Greek temples, Chi-



nese kiosks, Indian pagodas, painted statues; tiny figures with gilded feet and hands, which bounce out of flower-baskets; automata of life-size that smoke and spin; doors which open with a spring and display a company of puppets seated at a table; little basins with swans and geese in zinc; paths paved with a mosaic of shells, with a fine porcelain vase in the middle; trees cut into a representation of the human figure, bushes of box carved into the shape of bell-towers, chapels, ships, chimeras, peacocks with spread tails, and children with arms stretched out; paths, arbors, hedges, flowers, plants, all contorted, tormented, twisted, and bastardized. And such in former times were all the houses and gardens of Broek.

[Broek was formerly inhabited by wealthy retired merchants, who went there for rest and peace, but were driven out by the notoriety of their village and the annoyance of visitors. Its population now is mainly of cheese-makers. It is said that Alexander of Russia and Napoleon on visiting the village had to draw woollen stockings over their boots before they could enter a house, and that Joseph II. of Austria was refused admission to any house, because he had brought no letters of introduction. A proprietor replied to an importunate aide-de-camp, "I do not know your emperor; and even if he were the Burgomaster of Amsterdam in person, I would not receive him if I did not know him."]

When I had visited the house and garden above described, I went to a small café, where a girl without shoes, understanding my signs, brought me half of an excellent Edam cheese, with some eggs and butter and bread, each thing in a covered dish protected by a wire netting and hidden under the whitest of fringed napkins; and then I went, with a boy who conversed with me by gestures, to see a dairy-farm. Many persons among us who wear tall hats and gold watches have not so pretty and clean an apartment as that in which the cows of Broek reside.

Before entering, you are requested to wipe your feet on a mat laid there for that purpose. The pavement of the stalls is of various-colored bricks, so clean that the hand could be passed over it; the walls are covered with pine wood; the windows decorated with muslin curtains and pots of flowers; the mangers are painted; the animals themselves are scraped, combed, washed, and, that they may not soil their coats, their tails are held up by a cord which is attached to a nail in the ceiling; a clear stream of water running through between the stalls carries off all impurities; except under the animals' feet there is not a straw or a stain to be seen; and the air is so pure that if you close your eyes you may imagine yourself in a drawing-room. The rooms where the peasants live, the cheese-rooms, the courts and corners, are all clean and sweet. Before returning to Amsterdam I took one more turn about the village, taking care to hide my cigar when I saw a woman with a gold circlet on her head looking at me from a window. I crossed two or three white bridges, touched a few boats with my foot, lingered a moment before the gayest of the painted houses, and then resumed my solitary way on the horse of St. Francis,\* with that feeling of weary sadness which accompanies in general curiosity satisfied.

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## THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT.

ALPHONSO DE LA TORRE.

[It is an interesting fact in the history of modern literature that a taste for allegory, both in verse and prose, held almost supreme rule for centuries, and gave rise to a vast volume of literary productions,

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\* Anglicé, shank's mare.

among the last and best of which are Spenser's poetic allegory of the "Fairy Queen" and Bunyan's prose allegory of "The Pilgrim's Progress." From one of the earlier writers of this school, Alphonso de la Torre, a Spanish author of about 1440, we select an attractively-written example. His work, entitled "The Delightful Vision," was written to amuse and instruct in moral and political subjects the Prince Don Carlos, heir-apparent to the throne of Navarre. In this work the human understanding is brought into a world of sin and ignorance, and instructed by such teachers as Grammar, Logic, Truth, Reason, etc. The writer intended to make his book a compendium of all knowledge. In this he can scarcely be said to have succeeded, but he produced an excellent example of fifteenth-century prose, whose popularity lasted until the prevailing taste for visions passed away. We make a brief illustrative extract.]

THE door being open, the Understanding most gladly entered, and instantly afterwards came Truth and Reason, took him by the hands, and began to lead him through the garden of delight. Truth was clad in a vestment more precious and sumptuous than mortals can estimate. So great was the certainty her sentiments conveyed, that it was impossible for a rational man to deny them. So great was the friendship and benevolence of her aspect, that it was blessedness sufficient to look upon her countenance. Her stature was limited and proportioned to the dimensions of Understanding. Her words were so certain, and left so much confidence in the heart, that neither doubt nor fear of contrariety remained. In her right hand she held a mirror of diamond, set in a multitude of pearls and precious stones; and in her left she held a well-regulated balance of fine gold without any alloy.

Reason was very like her, except that she had garments very much more showy, though not of greater value. But there was one marvellous thing about Reason: sometimes she appeared so tall that her head reached to the sky, at other times to the clouds; and again she seemed in size

equal to the human form. Her eyes appeared stars, her hair gold, and her cheeks two sister mirrors, rather than other corruptible matter.

Understanding was so delighted with beholding them, that he turned not his eyes to any other object. And they, seeing him absent, and as if half stupid and bewildered, asked him to look at their habitation and garden, which, through their own fault, was untrodden by mortals.

Understanding gave heed, and saw delights incredible and innumerable. In that place there was no night, but all was clear day, and the sun seemed to shine with seven times more splendor than his wont, without obstacle or impediment of clouds. And so temperate was the heat that it was agreeable to all the senses, and delighted them in a mild and pleasant manner; and so admirably was the brightness adjusted that there was enough without excessive dazzling. The centre was arable land, and the trees of that garden were so fruitful, so odoriferous, so beautiful, and bore fruits so pleasant to the taste, that they gave refreshment both to the intellect and the senses. All deformed or noxious herbs were rooted out of that place. In their stead were planted those that were beautiful and balsamic, and of these the soil of that delightful garden was full. All noxious, ferocious, and unsightly animals were banished thence, and song-birds filled the place with angelic melody. In the midst of the garden was the tree of life and of the knowledge of good and evil. At its root welled out a fountain through tubes of purest silver, and the place on which it distilled was all of pearls, sapphires, and rubies; and the tree bore fruit to dispel hunger forever, and the water had the virtue to quench ever-during thirst, and, besides, bestowed blessed and everlasting life. There was neither infirmity, nor decay, nor death, nor sadness, nor sorrow of any kind; but life, health, and joy,

with abundance and perfection of riches without diminution and without disappointment.

Nor was persecution there, the fiend of malignity; nor poisonous tongues; nor fraternal discord; nor insatiable avarice; nor despised poverty; nor infirm old age, trembling and sad; nor the ignorance and imbecility of infancy; nor the rash pride of youth; nor vain hope; nor trembling fear. Nothing was wanting that could be named. All was concord and charity, all benevolence and friendship, whence all things proceed that are virtuous, laudable, and rightly ordered.

And after Understanding had seen all these things in succession, the damsels asked the occasion of his visit. And he answered them that he had an inexpressible desire to know what was the final cause for which man had been made. For it appeared to him that the final cause was better than any of the other causes,—namely, natural, formal, and efficient; and he begged of them that they would, in their condescension, assure him of that in the clearest manner possible; for, according to his judgment, so many were the deformities and the abominations found among men that they appeared to him not to have been made for any end of a spiritual kind, or different from the other animals; besides, greater disorder might be found among men than among the lower animals, and yet it was told him that God had the retribution of good and evil; and he confessed that he did not believe it, because he saw the contrary; for he saw the just suffer punishment and die oppressed, and the wicked rewarded, by living honored, wealthy, and beloved: he also saw them die in the same state.

[We may spare the reader the long-drawn-out answer to this question. Suffice it to say that Truth and Reason, as represented by de la Torre, did not succeed in solving the problem.]

## ITALIAN SONNETS.

## VARIOUS.

[Italy is the true home of the sonnet. There it was born, and there it has had its chief development, no other land, with the exception of Spain, having given any special attention to the brief and restricted form of poem known under this name. Though the sonnet may have had a Provençal origin, the oldest example now in existence is by Lodovico Vernaccia, an Italian poet of about 1200 A.D., and it reached its highest limit of excellence in the hands of Petrarch, during the fourteenth century. Of the examples we give, the first two are the work of Dante, who has left us many sonnets of great beauty.]

## BEAUTY AND VIRTUE.

Two ladies on the summit of my mind  
Their stations take, to hold discourse of love :  
Virtue and courtesy adorn the one,  
With modesty and prudence in her train ;  
Beauty and living elegance the other,  
With every winning grace to do her honor :  
And I, thanks to my sweet and sovereign lord,  
Enamoured of the two, their slave remain.  
Beauty and virtue each address the mind,  
And doubts express if loyal heart can rest  
Between the two, in perfect love divided :  
The fountain of true eloquence replies,  
“ Both may be loved : beauty, to yield delight ;  
And virtue, to excite to generous deeds.”

## LOVELINESS OF BEATRICE.

The throne of Love is in my lady's eyes,  
Whence everything she looks on is ennobled :



On her all eyes are turned, where'er she moves,  
And his heart palpitates whom she salutes,  
So that, with countenance cast down and pale,  
Conscious unworthiness his sighs express :  
Anger and pride before her presence fly.  
Oh, aid me, gentle dames, to do her honor !  
All sweetness springs, and every humble thought,  
Within the heart of him who hears her speak :  
And happy may be deemed who once hath seen her.  
What she appears when she doth gently smile,  
Tongue cannot tell, nor memory retain,—  
So beauteous is the miracle, and new.

[From Petrarch's charming sonnets we select the following examples, in Roscoe's neatly-rendered English translation.]

In what ideal world or part of heaven  
Did Nature find the model of that face  
And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,  
In which, to our creation, she has given  
Her prime proof of creative power above ?  
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let  
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined  
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind  
Where have so many virtues ever met,  
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal ?  
He knows not love, who has not seen her eyes  
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,  
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

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Creatures there be, of sight so keen and high,  
That even on the sun they bend their gaze ;  
Others, who, dazzled by too fierce a blaze,  
Issue not forth till evening veils the sky ;

Others, who, with insane desire, would try  
The bliss which dwells within the fire's bright rays,  
But, in their sport, find that its fervor slays.  
Alas! of this last heedless band am I:  
Since strength I boast not, to support the light  
Of that fair form, nor in obscure sojourn  
Am skilled to fence me, nor enshrouding night;  
Wherefore, with eyes which ever weep and mourn,  
My fate compels me still to court her sight,  
Conscious I follow flames which shine to burn.

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Those eyes, my bright and glowing theme erewhile,—  
That arm, those hands, that lovely foot, that face,  
Whose view was wont my fancy to beguile,  
And raise me high o'er all of human race,—  
Those golden locks that flowed in liquid grace,  
And the sweet lightning of that angel smile,  
Which made a paradise of every place,—  
What are they? dust, insensible and vile!  
And yet I live! Oh, grief! Oh, rage! Oh, shame!  
Reft of the guiding star I loved so long,  
A shipwrecked bark, which storms of woes assail!  
Be this the limit of my amorous song:  
Quenched in my bosom is the sacred flame,  
And my harp murmurs its expiring wail.

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I feel the well-known breeze, and the sweet hill  
Again appears, where rose that beauteous light,  
Which, while Heaven willed it, met my eyes, then bright  
With gladness, but now dimmed with many an ill.

Vain hopes! weak thoughts! Now, turbid is the rill;  
The flowers have drooped; and she hath ta'en her flight  
From the cold nest, which once, in proud delight,  
Living and dying, I had hoped to fill:  
I hoped, in these retreats, and in the blaze  
Of her fair eyes, which have consumed my heart,  
To taste the sweet reward of troubled days.  
Thou, whom I serve, how hard and proud thou art!  
Erewhile, thy flame consumed me; now, I mourn  
Over the ashes which have ceased to burn.

[Lorenzo de' Medici, born in 1448, and celebrated in Italian history as its greatest patron of literature, was himself a poet of no mean rank, some of his productions being of great beauty. The following sonnet is from his pen.]

Oft on the recollection sweet I dwell,—  
Yea, never from my mind can aught efface  
The dress my mistress wore, the time, the place,  
Where first she fixed my eyes in raptured spell.  
How she then looked, thou, Love, rememberest well,  
For thou her side hast never ceased to grace;  
Her gentle air, her meek, angelic face,  
The powers of language and of thought excel.  
When o'er the mountain-peaks deep-clad in snow  
Apollo pours a flood of golden light,  
So down her white-robed limbs did stream her hair;  
The time and place 'twere words but lost to show;  
It must be day, where shines a sun so bright,  
And paradise, where dwells a form so fair.

[Michael Angelo Buonarotti, the great sculptor, painter, and architect, perhaps the most extraordinary man that Italy has ever produced, is the author of the following sonnets, with the production of which form of poetry he amused himself in his leisure hours. They are

written, as Longfellow says, "in a severe and simple style, and seeming as if cut from marble."]

## LOVE'S POWER.

Yes, hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;  
For if of our affections none find grace  
In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God made  
The world which we inhabit ? Better plea  
Love cannot have than that, in loving thee,  
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,  
Who such divinity to thee imparts  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.  
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;  
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

## ON DANTE.

There is no tongue to speak his eulogy ;  
Too brightly burned his splendor for our eyes :  
Far easier to condemn his injurers  
Than for the tongue to reach his smallest worth.  
He to the realms of sinfulness came down,  
To teach mankind ; ascending then to God,  
Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,  
To whom his country hers refused to ope.  
Ungrateful land ! to its own injury,  
Nurse of his fate ! Well, too, does this instruct  
That greatest ills fall to the perfectest.  
And, 'midst a thousand proofs, let this suffice,—  
That, as his exile had no parallel,  
So never was there man more great than he.

[Girolamo Fracastoro, a famous scholar, philosopher, physician, astronomer, and poet, born at Verona in 1483, is the author of the following beautiful sonnet.]

## HOMER.

Poet of Greece! whene'er thy various song,  
In deep attention fixed, my eyes survey,—  
Whether Achilles' wrath awake thy lay,  
Or wise Ulysses and his wanderings long,  
Seas, rivers, cities, villas, woods among,—  
Methinks I view from top of mountain gray,  
And here, wild plains, there, fields in rich array,  
Teeming with countless forms, my vision throng.  
Such various realms, their manners, rites, explores  
Thy verse, and sunny banks, and grottos cold,  
Valleys and mountains, promontories, shores,  
'Twould seem—so loves the Muse thy genius bold—  
That Nature's self but copied from thy stores,  
Thou first great painter of the scenes of old!

[Our next example is from Bernardo Tasso, brother of the celebrated epic poet, and himself a poet of no mean powers, his style being “distinguished for polish, sweetness, and purity.” He wrote “*Amadigi*,” a romantic epic, with many minor poems.]

This shade, that never to the sun is known,  
When in mid-heaven his eye all-seeing glows;  
Where myrtle-boughs with foliage dark enclose  
A bed with marigold and violets strown;  
Where babbling runs a brook with tuneful moan,  
And wave so clear, the sand o'er which it flows  
Is dimmed no more than is the purple rose  
When through the crystal pure its blush is shown;  
An humble swain, who owns no other store,  
To thee devotes, fair, placid god of sleep,

Whose spells the care-worn mind to peace restore,  
If thou the balm of slumbers soft and deep  
On these his tear-distempered eyes wilt pour,—  
Eyes that, alas! ne'er open but to weep.

[From Torquato Tasso, the renowned author of the "Jerusalem Delivered," and one of the most charming of the many celebrated poets of Italy, we select two sonnets.]

THE SNARES OF LOVE.

If love his captive bind with ties so dear,  
How sweet to be in amorous tangles caught!  
If such the food to snare my freedom brought,  
How sweet the baited hook that lured me near!  
How tempting sweet the limed twigs appear!  
The chilling ice that warmth like mine has wrought!  
Sweet, too, each painful unimparted thought!  
The moan how sweet that others loathe to hear,  
Nor less delight the wounds that inward smart,  
The tears that my sad eyes with moisture stain,  
And constant wail of blow that deadly smote.  
If this be life, I would expose my heart  
To countless wounds, and bliss from each should gain;  
If death, to death I would my days devote.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SCANDIA.

Sweet pouting lip, whose color mocks the rose,  
Rich, ripe, and teeming with the dew of bliss,—  
The flower of Love's forbidden fruit, which grows  
Insidiously to tempt us with a kiss.  
Lovers, take heed! shun the deceiver's art;  
Mark between leaf and leaf the dangerous snare,  
When serpent-like he lurks to sting the heart;  
His fell intent I see, and cry, "Beware!"



In other days his victim, well I know  
The wiles that cost me many a pang and sigh.  
Fond, thoughtless youths, take warning from my woe;  
Apples of Tantalus,—those buds on high,  
From the parched lips they court, retiring go;  
Love's flames and poison only do not fly.

[From Angelo di Costanza, born in Naples about 1507, and ranked among the best writers of sonnets in Italy, we select the following beautiful lament for the death of his son.]

Thy age, ere yet the flower was fully spread,  
Produced such fruit mature, beloved son,  
Thy worth and manly sense so early shone,  
And growing virtues such a lustre shed,  
That Atropos, unwilling and misled,  
Supposed the spindle full and labor done,  
And unrelenting, while her sister spun,  
Cut short, in fatal haste, thy golden thread.  
Thou nature's boast, on thy untimely bier  
Thus laid; and I, whose turn was first to go,  
Remaining to let fall the ceaseless tear;  
Uncertain which to count the heavier woe,—  
That you were plucked, the tender bud thus dear,  
Or I, the broken stem, was left to grow.

[We might continue indefinitely in the pleasant task of selecting from the multitude of fine sonnets which Italy offers, most of them devoted to the poetic theme of love, but must finish with one from Giovanni Cotta (born at Verona in 1668), in which a loftier theme is eloquently handled.]

"There is no God," the fool in secret said:  
"There is no God that rules or earth or sky."  
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,  
That God may burst upon his faithless eye!

Is there no God?—the stars in myriads spread,  
If he look up, the blasphemy deny;  
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,  
Reflect the image of Divinity.  
Is there no God?—the stream that silver flows,  
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,  
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,  
All speak of God; throughout one voice agrees,  
And eloquent his dread existence shows:  
Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these!

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## AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

FRANCESCO GUICCIARDINI.

[The author of our present selection is usually ranked first among Italian historians, though he is a prolix writer, and much inferior in literary skill to Machiavelli. His "History of Italy from 1494 to 1532" is a grave and impartial narrative, of value for its reflections, though lacking in animation. The author was born at Florence in 1482. He played an important part in the political agitations of his time, aided greatly in establishing the tyranny of the Medici in Florence, and died in 1540. The duel in force described below took place during the war of the French and Spaniards in the kingdom of Naples, in 1503. The most famous instance of such warlike duels is that of the Horatii and the Curiatii, in legendary Roman history; but other such events are on record, of which that which we give is an interesting instance, though it might have been made much more picturesque in the telling. Our extract is from the translation of A. P. Goddard, published in 1753.]

UPON the neck of these unlucky accidents happened another, which mightily checked the forwardness of the French, who had no cause to lay the blame on the malig-

nity of fortune, since the event must be accounted the pure effect of true valor and resolution. The matter of fact was thus. A French trumpet that was sent to Barletta to treat about the ransom of some soldiers taken at Rubos heard some Italian men-at-arms speak in terms reflecting on his countrymen. Of this he made a report at his return to the camp, which occasioned an answer to the Italians, and both parties were so heated as to kindle a general resentment, which had no way to vent itself till it was at length agreed that, for the honor of their respective nations, thirteen French men-at-arms should enter the lists with as many Italians, in an open secure place, and combat till the victory was decided.

Accordingly there was a plain space of ground appointed between Barletta, Andria, and Quadrata, to which the champions were conducted by a set number of their comrades; and, for further security against ambuscades, each of the generals with the greater part of his army accompanied them half-way, animating them, and charging them that, as men selected from the whole army, they should be sure to answer, both in heart and hand, the expectations conceived of them, which ran so high that in their hands and in their valor the honor of such noble nations was, by common consent, intrusted.

The French viceroy animated his men by reminding them that those they saw before them were the very same Italians who had trembled at the name of the French, and had always taken care to get out of their way, without giving them an opportunity of exercising their valor. . . . As soon as these Italians shall be brought into the field, and confronted with the arms and fierce looks of those who have always beaten them, their usual fright will return, and either they will have no heart to fight at all, or else will fight under such fear as to make them an easy

prey; the lofty speeches and vain bravadoes of the Spaniards being but a poor foundation for raising the spirits, and a very frail buckler against pointed steel and the fury of the conqueror.

On the other side, Gonsalvo was heartening and stimulating his Italians with equally pungent motives. He recalled to their mind the ancient glory of their nation, and the honors acquired by their arms, which had rendered them masters of the world. It was, said he, in the power of these few brave men, who were not inferior in valor to their ancestors, to make it appear to all the world that Italy, the conqueror of all nations, had been overrun by foreign armies for no other reason but the imprudence of its princes, who, prompted by ambition, first fell out among themselves, and then called in foreigners to enable them to get the better of one another. The French, he told them, had never obtained a victory in Italy by true valor, but under the conduct or by the arms of the Italians themselves, or by the fury of their artillery, the dread of which, as an instrument of war unknown in Italy, and not the fear of their arms, opened them a passage into the country. But now they had an opportunity given them of fighting with sword and lance, body to body, where each of them had liberty to display his own personal valor, and be a glorious spectacle to the chief Christian nations, and before so great a number of noble persons of their own country, all of whom, as well of one side as the other [there were Italians in the French army], were extremely desirous that they should get the victory. . . .

The other officers and private soldiers of both armies were no less solicitous in stimulating their champions and kindling their courage, charging them to show their bravery, and to behave like themselves, and worthy of

the confidence reposed in them, for augmenting, by their own proper valor, the glory and splendor of their nations.

Thus charged and animated, the champions were conducted into the field, each one full of ardor and in high spirits, where both parties were enclosed within a list, opposite to each other. The signal being given, they ran furiously at each other with their lances, in which encounter none seeming to have the advantage, they laid their hands to their other weapons with great force and animosity, each one exerting himself in so extraordinary a manner as to beget in all the spectators a tacit confession that no soldiers more valiant, nor more worthy to act so glorious a part, could have been selected out of both armies. But when they had combated a good while, and the ground was covered with pieces of armor, and blood that issued out of the wounds given on both sides, and the event was as yet uncertain, all the beholders keeping a profound silence, and being almost under as much anxiety and concern of mind as the combatants themselves, it happened that Guglielmo Albimonte, one of the Italians, was thrown from his horse by a Frenchman, who ran fiercely upon him with his sword to despatch him; but Francesco Salamone, running to assist his companion, fetched a full blow at the Frenchman,—who, being intent on the slaughter of Albimonte, was not on his guard,—which struck him dead on the spot. After this he and Albimonte, who had recovered himself, with Miale, who had also been wounded and dismounted, fell upon sticking the enemy's horses with long swords, which they had provided for that purpose, and killed several of them, by which means the Frenchmen began to have the worst of the combat, and at last some of the Italians took one, some another of them, till they were all made prisoners.

The victors were received with joyful acclamations by

their comrades, and greeted by Gonsalvo, who met them half-way, with all the expressions of gladness and respect, congratulating each man in particular, and all in general, as restorers of the Italian honor. They afterwards made their entry into Barletta in a triumphant manner with their prisoners, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets and the noise of cannon, and accompanied by military shouts and huzzas. . . .

It is incredible what a damp this adventure struck upon the spirits of the French army, and how it raised the courage of the Spaniards, every one presaging to himself, from this trial of fortune between a few, the final issue of the whole war.

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## LIFE IN THE HAREM.

CRISTINA, PRINCESS OF BELGIOJOSO.

[Cristina Trivulzio, Princess of Belgiojoso, an Italian lady of high distinction alike for her talents and her patriotism, was born at Milan in 1808. She removed to Paris in 1830, became acquainted with Thierry, Mignet, and other liberals, and in 1848 took an active part in the Italian revolution, raising a battalion at her own expense. After the defeat of the patriots her property was confiscated, and she returned to Paris, where she engaged in literary pursuits. She subsequently travelled in Greece and Turkey, publishing several volumes of travels. Her property was afterwards restored to her, and she returned to Milan, where she died in 1871. In addition to her travels, she wrote a history of "The House of Savoy," and other historical productions, with several novels, including "Ermina, or Turko-Asiatic Narratives." Our present selection is from Dillingham's edition of her "Oriental Harems and Scenery."]

I MAY perhaps destroy some illusions in speaking disrespectfully of the harem. We are familiar with descrip-



tions of it in the Arabian Nights and other Oriental tales; we have been told that it is the abode of love and beauty; we have authority for believing that the written descriptions, though exaggerated and embellished, are yet based on reality, and that it is in these mysterious retreats one is to find collected together all the wonders of luxury, art, magnificence, and pleasure. What a mistaken idea! Imagine blackened and cracked walls, wooden ceilings split in various places, covered with dust and cobwebs, torn greasy sofas, ragged curtains, and everywhere traces of oil and candles. When I first entered one of these delightful bowers it almost sickened me. The mistresses of the place, however, did not perceive it. Their persons are harmonious with all this. Mirrors being scarce in the country, the women pile on clothes and tinsel hap-hazard, producing a bizarre effect of which we have no conception. Common printed cotton handkerchiefs are wound round the head, and fastened with diamond and jewel-headed pins, while nothing can be more slovenly than their hair, the very great ladies who had lived at the capital alone possessing combs. As to the paint, which they apply immoderately, both in variety of color and in quantity, its distribution can only be regulated by mutual consultation, and, as all the women living under one roof are so many rivals, they willingly encourage the most grotesque illumination of their respective faces. They apply vermilion to the lips, red to the cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, white wherever a vacant spot occurs, and blue around the eyes and under the nose. What is yet more strange is their manner of constructing eyebrows. They have doubtless been told that to be beautiful the eyebrow should form a great arch, and from this they conclude that the arch must be the more beautiful according to the width of the span, never inquiring if the place assigned

to it had not been irrevocably fixed by nature. Believing this, they allot all the space between the two temples to eyebrows, and paint thereon two immense bows, the root of the nose and the temples on either side serving as piers for their support. Some eccentric young beauties who prefer straight lines to crooked ones trace one single ray direct across the brows; but these instances are rare.

That which is undeniable, and at the same time deplorable, is the effect of this taste for painting, combined with the indolence and uncleanness common to Oriental females. Every woman's face is a complicated work of art, which is not to be retouched every morning. There is not one, daubed as they are with orange color, even to hands and feet, who does not dread the application of water as an injury to beauty. The crowd of children and servants, especially negresses, who people the harem, and the footing of equality upon which mistresses and domestics live, are likewise aggravating causes of the general filth. I will not speak of children, for everybody knows the manners and customs of these little creatures; but let us imagine what would become of our elegant furniture in Europe should our cooks and chambermaids rest at will on the couches and sofas of our saloons, with their feet on our carpets and their backs against our tapestries. To this must be added the facts that glazed sashes are still a curiosity in Asia, that the windows are stopped with oiled paper, and that when this is not to be found they supply its place by discarding windows altogether; they seem to be perfectly content with the light that penetrates down the chimney, a light amply sufficient for smoking, eating, drinking, and flogging too rebellious children, which is about the sole and daily occupation of these mortal houris of faithful Mussulmans.

Let it not be understood, however, that it is ever very

dark in these windowless apartments. The houses being but one story high, the stack of the chimney never rising higher than the roof, and being very wide, it frequently happens that by bending forward a little one can perceive the sky outside above the aperture. What is utterly lacking in these apartments is air. The ladies, however, are far from complaining of that. Naturally sensitive to cold, and without the resource of creating heat by exercise, they remain squatted on the ground before the fire for hours, wholly ignorant that the fumes of the coal they use sometimes suffocate them. To recall only these artificial caverns, encumbered with tattered women and ill-governed children, almost deprives one of breath! From the bottom of my heart I felt grateful to the excellent Mufti of Tcherkess for his extraordinary delicacy in sparing me a forty-eight hours' sojourn in his harem,—and so much the more, because his was not one of those the most tidily kept.

[The Mufti was a man over sixty years of age, but excellently preserved, with clear skin, blue, limpid eye, and long, white, waving beard falling to his girdle. He was looked upon as a saintly character, crowds flocking to kiss the hem of his garment, to ask counsel, and to request charity.]

Surrounded by young children climbing on his knees, hiding their fresh, smiling faces in his long beard, and falling asleep upon his arm,—it was a charming sight to see him smile tenderly on them, listen attentively to their complaints or excuses, console their grievances with mild words, exhort them to study, and carefully ponder with them, or for them, the heavy routine of the alphabet. While losing myself in the contemplation of this just man, I could not avoid exclaiming, “Happy the people who still possess and appreciate men of this stamp!” A conversa-

tion, however, with the Mufti and one of his confidants happened to disturb the current of my naïve admiration.

The old man being seated, holding one of his little children on each of his knees, it occurred to me to ask him if he had many wives.

"I have but two at the present time," he replied, appearing to be somewhat ashamed of so scant a number. "You will see them to-morrow. But you will not be pleased with them," he continued, making a contemptuous gesture; "they are old women now: they were handsome once, but are so no longer."

"And what age are they?" I inquired.

"I do not know precisely,—not far from thirty."

"Ah!" interposed one of the Mufti's attendants, "my master is not a man to be contented with such wives: he will soon fill the gaps that death has left in his harem. If you had been here a year ago, you would have seen a woman such as his excellency ought to have; but that one is dead now. He'll find others, no doubt."

"But," I remarked again, "his excellency not being young, and, as it seems, having already possessed several young wives, and only regarding them as such up to the age of thirty, I imagine he must have received a considerable number into his harem during the course of his long life."

"Probably," replied the saint, without emotion.

"And your excellency has doubtless a great many children?"

The patriarch and his servant looked at each other, and burst into a laugh.

"I, many children!" replied the master, when the fit was over. "No doubt, indeed! But it would be impossible for me to give you the number. Tell me, Hassan," added he, addressing his confidant, "couldst thou inform

me how many children I have had, and state where they are?"

"No, truly. Your excellency has them in every province of the empire and in every district of every province. But that is all I know; and I would wager that my master knows no more than myself on this point."

"And how should I?" asked the old man.

I persisted, for my old patriarch was gradually sinking in my estimation, and I was desirous of having a clean breast of it.

"These children," I resumed, "how are they educated? Who takes care of them? At what age are they separated from their father? Where have they been sent to? To whom have they been confided? What is their career? What are their means of subsistence? And by what sign could you recognize them?"

"Oh, God be praised, I might be mistaken there, like anybody else; but that is of little consequence. As to your other interrogatories, my children were all brought up by myself, as you see me bringing up these, until they were old enough to provide for themselves. The girls were all married or given away as soon as they reached their tenth or twelfth year, and I have heard no more about them. The boys are not quite so precocious; they require support until their fourteenth year; then I give them a letter of recommendation to one or the other of my friends with a large establishment or occupation, and he either receives them or places them somewhere else: after that, it is for them to look out for themselves; they do not concern me more."

"And you never see them again?" I demanded.

"How do I know? I often receive the visits of people who declare themselves to be my sons, and who, indeed, may probably be so; I give them welcome and hospitable

attention, and harbor them a few days without asking questions; but at the end of that time they readily see this is no place for them, and that they have absolutely nothing to do here. They find their mothers dead; they are strangers to me. And so they depart of their own accord. Those who come once never come again. So be it. Others are born to take their places, and do as the others did before them. Nothing could be better."

Still I was not satisfied. "But," I continued, "those pretty children you are now caressing, and who cling to you so tenderly, are they destined to the same treatment?"

"Undoubtedly."

"You will part with them when they get to be ten or fourteen years old? You will not be anxious to know what becomes of them? You will never see them more? And if they should return some day to seat themselves again at the family board, you will treat them as strangers, and will witness their departure forever without bestowing on them one of those kisses which you are now so lavish of? What will be your fate some day, in your deserted home, when children's voices shall no longer be heard there?"

I began to get animated, and my listeners no longer comprehended me. The servant, however, caught the sense of my last query, and hastened to reassure me concerning the future of his venerated master.

"Oh, but," said he, "when these children here grow up, my master will have others just as small. You may trust to him on that point: he will never be without them."

And upon that both master and valet fell to laughing.

The old man now perceived that the effect produced on me by the conversation was not to his advantage, and he



was anxious to preserve my good opinion. He accordingly entered upon a long dissertation, which he thought serious, about the inconveniences of a too numerous family, and the impossibility of providing for all the children one brings into the world, especially in a lifetime as long as his own. The tone of this apology was perfectly grave; but the quality of the arguments was, nevertheless, so absurd and so odious that I was several times on the point of interrupting the patriarch. What an unfortunate community, in which such men find honor as models of virtue! In this strain did I murmur a recantation of all my praise.

On the following morning I had the honor of a visit from the patriarch's principal wife. She was a handsome virago, frightfully besmeared with red and black paint; as to the white, there was certainly some of it there, but it could not be detected. I returned her visit, and found her surrounded by various ladies of the place, who all made their court to her as the wife of the most considerable person in the town. She appeared to comprehend the dignity of her position, and to enjoy it without any *arrière-pensée*. Seeing the little admiration I had for her, I could not press my acquaintance further, and I took advantage of the permit accorded to me by the Mufti to keep myself remote from the door of his harem.

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#### FROM THE "ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA."

LOPE DE VEGA.

[Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, the most famous dramatic author of Spain, and one of the most remarkable men in the whole history of literature, was born at Madrid in 1562. His literary career began with

the "Arcadia," a pastoral heroic poem, in which his poetic ability first manifested itself. He took part in the expedition of the Spanish Armada, wrote a continuation of Ariosto's "Orlando," and in 1590 began to write for the stage, that vocation in which his extraordinary fertility of invention was to manifest itself. He composed with such rapidity that a single day was often sufficient for the writing of a complete drama in verse. This unequalled facility enabled him to produce in all some fifteen hundred dramas, comprising spiritual plays, historical comedies, and dramas of intrigue (of Cloak and Sword, as they are called in Spain). No dramatist has surpassed him in richness of invention, vivacity of dialogue, and variety of ideas, and his popularity in Spain was on a level with his remarkable ability. He wrote, in addition, several epic poems, which are considered much inferior to his dramas. The greater part of his plays have vanished, but there are said to be some five hundred yet in existence. We offer, in Lord Holland's translation, a selection from one of these.]

*The King and Sancho Ortiz.*

SANCHO.

I kiss thy feet.

KING.

Rise, Sancho! rise, and know  
I wrong thee much to let thee stoop so low.

SANCHO.

My liege, confounded with thy grace I stand;  
Unskilled in speech, no words can I command  
To tell the thanks I feel.

KING.

Why, what in me  
To daunt thy noble spirit canst thou see?

SANCHO.

Courage and majesty that strikes with awe;  
My sovereign lord; the fountain of the law;  
In fine, God's image, which I come to obey,  
Never so honored as I feel to-day.

KING.

Much I applaud thy wisdom, much thy zeal ;  
And now, to try thy courage, will reveal  
That which you covet so to learn,—the cause  
That thus my soldier to the presence draws.  
Much it imports the safety of my reign  
A man should die,—in secret should be slain ;  
This must some friend perform ; search Seville through,  
None can I find to trust so fit as you.

SANCHO.

Guilty he needs must be.

KING.

He is.

SANCHO.

Then why,

My sovereign liege, in secret should he die ?  
If public law demands the culprit's head,  
In public let the culprit's blood be shed.  
Shall Justice' sword, which strikes in face of day,  
Stoop to dark deeds,—a man in secret slay ?  
The world will think, who kills by means unknown  
No guilt avenges, but implies his own.  
If slight his fault, I dare for mercy pray.

KING.

Sancho, attend ; you came not here to-day  
An advocate to plead a traitor's cause,  
But to perform my will, to execute my laws,  
To slay a man ;—and why the culprit bleed  
Matters not thee, it is thy monarch's deed ;  
If base, thy monarch the dishonor bears.  
But say,—to draw against my life who dares,  
Deserves he death ?

SANCHO.

Oh, yes! a thousand times.

KING.

Then strike without remorse: these are the wretch's crimes.

SANCHO.

So let him die; for sentence Ortiz pleads:  
Were he my brother, by this arm he bleeds.

KING.

Give me thy hand.

SANCHO.

With that my heart I pledge.

KING.

So, while he heeds not, shall thy rapier's edge  
Reach his proud heart.

SANCHO.

My liege! my sovereign lord!  
Sancho's my name, I wear a soldier's sword.  
Would you with treacherous acts, and deeds of shame,  
Taint such a calling, tarnish such a name?  
Shall I—shall I, to shrink from open strife,  
Like some base coward, point the assassin's knife?  
No! face to face his foe must Ortiz meet,  
Or in the crowded mart, or public street,—  
Defy and combat him in open light.  
Curse the mean wretch who slays, but does not fight;  
Naught can excuse the vile assassin's blow;  
Happy, compared with him, his murdered foe,—  
With him who, living, lives but to proclaim,  
To all he meets, his cowardice and shame.

KING.

E'en as thou wilt; but in this paper read,  
Signed by the king, the warrant of the deed.

*[Sancho reads the paper aloud, which promises the king's protection if he is brought into any jeopardy in consequence of killing the person alluded to, and is signed, "Yo el Rey," I the king.]*

KING.

Act as you may, my name shall set you free.

SANCHO.

Does, then, my liege so meanly deem of me?  
I know his power, which can the earth control,—  
Know his unshaken faith, and steadfast soul.  
Shall seals, shall parchments, then, to me afford  
A surer warrant than my sovereign's word?  
To guard my actions, as to guide my hand,  
I ask no surety but my king's command.  
Perish such deeds! [*Tears the paper*]*—they serve but to*  
record  
Some doubt, some question, of a monarch's word.  
What need of bonds? By honor bound are we;  
I to avenge thy wrongs, and thou to rescue me.  
One price I ask,—the maid I name for bride.

KING.

Were she the richest and the best allied  
In Spain, I grant her.

SANCHO.

So throughout the world  
May oceans view thy conquering flag unfurled!

KING.

Nor shall thy actions pass without a meed.  
This note informs thee, Ortiz, who must bleed.  
But, reading, be not startled at a name;  
Great is his prowess; Seville speaks his fame.

SANCHO.

I'll put that prowess to the proof ere long.

KING.

None know but I that you avenge my wrong:  
So force must guide your arm, but prudence check your  
tongue. [Exit.

[Sancho finds, on examining the paper, that it is his dearest friend, and the brother of Estrella, whom he loves, that he is commissioned to kill. His soul is torn with grief; yet he obeys the king, picks a quarrel with his friend, and slays him in the street. We give the scene that follows.]

*Estrella and Theodora.*

ESTRELLA.

So quick my toilet was, I scarce can guess  
How set my garments and how looks my dress.  
Give me the glass.

THEODORA.

All glass is needless here;  
Look on thyself,—no mirror is so clear;  
Nor can in mimic forms reflected shine  
Such matchless charms and beauty bright as thine.  
[Holds the looking-glass.

ESTRELLA.

Whence can such crimson colors fire my cheek?



THEODORA.

Thy joy, and yet thy modesty, they speak.  
Yes, to thy face contending passions rush,  
Thy bliss betraying with a maiden blush.

ESTRELLA.

'Tis true he comes; the youth my heart approves  
Comes fraught with joy, and led by smiling Loves.  
He claims my hand; I hear his soft caress,

See his soul's bliss come beaming from his eye.  
Oh, partial stars! unlooked-for happiness!

Can it be true?—is this my destiny?

THEODORA.

Hark! some one rings!—but, lo! with envy smit,  
One mirror into thousand mirrors split!

ESTRELLA.

Is't broken?

THEODORA.

Yes.

ESTRELLA.

And sure with reason too;  
Since soon, without its aid, I hope to view  
Another self: with him before my eyes,  
I need no glass, and can its use despise.

[*Enter Clarindo.*]

CLARINDO.

All, lady, all is merriment and cheer,  
And the plumed hats announce the wedding near.  
I gave the letter, and received a ring.

ESTRELLA.

Take, too, this diamond for the news you bring.

CLARINDO.

Alas! the precious gem is split in two!—  
Is it for grief?

ESTRELLA.

Oh, no, Clarindo! no!  
It burst for joy,—the very gems have caught  
My heart's content, my gayety of thought.  
Thrice happy day, and kind, indulgent sky!  
Can it be true?—is this my destiny?

THEODORA.

Hark! steps below!

CLARINDO. .

And now the noise draws near.

ESTRELLA.

My joy o'ercomes me!—

[*Enter Alcaldes with the dead body of Bustos.*]

Gracious God! what's here?

PEDRO.

Grief, naught but grief, was made for man below:  
Life is itself one troubled sea of woe.  
Lady, Tabera's slain!

ESTRELLA.

Oh, sad, oh, cruel blow!

PEDRO.

One comfort still,—in chains his murderer lies:  
To-morrow, judged by law, the guilty Ortiz dies.

ESTRELLA.

Hence, fiends! I'll hear no more,—your tidings bear  
The blasts of hell, the warrant of despair!

My brother's slain! by Sancho's arm he fell!  
 What! are there tongues the dismal tale to tell?  
 Can I, too, know it, and the blow survive?  
 Oh, I am stone, to hear that sound and live!  
 If ever pity dwelt in human breast,—  
 Kill, murder, stab me!

PEDRO.

With such grief oppressed,  
 Well may she rave.

ESTRELLA.

Oh, sentence fraught with pain!  
 My brother dead! by Sancho Ortiz slain!

[*Going.*]

That cruel stroke has rent three hearts in one;  
 Then leave a wretch who's hopeless and undone!

PEDRO.

Al! who can wonder at her wild despair?—  
 Follow her steps.

FARFAN.

Alas! ill-fated fair!

CLARINDO.

Lady, one instant——

ESTRELLA.

Would you have me stay  
 For him, the wretch, that did my brother slay?  
 My love, my hopes, my all forever gone,—  
 Perish life, too,—for life is hateful grown!  
 Inhuman stars! unheard-of misery!  
 Can it be so?—is this my destiny?

## THE LUCK OF LAZARILLO.

DIEGO DE MENDOZA.

[Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, born at Granada in 1503, was the most distinguished of the early prose-writers of Spain, and the founder of the comic romance of that country. He wrote a "History of the Wars against the Moors," of great accuracy and impartiality, which has taken its place as a Spanish classic. He was the author also of a number of poems, and of the celebrated romance "Lazarillo de Tormes," the first production in that school of fiction which is best known to us by Le Sage's "Gil Blas." Mendoza was also an able statesman and diplomatist, and displayed throughout an unusual versatility of genius.

Adroit feats of cunning and deception have always been popular subjects of Spanish literature, and the beggar-lad Lazarillo, who made his way in the world by his dexterity in cheating, is still a favorite character. Lazarillo, after adventures in lower life, and some experience at service, had the honor of becoming a gentleman's servant, but soon found that his master had no occupation beyond that of lounging in the street and playing with his sword, and nothing to eat except what his servant could steal for him. We append the description of Lazarillo's first day's experience in this new service.]

TRUDGING on from door to door with very little success, for Charity had taken her flight to heaven, Providence threw me in the way of a Don who was passing through the street tolerably dressed, well combed, and with his step and voice in time and tune. He looked at me, and I at him, and he said, "Young man, are you seeking a master?" I said, "Yes, sir." "Then follow me," he replied: "God has been good to you in throwing you in my way; you should thank Heaven for so lucky a chance." I followed him, thankful as I was enjoined to be, and the more so as he appeared to be just the man I needed. It

was in the morning when I thus met my third master, and I followed him through a great part of the city. We passed by the shops where bread and other provisions are sold. I expected, and indeed wished, that he would burden me with some of these commodities, for this was the hour at which it was usual to make markets. With reluctant step, however, we passed by those tempting things. "Perhaps," said I, "he does not like what he sees here, and we will purchase at another place." In this manner we proceeded until it struck eleven, when he entered the great church, and I followed him. He seemed to listen most devotionally to the mass and the sacred offices, until all was ended, and the congregation dispersed. Then he left the church, and began to pass along a low street at a rapid pace. I quickened my step, seeing that I had not yet broken my fast. I naturally considered that my new master must be a man well provided, and that now we were on the point of regaling ourselves: certainly we were not out of the need of it.

Now the clock struck one, and we arrived at a house before which my master halted; and, throwing the skirt of his mantle over his left side, he drew a key from the sleeve, and opened the gate. We entered the house; the passage was dark and gloomy, but within there was a small court and tolerable apartments. After we got in he put off his cloak, and, asking if I had clean hands, he shook and folded it with me. Then, blowing a bench clean of dust, he laid it on it, and sat down. He asked me in a loud voice whence I was, and how I had come to the city; and it appeared to me a more convenient hour for ordering me to lay the table and pour out the soup than for asking me such questions. Nevertheless I satisfied him, making the best lies I could, telling him whatever was good, and dissembling the rest of my history. It was now almost

two o'clock, and no more sign of eating than at a death. I remembered that he had locked the gate, nor did I hear, above or below, the steps of a living person. Nothing was to be seen but walls; not a seat, or block, or bench, or table, or even such a chest as used to be in the olden time. In a word, it seemed like a habitation only of ghosts.

At length he said to me, "Young man, hast thou eaten?" "No, sir," said I, "for it was not yet eight o'clock when I met you." "At that hour I had breakfasted," said he; "and I may tell you that sometimes I remain thus till night: therefore put over as you best can till supper." You may easily suppose that when I heard this I was almost falling to the ground, not so much from hunger, as from despondency at perceiving that fortune was continually adverse to me. . . .

Morning came; we rose, and he began to wash, and to shake and brush his trousers and hose, and doublet, coat, and cloak; and I dressed his hair, and attired myself slowly and quietly, very much to his satisfaction. He dressed himself, and as he was fastening on his sword he said to me, "Oh, if you, young man, could but know what a blade this is! There is not a mark of gold in the world for which I would give it. It is not like those which Antonio makes; he does not hit on the quickness of edge that I have here;" and he drew it from the scabbard and touched it with his fingers. "With this I could cut the smallest tuft of wool or hair." "And I," said I to myself, "could with my teeth, though they are not of steel, serve a four-pound loaf in the same manner."

He then put it into the sheath, and girded it round him with a sword-belt ornamented with a string of large beads. And now with strutting step and frame erect, making with it and with his head a foppish, wriggling motion, throwing



the skirt of his cloak sometimes over his shoulder, and sometimes under his arm, and placing his right hand akimbo, he sallied forth by the door, saying, "Lázaro, look to the house, as I am going to mass; and make the bed, and go to the river for some water, locking the gate as you go out, that nothing may be stolen; and leave the key here at the hinge, so that should I return in the mean time I may enter." And he passed through the principal street with so stylish an air that he who did not know him might suppose him to be a near relative of the Count of Arcos, or at least his valet.

"Success to you, sir," said I, as I stood looking after him. "Who will meet that master of mine, and not conclude from the happy countenance he carries that he has supped well and slept on a good bed? Who will dream that he has not breakfasted this morning? These are the great secrets, sir, which you keep to yourself, and the people know them not. Who is it that that cheerful aspect and respectable cloak and pantaloons would not deceive? And who will think that that gentleman had nothing to eat all day yesterday, but the beggar's crust of bread which his servant Lázaro carried a day and a night in his breast-pocket, where others of God's creatures might have been feeding on it? and that to-day he has washed his hands and face, in the absence of a proper hand-basin and towel, with the leg of his trousers?"

[Our hero next engages himself as gentleman usher to seven ladies at once, who are too poor to keep a servant each, and club their means to enjoy Lazarillo's attendance in rotation. The book throughout shows the empty pride of the upper classes, and the knavery of the lower. Even the priests and the Inquisition itself are not spared, though the work was the last allowed to be published that reflected on that "peculiar institution."]

## FROM "THE TURKISH SPY."

GIOVANNI PAOLO MARANA.

[Of Italian writers of fiction of the seventeenth century the most meritorious was the author of our present selection (born at Genoa about 1642). In 1684 he published in Paris the first volume of "The Turkish Spy," which proved highly successful, and was followed by a second volume in 1686. This work, which suggested the "Persian Letters" of Montesquieu, is full of thoughtful observations. It professes to be the secret correspondence of an Arab, who had been sent into Europe to obtain useful information for the Sultan, and who describes with much wit the impressions which the customs and opinions of Paris were likely to make upon a Mussulman. We quote from the introductory letter.]

BEING but newly arrived, I scarce know anybody, and am as little known myself. I have suffered my hair to grow a little below my ears; and as to my lodging, 'tis in the house of an old Fleming, where my room is so small that jealousy itself can scarce enter. And because I will have no enemy near me, I will therefore admit of no servant.

Being of low stature, of an ill-favored countenance, ill shaped, and by nature not given to talkativeness, I shall the better conceal myself. Instead of my name Mehemet the Arabian, I have taken on me that of Titus the Moldavian; and with a little cassock of black serge, which is the habit I have chosen, I make two figures,—being in heart what I ought to be, but outwardly, and in appearance, what I never intend.

Carcoa at Vienna furnishes me with bread and water, supplying me with just enough to live; and I desire no more. The eggs here are dearer than pullets with you.

Although I have a disposition from the Mufti for lying and false oaths, which I shall be obliged to make, yet I still have some qualm on my mind. However, our sovereign must be served, and I can commit no sin as long as this is my sole end. As for the intelligence which I shall send, none shall come from me but what is true, unless I be first deceived myself.

I go into their churches as a Christian; and when I seem attentive to their mysteries, I hold our sacred Alcoran in my hands, addressing my prayers to our holy Prophet; and, thus behaving myself, I give no offence. I avoid disputes, mind my own concerns, and do nothing which may endanger my salvation.

[He has many adventures, runs great danger of discovery, and sees many strange things. We give his account of a public entertainment which he attended.]

On the 19th of this month the king and the whole court were present at a ballet representing the grandeur of the French monarchy. About the middle of the entertainment there was an antique dance, performed by twelve masqueraders in the supposed forms of demons. But before they had advanced far in the dance they found an interloper amongst them, who, by increasing their number to thirteen, put them quite out of their measures; for they practise every step and motion beforehand till they are perfect. Being abashed, therefore, at the unavoidable blunders the thirteenth antique made them commit, they stood still like fools, gazing at one another, none daring to unmask or speak a word, for that would have put all the spectators into disorder and confusion. Cardinal Mazarin (who was the chief contriver of these entertainments, to divert the king from more serious thoughts) stood close to the young monarch with a scheme of the

ballet in his hand. Knowing, therefore, that this dance was to consist but of twelve antiques, and taking notice that there were actually thirteen, at first he imputed it to some mistake. But afterwards, when he perceived the confusion of the dancers, and that they could not proceed, he made a more narrow inquiry into the cause of this disorder. To be brief, they convinced the cardinal that it could be no error of theirs by a kind of demonstration, in that they had but twelve antique dresses of that sort, which were made on purpose for that particular ballet; whereas the thirteenth dancer was disguised after the same manner. Therefore they concluded that either the devil or somebody else had put a trick on them. That which made it seem the greater mystery was that when they came behind the scenes to uncase and examine the matter they found but twelve antiques, whereas on the stage there were thirteen.

The preciser sort of bigots gave it out as certain that the devil was amongst them; while others, more probably, say it was only some envious or ambitious dancing-master, who was either resolved to be revenged for not being one of the twelve, or designed to show his parts incognito against another opportunity, and in the interim set the court a-wondering at his singular skill and dexterity; for it was observed that one of the thirteen far surpassed all the rest, and did things to a miracle.

Sage Hali, remember the Arabian proverb, which says, "It is not good to jest with God, death, or the devil. For the first neither can nor will be mocked; the second mocks all men, one time or other; and the third puts an eternal sarcasm on those that are too familiar with him." Adieu.

## FROM "THE FIRST BRUTUS."

VITTORIO ALFIERI.

[Alfieri, the most famous dramatist of modern Italy, was born in Piedmont in 1749, and, inheriting an ample fortune, lived an idle and dissipated life till 1775, when the success of his drama of "Cleopatra" produced a decided change in his habits. He devoted himself now closely to study and to dramatic composition, and within the ensuing seven years produced fourteen tragedies, "Filippo II.," "Virginia," "Orestes," "Mary Stuart," "Saul," etc. Among his other works are an "Essay on Tyranny," and a series of Odes on the American Revolution. He died in 1803.

The dramas of Alfieri are simple in design but noble in sentiment, and marked by an unusual intensity of passion. In the words of Mariotti, "Alfieri's poetry was sculpture. His tragedies are only a group of four or five statues; his characters are figures of marble, incorruptible, everlasting; but not flesh, nothing like flesh, having nothing of its freshness and hue. . . . Whatever be the scene, whoever the hero, it is always the poet that speaks. It is always one and the same object, the struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed. The genii of good and evil have waged an eternal war in his scenes." The selection given is from Lloyd's translation of "The First Brutus."]

*Brutus and Collatinus.*

COLLATINUS.

Ah, where,—ah, where, O Brutus, wouldst thou thus  
Drag me by force? Quickly restore to me  
This sword of mine, which with beloved blood  
Is reeking yet. In my own breast——

BRUTUS.

Ah, first

This sword, now sacred, in the breast of others  
Shall be immersed, I swear to thee. Meanwhile,

'Tis indispensable that in this Forum  
Thy boundless sorrow, and my just revenge,  
Burst unreservedly before the eyes  
Of universal Rome.

COLLATINUS.

Ah, no! I will  
Withdraw myself from every human eye.  
To my unparalleled calamity  
All remedies are vain: the sword, this sword,  
Alone can put an end to my distress.

BRUTUS.

O Collatinus, a complete revenge  
Would surely be some solace; and I swear  
To thee that that revenge thou shalt obtain.—  
O, of a chaste and innocent Roman lady  
Thou sacred blood, to-day shalt thou cement  
The edifice of Roman liberty!

COLLATINUS.

Ah! could my heart indulge a hope like this,—  
The hope, ere death, of universal vengeance!

BRUTUS.

Hope? be assured of it. At length, behold,  
The morn is dawning of the wished-for day:  
To-day my lofty, long-projected plan  
At length may gain a substance and a form.  
Thou, from a wronged, unhappy spouse, may'st now  
Become the avenging citizen: e'en thou  
Shalt bless that innocent blood: and then if thou  
Wilt give thy own, it will not be in vain  
For a true country shed,—a country, yes,  
Which Brutus will to-day create with thee,  
Or die with thee in such an enterprise.



## COLLATINUS.

Oh, what a sacred name dost thou pronounce!  
I, for a genuine country's sake alone,  
Could now survive my immolated wife.

## BRUTUS.

Ah! then resolve to live; co-operate  
With me in this attempt. A god inspires me;  
A god infuses ardor in my breast,  
Who thus exhorts me: "It belongs to thee,  
O Collatinus, and to thee, O Brutus,  
To give both life and liberty to Rome."

## COLLATINUS.

Worthy of Brutus is thy lofty hope:  
I should be vile if I defeated it.  
Or from the impious Tarquins wholly rescued,  
Our country shall from us new life obtain,  
Or we—but first avenged—with her will fall.

## BRUTUS.

Whether enslaved or free, we now shall fall  
Illustrious and revenged. My horrible oath  
Perhaps thou hast not well heard,—the oath I uttered,  
When from Lucretia's palpitating heart  
The dagger I dislodged which still I grasp.  
Deaf from thy mighty grief, thou, in thy house,  
Scarcely heardest it; here once more wilt thou hear it,  
By my own lips, upon the inanimate corse  
Of thy unhappy immolated wife,  
And in the presence of assembled Rome,  
More strenuously, more solemnly renewed.  
Already, with the rising sun, the Forum  
With apprehensive citizens is filled;

Already, by Valerius' means, the cry  
Is to the multitude promulgated  
Of the impious catastrophe; the effect  
Will be far stronger on their heated hearts  
When they behold the chaste and beauteous lady  
With her own hands destroyed. In their disdain,  
As much as in my own, shall I confide.  
But, more than every man, thou shouldst be present :  
Thine eyes from the distracting spectacle  
Thou may'st avert,—to thy affliction this  
May be allowed,—yet here shouldst thou remain :  
E'en more than my impassioned words, thy mute  
And boundless grief is fitted to excite  
The oppressed spectators to indignant pity.

## COLLATINUS.

O Brutus! the divinity which speaks  
In thee to lofty and ferocious rage  
Hath changed my grief already. The last words  
Of the magnanimous Lucretia seem,  
In a more awful and impressive sound,  
To echo in my ears and smite my heart.  
Can I be less inflexible to avenge,  
Than she to inflict, her voluntary death?  
In the infamous Tarquinius's blood alone  
Can I wash out the stigma of the name  
Common to me and them!

## BRUTUS.

Ah! I, too, spring  
From their impure and arbitrary blood;  
But Rome shall be convinced that I'm her son,  
Not of the Tarquins' sister; and as far  
As blood not Roman desecrates my veins,

I swear to change it all by shedding it  
For my beloved country.—But, behold,  
The multitude increases: hitherward  
Numbers advance: now it is time to speak.

*Brutus, Collatinus, and People.*

BRUTUS.

Romans, to me,—to me, O Romans, come!  
Great things have I to impart to you.

PEOPLE.

O Brutus!

Can that, indeed, which we have heard, be true?

BRUTUS.

Behold! this is the dagger,—reeking yet,  
Yet warm, with the innocent blood-drops of a chaste  
And Roman lady, slain by her own hands.  
Behold her husband! he is mute, yet weeps  
And shudders. Yet he lives, but lives alone  
For vengeance, till he sees by your hands torn,  
The heart torn piecemeal of that impious Sextius,  
That sacrilegious ravisher and tyrant.  
And I live yet, but only till the day  
When, wholly disencumbered of the Tarquins,  
I see Rome free once more.

PEOPLE.

Oh, most unparalleled,

Calamitous catastrophe!

BRUTUS.

I see

That all of you upon the unhappy spouse  
Have fixed your motionless and speaking eyes,

Swimming with tears, and by amazement glazed.  
Yes, Romans, look at him ; ah, see in him,  
Ye brothers, fathers, and ye husbands, see  
Your infamy reflected ! Thus reduced,  
Death on himself he cannot now inflict ;  
Nor can he life endure, if unavenged.—  
But vain, inopportune, desist from tears,  
And from astonishment.—Romans, towards me,  
Turn towards me, Romans, your ferocious looks :  
Perhaps from my eyes, ardent with liberty,  
Ye may collect some animating spark  
Which may inflame you with its fostering heat.  
I Junius Brutus am,—whom long ye deemed,  
Since I so feigned myself, bereft of reason ;  
And such I feigned myself since, doomed to live  
The slave of tyrants, I indulged a hope  
One day to rescue, by a shock of vengeance,  
Myself and Rome from their ferocious claws.  
At length the day, predestined by the gods,  
The hour, for my exalted scheme is come.  
From this time forth 'tis in your power to rise  
From slaves (for such ye were) to men. I ask  
Alone to die for you ; so that I die  
The first free man and citizen in Rome.

## PEOPLE.

What have we heard ! What majesty, what force,  
Breathe in his words ! But we, alas ! are powerless :  
Can we confront armed and ferocious tyrants ?

## BRUTUS.

Ye powerless,—ye ? What is it that you say ?  
What ! do ye, then, so little know yourselves ?

The breast of each already was inflamed  
With just and inextinguishable hate  
Against the impious Tarquins : now, e'en now,  
Ye shall behold before your eyes displayed  
The last, most execrable, fatal proof  
Of their flagitious, arbitrary power.  
To-day to your exalted rage the rage  
Of Collatinus and my own shall be  
A guide, an impulse, a pervading spirit.  
Ye have resolved on liberty ; and ye  
Deem yourselves powerless ? And do you esteem  
The tyrants armed ? What force have they,—what  
arms ?

The arms, the force of Romans ? Who is there,  
The Roman who, that would not sooner die,  
Than here, or in the camp, for Rome's oppressors  
Equip himself with arms ?—By my advice,  
Lucretius with his daughter's blood aspersed  
Hath to the camp repaired ; this very moment  
By the brave men besieging hostile Ardea  
Hath he been heard ; and certainly,  
In hearing him, and seeing him, those men  
Have turned their arms against their guilty tyrants,  
Or, swift in our defence, abandoning  
Their impious banners, hitherward they fly.  
The honor of the earliest enterprise  
Against the tyrants, citizens, would ye  
Consent indeed to yield to other men ?

## PEOPLE.

Oh, with what just and lofty hardihood  
Dost thou inflame our breasts !—What can we fear,  
If all have the same will ?

COLLATINUS.

Your noble rage,  
Your generous indignation, thoroughly  
Recall me back to life. Nothing can I  
Express—to you,—for tears—forbid—my utterance;—  
But let my sword be my interpreter:  
I first unsheathe it; and to earth I cast,  
Irrevocably cast, the useless scabbard.  
O sword, I swear to plunge thee in my breast,  
Or in the breast of kings!—O husbands, fathers,  
Be ye the first to follow me!—But, ah!  
What spectacle is this?

*[In the farther part of the stage the body of Lucretia is introduced, followed by a great multitude.]*

PEOPLE.

Atrocious sight!  
Behold the murdered lady in the Forum!

BRUTUS.

Yes, Romans, fix—if ye have power to do it—  
Fix on that immolated form your eyes.  
That mute, fair form, that horrible, generous wound,  
That pure and sacred blood, ah! all exclaim,  
"To-day resolve on liberty, or ye  
Are doomed to death! Naught else remains!"

PEOPLE.

All, all—

Yes, free we all of us will be, or dead!

BRUTUS.

Then listen now to Brutus.—The same dagger  
Which from her dying side he lately drew,



Above that innocent, illustrious lady  
Brutus now lifts ; and to all Rome he swears  
That which first on her very dying form  
He swore already.—While I wear sword,  
While vital air I breathe, in Rome henceforth  
No Tarquin e'er shall put his foot ; I swear it :  
Nor the abominable name of king,  
Nor the authority, shall any man  
Ever again possess.—May the just gods  
Annihilate him here, if Brutus is not  
Lofty and true of heart !—Further I swear,  
Many as are the inhabitants of Rome,  
To make them equal, free, and citizens ;  
Myself a citizen, and nothing more :  
The laws alone shall have authority,  
And I will be the first to yield them homage.

## PEOPLE.

The laws, the laws alone ! We with one voice  
To thine our oaths unite. And be a fate  
Worse than the fate of Collatinus ours,  
If we are ever perjured !

## BRUTUS.

These, these are  
True Roman accents. Tyranny and tyrant,  
At your accordant hearty will alone,  
All, all have vanished. Nothing now is needful,  
Except 'gainst them to close the city gates ;  
Since Fate, to us propitious, had already  
Sequestered them from Rome.

## PEOPLE.

But you, meanwhile,  
Will be to us at once consuls and fathers ;

You to us wisdom, we our arms to you,  
Our swords, our hearts, will lend.

BRUTUS.

In your august  
And sacred presence, on each lofty cause,  
We always will deliberate; there cannot  
From the collected people's majesty  
Be any thing concealed. But it is just  
That the patricians and the senate bear  
A part in every thing. At the new tidings,  
They are not all assembled here: enough  
(Alas! too much so) the iron rod of power  
Has smitten them with terror: now yourselves  
To the sublime contention of great deeds  
Shall summon them. Here, then, we will unite,  
Patricians and plebeians, and by us  
Freedom a stable basis shall receive.

PEOPLE.

From this day forth we shall begin to live.

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## MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

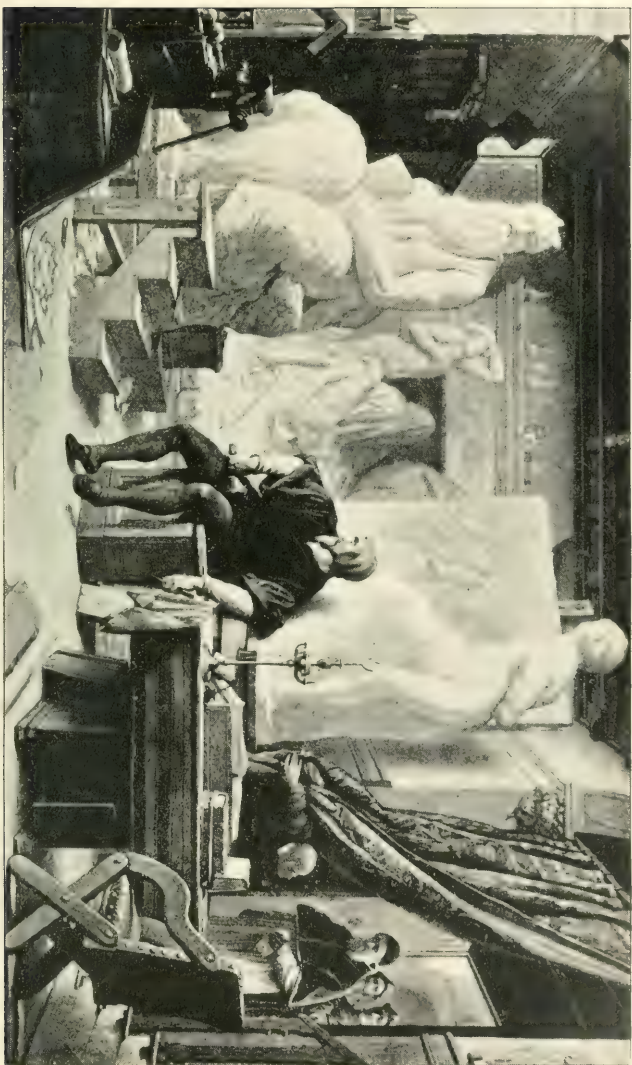
[Emilio Castelar, the most prominent of the republican statesmen of Spain, was born in 1832, and is the author of several works, comprising "History of the Republican Movement in Europe," "Life of Byron," and "Parliamentary Speeches." His most important contributions to literature are "Art, Religion, and Nature in Italy" and

"Old Rome and New Italy," from the latter of which we select the following interesting description. The translation is by Mrs. Arthur Arnold.]

LET us follow the history of the Sistine Chapel. Bramante urged upon Giulio II. the desirability of intrusting Michael Angelo with the frescos of the vault. But the great sculptor did not yet feel himself sufficiently acquainted with fresco-painting, and he frankly said so to his Holiness. The latter would not allow any contradiction, refused to tolerate disobedience, or to listen to the best of all reasons,—the impossibility of performing the desired task.

This affair was a great trouble to Michael Angelo, because, close to the Sistine Chapel, Raphael was painting the chambers of the Vatican with his usual calmness and self-possession in difficulties. The first sculptor of his age ran the risk of being the second painter. This thought wounded his vanity, but did not dishearten him. Finding that resistance to the Pope would be his ruin, he sent for the best Florentine fresco-painters, learned from them the principles of their art, and dismissed them. Then he shut himself up alone in the chapel, contemplating that immense vault, lofty, dark, and empty, like chaotic space before the creation. He commenced to people it. On attentively observing the figures, a strange reflection makes them seem as if they had been painted by lightning. They look as if they had issued from the flashes of a tempest and been produced from the fury of a giant. Lips have been sketched to breathe a lamentation of Jeremiah, a stanza of Dante, a malediction of the Prometheus of Æschylus.

The soul of Raphael produced his figures without effort, —as it is said the Virgin was delivered without pain. Each of them seems to have been born like Cytherea



MICHAEL ANGELO IN HIS STUDIO.



from the foam of the ocean, in a pearly shell, with a smile upon the lips, the rays of Aurora on the head, and heaven in the eyes. They have been raised by a gentle wave and left on the rude shores of reality. The figures of Michael Angelo struggle, turn, suffer—are mounted on the blast of the hurricane; they have for light a conflagration; they express all the intensity and power of sorrow—they are the giant offspring of the extreme despair of genius in delirium, desirous of marking reality with the stamp of infinity. They all seem to carry in the flesh the burning iron of the artist's idea, and cry hopelessly, like the shipwrecked for the land, from the world that is visible and finite to that which is unseen and everlasting.

It is necessary to comprehend all the troubles which tore the heart of Michael Angelo while pursuing his work. Raphael is always sustained by his *innamorata* who loved him, by his disciples who obeyed him, surrounded by a choir of angels; but the great sculptor was alone, separated from the world, reduced to a perpetual companionship with his own ideas, without love and without friendship, isolated as a mountain with the tempest beating on its summit. After having studied the first rudiments of the art, he essayed the commencement of his wonderful composition. His colors mingle, the paintings fall asunder. He flies to Giulio II. to beg that he would free him from his promise. The Pope insisted upon its performance. San Gallo, a painter, suggested to him an easy way of avoiding the difficulty. Up to this time the scaffold constructed by Bramante was suspended to the roof by cords. At each extremity of his work, which was like a bundle of rags, the scaffold was unsteady. In place of this, Michael Angelo, by the advice of San Gallo, made another, which was quite fixed and secure. Then he sketched the heavens which were to contain his figures. But when he had so



much space he was overcome by despair, from the fear of being unable to fill it. He locked the chapel door, and rushed out to wander alone, like a madman, in the Roman Campagna. The broken arches and aqueducts, resembling giant skeletons; the ruined masses where the shepherd rested, and up whose rugged sides goats clambered; the Apennines with their snowy summits, and slopes dotted with monuments; the cypress groves, pine-trees, and willows, which give the country the aspect of the largest cemetery ever seen by man; the lagunes, covered with rushes, and crossed by wild buffaloes and by melancholy-looking boats occupied by beings who seemed like the dead revisiting the earth; sepulchres gilded by the sun's rays, like fragments of shattered planets fallen amid the desolation; fantastic clouds like evaporations from ashes; volcanoes in the brightness of the desert, more replete with interest than peopled cities,—such a spectacle must strengthen and invigorate the mind, and enable it to produce something superior to human power, something sublime.

But it was essential that he should abandon himself to solitude and his inspiration. Time is the great helper of the artist. Against his inspiration, against his solitude, against his time, the impatience of the Pope was exerted. He was aged, and he ardently desired to see the work completed before his death. Three great works Michael Angelo had been compelled to perform or invent for Giulio II.,—his sepulchre, his statue, and the vault of the Sistine Chapel. The tomb was stopped on account of its difficulty and costliness. The bronze statue, erected in a square at Bologna, was melted down and converted by the Bolognese into a piece of artillery. They called it *Giuliana*, and discharged it against the Papal party. These having failed, the Sistine Chapel was all that remained to him for glory.

Leaning on his crosier, the Pope would enter to interrupt, torment, or hasten the artist. Michael Angelo at one time let fall a board at his feet. "Do you know that I should have been killed had it struck my head?" cried the Pontiff. "Your Holiness will avoid all accidents by not coming here to distract me," expostulated the painter. Giulio II. took the hint, and departed. But a few days after, when the artist was still more absorbed in his wonderful creation, the Pope reappeared. "When will you finish it?" he asked. "When I am able," replied Michael Angelo, covering his figures with a thick black veil which shrouded the whole of the vault.

On another occasion, so great was the impatience of the Pontiff to see the progress of the work that he went into the chapel, and, in spite of Michael Angelo, mounted, with great difficulty, the steps of the scaffold. The painter contrived to get between the Pope and the painting. Some authors say that the latter then designedly let fall his crosier on the ribs of the artist. (It is certain that he once caned his valet for saying that Michael Angelo was half mad, like all painters.) He immediately descended from the scaffold, flung away his pencils, rushed to his house, mounted his horse, and fled from Rome. But, deeply enamoured with his work, which now began to start out of chaos, he soon returned to finish it. The Pope would certainly have had him taken on the road, or would have declared war against any city which harbored him without his sovereign consent, as, at another time, he was on the point of making war upon Florence, in which town the artist had taken refuge on flying from the pontifical displeasure. At last it appeared,—that work, not for an age, but for humanity. The Renaissance had found its representative. It was the age of the great growth of man. The mariner's compass grew in the ocean; painting

grew on the land; the discovery of America grew in our planet; philosophy grew in the human mind; the classic arts reappeared and grew in history; the telescope grew in the heavens; and all grew in the love of God.

Would you like to see how the world has grown? Do you desire to measure her stature? Then compare the measured and rigid figures—narrow-chested, meagre, and lustreless—left by Fra Angelico in Florence as the testament of the Middle Ages, with those bold, athletic, gigantic, and herculean figures left by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel,—the glory of the Renaissance.

Imagine a vast plane ceiling, lighted by twelve windows, and divided from the side-walls by a cornice. Time, the smoke of the incense, and the waxen tapers have toned it to a duskiness which increases its mystery. They do not seem pictures: from the powerful incarnation, from the prominence of the design, from the relief of the figures, they appear sculptures. It is the apotheosis of the renewed human body. On the frieze of the cornice and over the windows, stretched out, on foot, and in improbable attitudes and positions, are vigorous undraped athletes, with nerves vibrating as the strings of a harp, and with fibres hardened by gymnastic exercises; beautiful youths, who have fought for Rome on battle-fields, or who, turning to the classic shores of Greece, have guided the chariot with its four coursers in the Olympic games. The genius of Michael Angelo called again upon earth the heroes of past ages; converted stones into men; and, audaciously scaling the summit of Catholic Rome, as if it was the ancient Olympus, celebrated with rapture a new existence and a new era,—the resurrection of gods, philosophers, poets, of the arts—and of his country!

Here classical reminiscences are concluded. The remainder of the roof has neither precedence nor sequence.

It remains there, fixed on the human mind, like the first verses of the Bible, or as the isolated peaks of Mount Sinai, of Calvary, or the Capitol, in the plains of history. There are sibyls and prophets. The former come from Delphi, Cumæ, Erythræa, Libya,—after having collected among the oaks of Dodona, on the shores of the Ægean and Tyrrhene Seas, from the grottos of Posilippo, or the gulfs of Corinth and of Baiæ, the prophecies, the hopes, the promises of redemption which poets have expressed in their verses and philosophers in their discourses. The prophets come from the desert, from Mount Carmel, from the caves of Jerusalem, from the primitive groves of Lebanon; after having collected the consolatory hopes of the priesthood, they unite with the sibyls in the Sistine Chapel as two Titanic choirs, whose combined strength supports the roof from which issue these marvellous paintings, unique from their size, from the scriptural allegories and tragedies they so admirably depict.

Chaos submerged in shadows; the first light dawning over the waters; Adam sleeping profoundly; Eve newly created, awakening in the ecstacy of love and enchantment with the life she beholds blooming around,—the life she breathes and absorbs with delight; the first sin committed in the world, depriving the first human pair of Paradise, and the first sorrow which burdened the heart, robbing it of peace and innocence; the Deluge whirling its green waters of bitterness crossed by the lightning, and swelled by the hurricane up to the heights where the last men climb to save themselves in the extremity of desolation and despair; the sacrifice of Noah on the mountain as a sign of the perpetuity of nature and of the salvation of the species;—all grouped, all united—giants, sibyls, prophets, storms, hurricanes, floods—around that majestic and sublime figure of the Eternal Father, who animates

and invigorates all these creatures by his creating breath, governing them by his powerful and protecting hand, and irradiating their minds by a ray from his own omniscience! . . .

The roof of the Sistine Chapel will always excite poetical imaginations. One of the most learned men in Europe has said that he spent thirty years in studying it. When Michael Angelo finished the painting he could not cast down his eyes for a moment without their being obscured,—he had been so long in the habit of raising his head and looking upward. He met the object of his sight in the heavens. There, even to the heavens, he directed his gaze, his mind filled with boundless aspirations and with infinite sorrow. And this man, with so lively a sensibility, with so harsh and bitter a temper, with thoughts so extraordinary and tempestuous, lived in the period of the most violent changes, of the strongest contrasts, as the human spirit passes from sad discouragement to exuberant existence, from dark eclipses to sudden illuminations, from repentance to the orgy, from sensuality to faith, inclining, like a drunken man, sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other.

Let us imagine a body suddenly translated from the torrid zone to the pole, from earth to heaven, from the peak of a mountain to an abyss, from the stormy sea to a downy couch, and perhaps we shall be able to form some conception of the changes to which the soul of Michael Angelo was exposed by the contradictions of his time. The Luzbel of the Bible, passing from angelic to diabolical nature, and the Luzbel of Origen, turning from the things of earth to those of heaven, may give some distant idea of the sudden transformations which that age experienced, and through which that man passed who was steeped in the life of his century.



[The turbulent character of the age is seen in an event which followed. Rome was taken and sacked in May, 1527, by an invading army led by the Constable Bourbon, and subjected to outrages and devastations not surpassed by those of the Goths and Vandals.]

Before Rome had quite recovered from these fearful calamities, Michael Angelo entered her gates to conclude his labors, to enrich with another masterpiece the Sistino Chapel, to leave on the central wall the "Universal Judgment." The great tragedy just mentioned gave him inspiration: the death of his country's liberty, the new ruin of Rome, the triumph of reform over a part of the human race, the victory of time over his own life, of old age on his powers, of sorrow on his soul. While sketching his gigantic work a thousand times he believed himself dying. At last, falling from the scaffold, he opened a wound in his leg, and, shutting himself up in his house, resolved to leave it no more till carried to the tomb. One of his friends, a physician, went to see him, called him by name, and, receiving no answer, broke his way into the house like a robber, and eventually succeeding in tearing him from his melancholy.

The fate of Italy is one of the wounds which remain in the heart, and consequently one of the inspirations of its conscience. The study of Dante, soothing and apocalyptic, animates and sustains it. Taking an outline with a very wide margin, Michael Angelo filled it in with designs from poetic visions and from exquisite and life-like sculptures. For three centuries the great poem of Dante explained and beautified the Universal Judgment of Michael Angelo, as the poem of Homer gave vitality to the tragedies of Æschylus. The human frame and its organism, heretofore little studied, and almost unknown, is the principal element of his plastic conceptions. In the Universe he saw but man alone. His anthropology is less soft and



harmonious than that of Greece: it is gigantic. From this arises a certain contempt which he occasionally shows for beauty in immortal serenity, and a certain unrestrained liberty with regard to the sublime. When young, he changed his living models for corpses. For twelve years he lived studying and almost analyzing the dead. One time he became infected with the virus of putrefaction, and was at the point of death from an effort to extract the sublime from a skeleton laid aside as useless by the world.

His profound study of the anatomy of the human form is visible in this picture, in this poem. All griefs have shaken those bodies whose nerves are contracted in violent agitation. All the figures are undraped. Michael Angelo dared much in the Sistine Chapel when he commenced the reaction against Renaissance,—when hypocrisy went so far as to take the winding-sheet of the Middle Ages wherewith to shroud nature anew. It is difficult now to imagine the scandal which this audacity on the part of the artist produced in that age, already separated from the semi-pagan days of Leo X. Aretino, who delighted in depicting all kinds of unveiled impurity, was much offended with the chaste nudity of true art. Biagio, Master of the Ceremonies to Paul III., implored the painter, on the part of the Pontiff, to drape his figures and not expose the human form so completely. "Tell the Pope," replied Michael Angelo, "that with regard to the pictures, they may be corrected in a few minutes, but his Holiness will find it difficult to improve the world." As a punishment to Biagio, he painted him with the ears of an ass in the depths of hell. The Master of the Ceremonies ran to complain to Paul III. of the affront put on his respectable person. "He has put me in the picture!" he said, weeping like a child, and tremulous as an old man:

"I beg your Highness will take me out of that." "But where has he placed thee?" demanded the Pontiff. "In hell, your Holiness, in hell," replied Biagio, sobbing. "If thou hadst been in purgatory," said the Pope, "I would have removed thee; but I have no authority whatever in hell."

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## THE BREAD-RIOT AT MILAN.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

[The author of our present selection, the best-known of modern Italian novelists, and a poet of high repute, was born at Milan in 1784. His first literary labors were in the field of poetry, and were followed by a tragedy, "*Il Conte di Carmagnola*," which has been warmly praised. He wrote another tragedy, and an ode on the death of Napoleon, "*Il cinque Maggio*," which is one of the most admirable of recent Italian poems. But his masterpiece, and the work on which his European reputation is based, is the historical novel of "*I promessi Sposi*," or "*The Betrothed*," a work which presents a vivid picture of Italian life and manners in the seventeenth century, while its powers of description and of character-drawing are of the highest order. Our extract covers a portion of the narrative of the bread-riot at Milan, at which city Renzo, the leading character of the story, has just arrived, and, to his surprise, finds loaves scattered in the streets. The price of bread had been lowered by edict, to meet the famine-demand, but the natural protest of the bakers against baking and selling at a loss could not long be ignored, and had forced the authorities to reconsider the question.]

DON GONZALO, buried over head in the affairs of war, did what the reader will certainly imagine: he nominated a council, which he endowed with full authority to fix such a price upon bread as could become current, thus doing justice to both parties. The deputies assembled, or, as it was expressed, after the Spanish fashion, in the jargon of those days, the junta met; and, after a hundred bowings,

compliments, preambles, sighs, whisperings, airy propositions, and subterfuges, urged, by a necessity which all felt, to come to some determination, conscious that they were casting an important die, but aware that there was no other course to be taken, they at length agreed to augment the price of bread. The bakers once more breathed, but the people raved.

The evening preceding the day in which Renzo arrived at Milan, the streets and squares swarmed with men, who, transported with indignation, and swayed by a prevailing opinion, assembled—whether acquaintances or strangers—in knots and parties without any previous concert, and almost without being aware of it, like rain-drops on a hill-side. Every conversation increased the general belief, and roused the passions of both hearer and speaker. Amongst the many excited ones, there were some few of cooler temperament, who stood quietly watching with great satisfaction the troubling of the water, who busied themselves in troubling it more and more, with such reasonings and stories as rogues know how to invent, and agitated minds are so ready to believe, and who determined not to let it calm down without first catching a little fish. Thousands went to rest that night with an indeterminate feeling that something must and would be done. Crowds assembled before daybreak,—children, women, men, old people, workmen, beggars, all grouped together at random; here was a confused whispering of many voices; there, one declaimed to a crowd of applauding by-standers; this one asked his nearest fellow the same question that had just been put to himself; that other repeated the exclamation that he heard resounding in his ears; everywhere were disputes, threats, wonderings; and very few words made up the materials of so many conversations.

There only wanted something to lay hold of,—some be-

ginning, some kind of impetus to reduce words to deeds; and this was not long wanting. Towards daybreak, little boys issued from the bakers' shops, carrying baskets of bread to the houses of their usual customers. The first appearance of one of these unlucky boys in a crowd of people was like the fall of a lighted squib in a gunpowder-magazine. "Let us see if there's bread here!" exclaimed a hundred voices, in an instant. "Ay, for the tyrants who roll in abundance, and would let us die of hunger," said one, approaching the boy; and, raising his hand to the edge of the basket, he snatched at it, and exclaimed, "Let me see!" The boy colored, turned pale, trembled, and tried to say, "Let me go on;" but the words died between his lips, and, slackening his arms, he endeavored to disengage them hastily from the straps.

"Down with the basket!" was the instantaneous cry. Many hands seized it, and brought it to the ground; they then threw the cloth that covered it into the air. A tepid fragrance was diffused around. "We, too, are Christians; we must have bread to eat," said the first. He took out a loaf, and, raising it in the view of the crowd, began to eat: in an instant all hands were in the basket, and in less time than one can relate it all had disappeared. Those who had got none of the spoil, irritated at the sight of what the others had gained, and animated by the facility of the enterprise, moved off by parties in quest of other straying baskets, which were no sooner met with than they were pillaged immediately. Nor was it necessary to attack the bearers; those who unfortunately were on their way, as soon as they saw which way the wind blew, voluntarily laid down their burdens, and took to their heels. Nevertheless, those who remained without a supply were beyond comparison the greater part; nor were the victors half satisfied with such insignificant spoil; and some there

were mingled in the crowds who had resolved on a much better regulated attack. "To the bake-house! to the bake-house!" was the cry.

In the street called *La Corsia de' Servi* was a bake-house, which is still there, bearing the same name,—a name that in Tuscan means "The Bakery of the Crutches," and in Milanese is composed of words so extravagant, so whimsical, so out-of-the-way, that the alphabet of the Italian language does not afford letters to express its sound. In this direction the crowd advanced. The people of the shop were busy questioning the poor boy who had returned unladen, and he, pale with terror, and greatly discomposed, was unintelligibly relating his unfortunate adventure, when suddenly they heard a noise as of a crowd in motion: it increases and approaches; the forerunners of the crowd are in sight.

"Shut, lock up; quick, quick!" One runs to beg assistance from the sheriff; the others hastily shut up the shop, and bolt and bar the doors inside. The multitudes begin to increase outside, and the cries redouble of—"Bread! bread! Open! open!"

At this juncture the sheriff arrived, in the midst of a troop of halberdiers. "Make room, make room, my boys; go home, go home; make room for the sheriff!" cried he. The throng, not too much crowded, gave way a little, so that the halberdiers could advance and get close to the door of the shop, though not in a very orderly manner. "But, my friends," said the sheriff, addressing the people from thence, "what are you doing here? Go home, go home. Where is your fear of God? What will your master the king say? We don't wish to do you any harm, but go home, like good fellows. What in the world can you do here, in such a crush? There is nothing good to be got here, either for the soul or body. Go home, go

home!" But how were those next the speaker, who saw his face and could hear his words, even had they been willing to obey—how were they to accomplish it, urged forward as they were, and almost trampled upon, by those behind; who, in their turn, were trodden upon by others, like wave upon wave, and step upon step, to the very edge of the rapidly-increasing throng? The sheriff began to feel a little alarmed. "Make them give way, that I may get a little breath," said he to his halberdiers; "but don't hurt anybody. Let us try to get into the shop. Knock; make them give way!"

"Back! back!" cried the halberdiers, throwing themselves in a body upon their nearest neighbors, and pushing them back with the point of their weapons. The people replied with a grumbling shout, and retreated as they could, dispersing blows on the breast and stomach in profusion and treading upon the toes of those behind; while such was the general rush, the squeezing and trampling, that those who were in the middle of the throng would have given anything to have been elsewhere. In the mean while, a small space was cleared before the house; the sheriff knocked and kicked against the door, calling to those within to open it; these, seeing from the window how things stood, ran down in haste and admitted the sheriff, followed by the halberdiers, who crept in one after another, the last repulsing the crowd with their weapons. When all were secured, they rebolted the door, and, running up-stairs, the sheriff displayed himself at the window. We leave the reader to imagine the outcry.

"My friends!" cried he. Many looked up. "My friends, go home. A general pardon to all who go home at once!"

"Bread! bread! Open! open!" were the most conspicuous words in the savage vociferations the crowd sent forth in reply.



"Justice, my friends! take care; you have yet time given you. Come, get away; return to your houses. You shall have bread; but this is not the way to get it. Eh! eh! what are you doing down there? Eh! at this door? Fie, fie upon you! I see, I see: justice! take care! It is a great crime. I'm coming to you. Eh! eh! away with those irons; down with those hands! Fie! you Milanese, who are talked of all over the world for peaceableness! Listen! listen! you have always been good sub—— Ah! you rascals!"

This rapid transition of style was caused by a stone, which, coming from the hands of one of those good subjects, struck the forehead of the sheriff, on the left protuberance of his metaphysical profundities. "Rascals! rascals!" continued he, shutting the window in a rage, and retiring from view. But, though he had shouted to the extent of the powers of his throat, his words, both good and bad, had vanished and consumed in thin air, repulsed by the cries which came from below. The objects that now, as he afterwards described, presented themselves to his view, were stones and iron bars (the first they could lay hold of by the way), with which they tried to force open the doors and windows; and they already had made considerable progress in their work.

In the mean time, the masters and shop-boys appeared at the upper windows, armed with stones (they had probably unpaved the yard), and, crying out to those below, with horrible looks and gestures, to let them alone, they showed their weapons, and threatened to let fly among them. Seeing that nothing else would avail, they began to throw at them in reality. Not one fell in vain, since the press was such that even a grain of corn, as the saying is, could not have reached the ground.

"Ah! you great vagabonds! you great villains! Is this

the bread you give to poor people? Ah! alas! oh! Now, now, at us?" was raised from below. More than one was injured, and two boys were killed. Fury increased the strength of the people; the doors and bars gave way, and the crowd poured into the passages in torrents. Those within, perceiving their danger, took refuge in the garrets: the sheriff, the halberdiers, and a few of the household gathered together here in a corner, under the slates; and others, escaping by the skylights, wandered about on the roof like cats.

The sight of the spoil made the victors forget their designs of sanguinary vengeance. They flew upon the large chests, and instantly pillaged them. Others, instead, hastened to tear open the counter, seized the tills, took out by handfuls, pocketed, and set off with, the money, to return for bread afterwards, if there remained any. The crowd dispersed themselves through the interior magazines. Some laid hold of the sacks and drew them out; others turned them wrong side upwards, and, untying the mouths, to reduce them to a weight which they could manage to carry, shook out some of the flour; others, crying out, "Stay, stay!" came underneath to prevent this waste, by catching it in their clothes and aprons; others, again, fell upon a kneading-trough, and seized the dough, which ran over their hands and escaped their grasp on every side: here, one who had snatched up a meal-sieve came brandishing it in the air. Some come, some go, some handle; men, women, children, swarm around; pushes, blows, and cries are bandied about; and a white powder that rises in clouds and deposits itself in every direction involves the whole proceeding in a thick mist. Outside, is a crowd composed of two reverse processions, which alternately separate and intermingle, some going out with their prey, others entering to share the spoil.

While this bake-house was being thus plundered, none of the others were quiet and free from danger; but at none had the people assembled in such numbers as to be very daring. In some the masters had collected a few auxiliaries, and stood upon their defence: others, less strong in numbers, or more terrified, came to some kind of agreement; they distributed bread to those who had begun to crowd round their shops, if they would be content with this and go away. Those who did withdraw did so not so much because they were contented with their acquisitions as because the halberdiers and police, keeping at a distance from the tremendous scene at the bake-house of the Crutches, appeared, nevertheless, elsewhere in sufficient force to keep in awe these smaller parties of mutineers. By this means, the confusion and concourse continued to augment at this first unfortunate bake-house; for all those whose fingers itched to be at work, and whose hearts were set upon doing some great deed, repaired thither, where their friends were in the greatest numbers and impunity was secure.

Such was the state of affairs when Renzo, finishing, as we have related, his piece of bread, came to the suburb of the Porta Orientale, and set off, without being aware of it, exactly to the central scene of the tumult. He continued his way, now urged forward, now hindered, by the crowd; and as he walked, he watched and listened, to gather from the confused murmur of voices some more positive information of the state of things. The following are nearly the words he caught on his way.

"Now," said one, "the infamous imposture of these villains is discovered, who said that there was no more bread, nor flour, nor corn. Now we see things clearly and distinctly, and they can no longer deceive us as they have done. Hurrah for plenty!"

"I tell you, all this just goes for nothing," said another; "it is only like making a hole in water; so that it will be the worse for us, if we don't get full justice done us. Bread will be sold at a low price, but they will put poison in it to kill up poor people like flies. They've said already that we are too many: they said so in the council; and I know it for certain, because I heard it with these ears from an acquaintance of mine, who is the friend of a relation of a scullion of one of those lords."

"They are not things to be laughed at," said another poor wretch, who was foaming at the mouth, and holding up to his bleeding head a ragged pocket-handkerchief, —some neighbor, by way of consolation, echoing his remark.

"Make way, gentlemen: pray be good enough to make way for a poor father of a family, who is carrying something to eat to five famished children." These were the words of one who came staggering under the weight of a large sack of flour; and everybody instantly drew back to attend to his request.

"I," said another, almost in an undertone, to his companion, "I shall take my departure. I am a man of the world, and I know how these things go. These clowns, who now make so much noise, to-morrow or next day will be shut up in their houses, cowering with fear. I have already noticed some faces, some worthy fellows, who are going about as spies and taking note of those who are here and not here; and when all is over they will render in an account, and bring punishment on those who deserve it." . . .

Among such sentences as these, by which it is difficult to say whether he were more informed or perplexed, and among numberless knocks and pushes, Renzo at last arrived opposite the bake-house. The crowds here had

considerably dispersed, so that he could contemplate the dismal scene of recent confusion,—the walls unplastered and defaced with stones and bricks, the windows broken, and the door destroyed.

"These are no very fine doings," thought Renzo to himself. "If they treat all the bake-houses in this way, where will they make bread? In the ditches?"

From time to time somebody would issue from the house, carrying part of a bin, of a tub, or of a bolting-hutch, the pole of a kneading-instrument, a bench, a basket, a journal, a waste-book, or something belonging to this unfortunate bake-house, and, shouting, "Make room, make room," would pass on through the crowd. All these, he observed, went in the same direction, and to some fixed place. Renzo, determined to find out the meaning of this procedure, followed behind a man who, having tied together a bundle of broken planks and chips, carried it off on his back, and, like the others, took the road that runs along the northern side of the cathedral, and receives its name from the flight of steps which was then in existence, and has only lately been removed. The wish of observing what happened did not prevent our mountaineer, on arriving in sight of this noble pile, from stopping to gaze upwards, with open mouth. He then quickened his pace to overtake his self-chosen guide, and, on turning the corner, gave another glance at the front of the building, at that time in a rude and far-from-finished state, keeping all the while close behind his leader, who advanced towards the middle of the square. The crowds became more dense as he went forward, but they made way for the carrier; and while he cleft the waves of people, Renzo, following in his wake, arrived with him in the very centre of the throng. Here was a space, and in the midst a bonfire, a heap of embers,

the relics of the implements before mentioned. Around, the people were dancing and clapping their hands, mingling in the uproar a thousand shouts of triumph and imprecation.

The man with the bundle upset it into the embers; others, with a long half-burnt pole, gathered them up and raked them together from the sides and underneath; the smoke increased and thickened, the flame again burst forth, and with it the redoubled cries of the by-standers: "Hurrah for plenty! Death to those who would starve us! Away with the famine! Perish the Court of Provision! Perish the junta! Hurrah for plenty! Hurrah for bread!"

To say the truth, the destruction of sieves and kneading-troughs, the pillaging of bake-houses, and the routing of bakers, are not the most expeditious means of providing a supply of bread; but this is one of those metaphysical subtleties which never enter the mind of the multitude. Renzo, without being of too metaphysical a turn, yet not being in such a state of excitement as the others, could not avoid making this reflection in his mind; he kept it, however, to himself, for this, among other reasons: because, out of so many faces, there was not one that seemed to say, "My friend, if I am wrong, correct me, and I shall be indebted to you."

The flame had again sunk; no one was seen approaching with fresh combustibles, and the crowd was beginning to feel impatient, when a rumor was spread that at the *Cor-  
dusio* (a small square or cross-way not far distant) they had laid siege to a bake-house. In similar circumstances the announcement of an event very often produces it. Together with this rumor, a general wish to repair thither gained ground among the multitude: "I am going; are you going? Let us go! let us go!" were heard in every



direction; the crowd broke up, were set in motion, and moved on.

[The continuation of the story of the insurrection is too extended to be here given, and we must close at this point our extract from Manzoni's picturesque narrative.]

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## A CLUSTER OF SPANISH SONGS.

### VARIOUS.

[No nation in Europe has been more prolific in poetry than Spain. In addition to the multitude of ballads and romances, and the abundant stores of the *Cancioneros*, or collections of Castilian songs, numerous lyrical productions of well-known writers, many of them of high merit, exist, from which we here gather a few of the more graceful and attractive. The pretty and favorite song first given was written by Lope de Mendoza, Marquis de Santillana, born in 1398. The translation is by Wiffen.]

### SERRANA.

I ne'er on the border  
Saw girl fair as Rosa,  
The charming milkmaid  
Of sweet Finojosa.  
  
Once, making a journey  
To Santa Maria  
Of Calataveño,  
From weary desire  
Of sleep, down a valley  
I strayed, where young Rosa  
I saw, the milkmaid  
Of lone Finojosa.  
  
In a pleasant green meadow,  
'Midst roses and grasses,

Her herd she was tending,  
With other fair lasses ;  
So lovely her aspect,  
I could not suppose her  
A simple milkmaiden  
Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses  
Have half her smile's sweetness,  
Or mild, modest beauty ;—  
I speak with discreetness.  
Oh, had I beforehand  
But known of this Rosa,  
The handsome milkmaiden  
Of far Finojosa,

Her very great beauty  
Had not so subdued,  
Because it had left me  
To do as I would !  
I have said more, O fair one,  
By learning 'twas Rosa,  
The charming milkmaiden  
Of sweet Finojosa.

[Juan II., King of Castile, who reigned from 1407 to 1454, a distinguished patron of letters, and himself a graceful poet, was the author of the following neat ode to Love, which we give in Bowring's translation.]

I NEVER KNEW IT, LOVE, TILL NOW.

I ne'er imagined, Love, that thou  
Wert such a mighty one ; at will  
Thou canst both faith and conscience bow,  
And thy despotic law fulfil :  
I never knew it, Love, till now.

I thought I knew thee well,—I thought  
That I thy mazes had explored ;  
But I within thy nets am caught,  
And now I own thee sovereign lord.  
I ne'er imagined, Love, that thou  
Wert such a mighty one ; at will  
Thou bidd'st both faith and conscience bow,  
And thy despotic law fulfil :  
I never knew it, Love, till now.

[Another acknowledgment of the power of love, written in a humorous vein, is the following poem of Juan de la Enzina, born at Salamanca about 1468, and distinguished as a poet and musician. This, like the above, is in Bowring's version.]

DON'T SHUT YOUR DOOR.

Don't shut your door,—don't shut your door :  
If Love should come and call,  
'Twill be no use at all.

If Love command, you'd best obey,—  
Resistance will but hurt you,—  
And make, for that's the safest way,  
Necessity a virtue.

So don't resist his gentle sway,  
Nor shut your door if he should call,—  
For that's no use at all.

I've seen him tame the wildest beast,  
And strengthen, too, the weakest :  
He loves him most who plagues him least ;  
His favorites are the meekest.  
The privileged guests who grace his feast  
Have ne'er opposed his gentle call,—  
For that's no use at all.

He loves to tumble upside down  
All classes, all connections ;  
Of those who fear or wear a crown  
He mingles the affections,  
Till all by Love is overthrown ;  
And moated gate or castle-wall  
Will be no use at all.

He is a strange and wayward thing,—  
Young, blind, and full of malice ;  
He makes a shepherd of a king,  
A cottage of a palace.  
'Tis vain to murmur ; and to fling  
Your thoughts away in grief and gall  
Will be no use at all.

He makes the coward brave ; he wakes  
The sleepy with his thunders ;  
In mirth he revels, and mistakes,  
And miracles, and wonders ;  
And many a man he prisoner makes,  
And bolts the door:—you cry and call,  
But 'tis no use at all.

[The same skilled translator yields us the two poems next given, selected from the anonymous songs of the abundant collections known as *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros*.]

#### WHO'LL BUY A HEART ?

Poor heart of mine ! tormenting heart !  
Long hast thou teased me,—thou and I  
May just as well agree to part.  
Who'll buy a heart ? who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

They offered three testoons,—but no!  
A faithful heart is cheap at more:  
'Tis not of those that wandering go,  
Like mendicants, from door to door.  
Here's prompt possession,—I might tell  
A thousand merits,—come and try!  
I have a heart,—a heart to sell:  
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

How oft beneath its folds lay hid  
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe!—  
Will no one buy? will no one bid?  
'Tis going now,—yes, it must go!  
So little offered, it were well  
To keep it yet,—but no, not I!  
I have a heart,—a heart to sell:  
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

I would 'twere gone! for I confess  
I'm tired, and longing to be freed.  
Come, bid, fair maiden!—more or less;—  
So good,—and very cheap indeed.  
Once more,—but once;—I cannot dwell  
So long,—'tis going,—going:—fie!  
No offer?—I've a heart to sell:  
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

SHARPLY I REPENT OF IT.

He who loses gentle lady  
For a want of ready wit  
Sharply shall repent of it.

Once I lost her in a garden,  
Gathering every flower that grows,

And her cheeks were red with blushes,  
Red as is the damask rose :  
All Love's burning blushes those.  
I was dumb,—so short of wit :  
Sharply I repent of it.

Once I lost her in a garden,  
Gently talking of her love ;  
I, poor inexperienced shepherd,  
Did not answer,—did not move.  
If I disappointments prove,  
I may thank my frozen wit :  
Sharply I repent of it.

[Bryant thus translates a graceful poem from the same source.]

THE SIESTA.

Airs, that wander and murmur round,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,  
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er :  
Sweet be her slumbers,—though in my breast  
The pain she has waked may slumber no more !  
Breathing soft from the blue profound,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Airs, that over the bending boughs,  
And under the shadows of the leaves,  
Murmur soft, like my timid vows,  
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves,—



Gently sweeping the grassy ground,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

[Baltazar de Alcazar, a poet of Seville of about 1600, has left us the following bit of satirical humor. The translation is by Bowring.]

SLEEP.

Sleep is no servant of the will,—  
It has caprices of its own :  
When most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone ;  
When courted least, it lingers still.  
With its vagaries long perplexed,  
I turned and turned my restless scone,  
Till, one bright night, I thought at once  
I'd master it :—so hear my text !

When sleep will tarry, I begin  
My long and my accustomed prayer ;  
And in a twinkling sleep is there,  
Through my bed-curtains peeping in :  
When sleep hangs heavy on my eyes,  
I think of debts I fain would pay ;  
And then, as flies night's shade from day,  
Sleep from my heavy eyelids flies.

And, thus controlled, the winged one bends  
E'en his fantastic will to me ;  
And, strange yet true, both I and he  
Are friends,—the very best of friends :  
We are a happy wedded pair,  
And I the lord and he the dame ;  
Our bed, our board, our hours the same ;  
And we're united everywhere.

I'll tell you where I learned to school  
This wayward sleep :—a whispered word  
From a church-going hag I heard,—  
And tried it,—for I was no fool.  
So from that very hour I knew  
That having ready prayers to pray,  
And having many debts to pay,  
Will serve for sleep and waking too.

[Cervantes, the celebrated author of "Don Quixote," wrote also numerous dramas and poems, several of the latter occurring in his satirical romance, from the translation of which by Jarvis we select the following pretty verses.]

## SONG.

If woman's glass, why should we try  
Whether she can be broke, or no?  
Great hazards in the trial lie,  
Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise such brittle ware  
Would careless dash upon the floor,  
Which, broken, nothing can repair,  
Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,  
And reason vouches what I say,—  
Wherever Danaës abound,  
There golden showers will make their way.

[Luis de Góngora y Argote, born at Cordova in 1561, and famous for having introduced the euphuistic manner into Spain, was the author of many attractive amatory and satirical poems before he adopted the whimsical method of his later writings. We give two examples of his earlier poems.]

## NOT ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES.

They are not all sweet nightingales,  
That fill with songs the flowery vales;  
But they are little silver bells,  
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells,—  
Magic bells of gold in the grove,  
Forming a chorus for her I love.

Think not the voices in the air  
Are from the wingéd Sirens fair,  
    Playing among the dewy trees,  
    Chanting their morning mysteries:  
Oh, if you listen, delighted there,  
To their music scattered o'er the dales,  
They are not all sweet nightingales,  
That fill with songs the flowery vales;  
But they are little silver bells,  
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells,—  
Magic bells of gold in the grove,  
Forming a chorus for her I love.

Oh, 'twas a lovely song,—of art  
To charm,—of nature to touch the heart!  
    Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which, played  
    By passion, fills the forest shade.—  
No! 'tis music's diviner part  
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails.  
They are not all sweet nightingales,  
That fill with songs the flowery vales;  
But they are little silver bells,  
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells,—  
Magic bells of gold in the grove,  
Forming a chorus for her I love.

In the eye of love, which all things sees,  
The fragrance-breathing jasmine-trees,  
    And the golden flowers, and the sloping hill,  
    And the ever melancholy rill,  
Are full of holiest sympathies,  
And tell of love a thousand tales.  
They are not all sweet nightingales,  
That fill with songs the cheerful vales ;  
But they are little silver bells,  
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells,—  
Bells of gold in the secret grove,  
Making music for her I love.

LET ME GO WARM.

Let me go warm and merry still ;  
And let the world laugh an it will.

Let others muse on earthly things,—  
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,  
    And those whose fame the world doth fill ;  
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,  
And orange-punch in winter sways  
The merry sceptre of my days ;  
    And let the world laugh an it will.

He that the royal purple wears  
From golden plate a thousand cares  
    Doth swallow as a gilded pill :  
On feasts like these I turn my back,  
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack  
Beside the chimney hiss and crack ;  
    And let the world laugh an it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,  
And January's sleets and snows

Are spread o'er every vale and hill,  
With one to tell a merry tale  
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,  
I sit, and care not for the gale;  
And let the world laugh an it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands  
For silver mines and golden sands;  
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,  
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,  
Do sit and gather stones and shells,  
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;  
And let the world laugh an it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover  
The stormy Hellespont swam over:  
I cross, without the fear of ill,  
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides  
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,  
Or barefoot wade through Yepes' tides;  
And let the world laugh an it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,  
That Pyramus should die of love,  
And love should gentle Thisbe kill,  
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,  
The sword I plunge into her heart  
The tooth that bites the crust apart;  
And let the world laugh an it will.

[A charming bit of Anacreontic sentiment, from Estévan Manuel de Villegas (born at Naxera in 1595), one of the best lyric poets of Spain, will serve to conclude this series. We give it in Wiffen's translation.]

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

I have seen a nightingale,  
On a sprig of thyme, bewail,  
Seeing the dear nest, which was  
Hers alone, borne off, alas !  
By a laborer. I heard,  
For this outrage, the poor bird  
Say a thousand mournful things  
To the wind, which, on its wings,  
From her to the guardian sky  
Bore her melancholy cry,  
Bore her tender tears. She spake  
As if her fond heart would break :  
One while, in a sad, sweet note,  
Gurgled from her straining throat,  
She enforced her piteous tale,  
Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail ;  
One while, with the shrill dispute  
Quite outwearied, she was mute,  
Then afresh for her dear brood  
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.  
Now she winged it round and round ;  
Now she skimmed along the ground ;  
Now, from bough to bough, in haste,  
The delighted robber chased,  
And, alighting in his path,  
Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,  
" Give me back, fierce rustic rude,—  
Give me back my pretty brood !"  
And I saw the rustic still  
Answered, "*That I never will !*"



## THE ADVANTAGES OF CRUELTY AND PERFDY.

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI.

[Niccolò di Bernardo Machiavelli, one of the most famous of Italian statesmen and writers, was born at Florence in 1469. For many years he played an important part in Italian politics and diplomacy, but in 1512, when the Medici came into power, he was banished from Florence, but forbidden to leave the country. His period of forced retirement from public affairs he occupied in literary labors, composing a treatise on the "Art of War," and his celebrated work entitled "The Prince," which for centuries made his name a synonyme for perfidy. He afterwards was recalled into public service, and finished his literary life with a work of high excellence, the "History of Florence," a production of great clearness, beauty, and picturesqueness of style. He was the author also of several comedies, and of valuable "Discourses on Livy." He died at Florence in 1527.

"The Prince" appears to have been intended not for publication, but for the private use of Lorenzo de' Medici, originally, indeed, of Julian de' Medici, whose favor the author hoped to gain. This is shown in an interesting letter, part of which we quote. The writer, after saying that he spends his days in out-door sports and duties, in card-playing, etc., proceeds as follows :

"When evening comes, I return home and retire to my study. Before entering it, I take off my rustic dress, which is covered with mud and dirt, and I invest myself in a costume suitable for the court or the city. Thus appropriately attired, I enter into the company of the ancients. Being kindly received, I partake of that nourishment which alone agrees with me, and for which I was born. I interrogate them on the motives of their actions, and they are kind enough to reply. For four hours I feel no weariness, I forget all my sorrows, and fear neither poverty nor death. As Dante says that one acquires knowledge only by retaining what he has heard, I have noted down what I have collected of their conversation, and out of it I have composed a little work on princely governments, in which I dive as far as possible into the depths of the subject. I inquire what a principality is,—how many kinds there are,—how they are acquired,—how main-

tained,—how lost; and if any of my reveries have ever pleased you, this, I am sure, will not do otherwise. It ought to be acceptable to a prince, and especially a new prince, which is the reason I address it to Julian de' Medici. . . .

“If I do not dedicate it, I fear both that Julian may not read it, and that another will get the credit of it. Necessity compels me to dedicate it, for I am pining away, and cannot remain long as I am without falling into a degree of poverty which would expose me to contempt. I wish these Medici gentlemen would give me something to do, if it were only at first to roll a stone; for then, if I did not succeed in gaining their favor, I should have myself to blame.”

“The Prince” has met with the severest animadversion, and its author has been bitterly reprobated, though recently the opinions of critics have become more lenient. “Few books,” says Hallam, “have been more misrepresented. His crime, in the eyes of the world, was to have cast away the veil of hypocrisy.” Machiavelli appears to have endeavored to sustain, for the advantage of the Medici, who were usurpers, and surrounded with great dangers and difficulties, what may have been a common theory with the rulers of his day, and was certainly a common practice. We select its most censurable passages, those in which the author seeks to justify cruelty and perfidy when practised by princes.]

A PRINCE ought unquestionably to be merciful, but should take care how he executes his clemency. Cæsar Borgia was accounted cruel; but it was to that cruelty that he was indebted for the advantage of uniting Romagna to his other dominions, and of establishing in that province peace and tranquillity, of which it had been so long deprived. And, everything well considered, it must be allowed that this prince showed greater clemency than the people of Florence, who, to avoid the reproach of cruelty, suffered Pistoia to be destroyed. When it is necessary for a prince to restrain his subjects within the bounds of duty, he should not regard the imputation of cruelty, because by making a few examples he will find that he really showed more humanity in the end than he

who by too great indulgence suffers disorders to arise, which commonly terminate in rapine and murder. For such disorders disturb a whole community, whilst punishments inflicted by the prince affect only a few individuals.

This is particularly true with respect to a new prince, who can scarcely avoid the reproach of cruelty, every new government being replete with dangers. Thus Virgil makes Dido excuse her severity, by the necessity to which she was reduced of maintaining the interests of a throne which she did not inherit from her ancestors.

A prince, however, should not be afraid of phantoms of his own raising; neither should he lend too ready an ear to terrifying tales which may be told him, but should temper his mercy with prudence, in such a manner that too much confidence may not put him off his guard, nor causeless jealousies make him insupportable. There is a medium between a foolish security and an unreasonable distrust.

It has been sometimes asked, whether it is better to be loved than feared; to which I answer, that one should wish to be both. But as it is a hard matter to accomplish, I think, if it is necessary to make a selection, that it is safer to be feared than loved. For it may be truly affirmed of mankind in general, that they are ungrateful, fickle, timid, dissembling, and self-interested; so long as you can serve them they are entirely devoted to you; their wealth, their blood, their lives, and even their offspring, are at your disposal when you have no occasion for them; but in the day of need they turn their back on you. The prince who relies on professions courts his own destruction, because the friends whom he acquires by means of money alone, and whose attachment does not spring from a regard for personal merit, are seldom proof against

reverse of fortune, but abandon their benefactor when he most requires their services.

Men are generally more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded, than to one who merely strives to be beloved; and the reason is obvious, for friendship of this kind, being a mere moral tie, a species of duty resulting from a benefit, cannot endure against the calculations of interest; whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence. A prince, however, ought to make himself feared in such a manner that if he cannot gain the love he may at least avoid the hatred of his subjects; and he may attain this object by respecting his subjects' property and the honor of their wives. If he finds it absolutely necessary to inflict the punishment of death, he should avow the reason for it, and above all things he should abstain from touching the property of the condemned party. For certain it is that men sooner forget the death of their relations than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, when he once begins to live by means of rapine, many occasions offer for seizing the wealth of his subjects; but there will be little or no necessity for shedding blood.

But when a prince is at the head of his army, and has under his command a multitude of soldiers, he should make little account of being esteemed cruel; such a character will be useful to him, by keeping his troops in obedience, and preventing every species of faction.

Hannibal, among many other admirable talents, possessed in a high degree that of making himself feared by his troops; insomuch that having led a very large army, composed of all kinds of people, into a foreign country, he never had occasion, either in prosperity or adversity, to punish the least disorder or the slightest want of discipline; and this can only be attributed to his extreme

severity, and such other qualities as caused him to be feared and respected by his soldiers, and without which his extraordinary talents and courage would have been unavailing. . . .

I conclude, then, in regard to the question whether it is better to be loved than feared, that it depends on the inclinations of the subjects themselves, whether they will love their prince or not; but the prince has it in his own power to make them fear him, and if he is wise he will rather rely on his own resources than on the caprice of others, remembering that he should at the same time so conduct himself as to avoid being hated.

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day who have been distinguished for great exploits, few indeed have been remarkable for this virtue, or have scrupled to deceive others who may have relied on their good faith.

It should, therefore, be known that there are two ways of deciding any contest: the one by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the second to beasts; but when laws are not sufficiently powerful, it is necessary to recur to force: a prince ought therefore to understand how to use both these descriptions of arms. This doctrine is admirably illustrated to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles, and many other princes of antiquity, by the centaur Chiron, who under the double form of man and beast taught those who were destined to govern that it was their duty to use by turns the arms adapted to both these natures, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage. Now, as a prince must learn how to act the part of a beast sometimes, he should make the fox and the lion his patterns. The first can but feebly defend him

against the wolf, and the latter readily falls into such snares as are laid for him. From the fox, therefore, a prince will learn dexterity in avoiding snares; and from the lion, how to employ his strength to keep the wolves in awe. But they who entirely rely upon the lion's strength will not always meet with success; in other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good; but as the generality of mankind are wicked, and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his the more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part. I could give numerous proofs of this, and show numberless engagements and treaties which have been violated by the treachery of princes, and that those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. It is necessary, however, to disguise the appearance of craft, and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling; for men are generally so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient. Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and, notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, his artifices always proved successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing: never did a prince so often break his word or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he so well understood this chapter in the art of government.

It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all



the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even venture to affirm that it is sometimes dangerous to use, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful for him to persevere in the path of rectitude while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course. He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety: this last quality it is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart; and those few dare not oppose the voice of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince on their side. Now, in forming a judgment of the minds of men, and more especially of princes, as we cannot recur to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. Let it then be the prince's chief care to maintain his authority; the means he employs, be they what they may, will, for this purpose, always appear honorable and meet applause; for the vulgar are ever caught by

appearances, and judge only by the event. And as the world is chiefly composed of such as are called the vulgar, the voice of the few is seldom or never heard or regarded.

There is a prince now alive (whose name it may not be proper to mention) who ever preaches the doctrines of peace and good faith; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would long ago have lost both his reputation and dominions.

[The prince alluded to was Ferdinand V., King of Castile and Aragon, who by such means won the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre.]

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## A COSSACK REVENGE.

NIKOLAI GOGOL.

[Nikolai Vassilievitch Gogol, a Russian writer of great celebrity, was born about 1810, and about 1830 published a series of tales entitled "Evenings at a Farm-House," which admirably pictured rural life in Russia, and at once attained great popularity. He next issued "The Reviser," a comedy, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm, as was also "Dead Souls," a comic satire on the prejudices of ignorance. Of his other works we shall speak only of "Taras Bulba," from which our selection is taken. Its leading personage is an old Cossack, whose life is spent in war, and whose character is drawn with great force and truth to nature. The story opens with the return of his two sons from college, one of the young worthies engaging in a fist-fight with his father on meeting him, much to the delight of the latter. A series of warlike scenes follow, ending with a Cossack assault on a Polish town. Here one of old Bulba's sons becomes so infatuated with the beauty of a lovely Polish lady as to turn traitor to his friends and join the townsmen in their defence. The old Cossack grows wild with fury on discovering this, and determines on revenge.

We select the description of his savage act of retribution. The translation is that of Isabel F. Hapgood, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.]

THE gates opened, and out flew a hussar regiment, the flower of all the cavalry. Every rider was mounted on a matched brown horse from the Kabardei; in front rode the handsomest, the most heroic, of them all; his black hair streamed from under his brazen helmet; from his arm floated a rich scarf, embroidered by the hands of a peerless beauty. Taras sprang back in horror when he saw that it was Andrii. And he meanwhile, enveloped in the dust and heat of the battle, anxious to deserve the scarf which had been bound as a gift upon his arm, flew on like a greyhound; the handsomest, most agile, and youngest of all the band. The experienced huntsman urges on the greyhound, and he springs forward, his legs cutting a straight line in the air, his body all on one side, tossing up the snow, and a score of times outrunning the hare, in the ardor of his course. And just like this was Andrii. Old Taras paused and observed how he cleared a path before him, pursued, hewed away, and distributed blows to the right and the left. Taras could not restrain himself, but shouted, "How! your comrades! your comrades! you devil's brat, do you kill your own comrades?" But Andrii distinguished not who stood before him, his comrades or strangers; he saw nothing. Curls, curls, long, long curls, were what he saw, and a bosom like that of a river swan, and a snowy neck and shoulders, and all that is created for wild kisses.

"Hey there, lads! only draw him to the forest, entice him to the forest for me!" shouted Taras. And instantly thirty of the smartest Cossacks volunteered to entice him thither; and, settling their tall caps firmly, they spurred their horses straight at a gap in the hussars. They at-

tacked the front ranks from the flank, beat them down, separated them from the rear ranks, despatched one and another; but Golopuitenko struck Andrii on the back with his sword, and then immediately set out to ride away from them, at the top of his speed. How Andrii flew! How his young blood coursed through all his veins! Driving his sharp spurs into his horse's flanks, he flew after the Cossacks, never glancing back, and perceiving not that only twenty men at the most were following him; but the Cossacks fled at full gallop, and directed their course straight for the forest. Andrii overtook them, and was on the point of catching Golopuitenko, when a powerful hand seized his horse's bridle. Andrii looked: before him stood Taras! He trembled all over, and turned suddenly pale, like a student who has beaten his comrade excessively, and, receiving in consequence a blow on the forehead with a ruler, flushes up like fire, springs in wrath from his seat, to chase his frightened comrade, and suddenly encounters his teacher entering the class-room: in an instant his wrathful impulse calms down, and his futile anger vanishes. In this wise, in one instant, Andrii's wrath was if it had never existed; and he beheld before him only his terrible father.

"Well, what are we going to do now?" said Taras, looking him straight in the eye. But Andrii could make no reply to this, and stood with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Well, little son! did your Lyakhs help you?"

Andrii made no answer.

"To think that you should be such a traitor! that you should betray your faith! betray your comrades! Stop! dismount from your horse!"

Obedient as a child, he dismounted, and stood before Taras more dead than alive.

"Stand still: do not move. I gave you life, I will also kill you!" said Taras, and, retreating a step backwards, he brought his gun up to his shoulder. Andrii was white as linen: his mouth moved gently, and he uttered a name; but it was not the name of his native land, or of his mother, or his brother; it was the name of the beautiful Pole. Taras fired.

Like the ear of corn cut down by the reaping-hook, like the young lamb when it feels the deadly steel in its heart, he hung his head, and rolled upon the grass without uttering a word.

The murderer of his son stood still, and gazed long upon the lifeless body. Even in death he was very handsome: his manly face, so short a time ago filled with power, and an irresistible charm for every woman, still breathed a marvellous beauty; his black brows, like sombre velvet, set off his pale features.

"Is he not a genuine Cossack?" said Taras; "he is tall of stature, and black-browed, and his face is that of a nobleman, and his hand was strong in battle! He is fallen! fallen without glory, like a vile dog!"

"Father, what have you done? Was it you who killed him?" said Ostap, coming up at this moment.

Taras nodded.

Ostap gazed intently at the dead man. He was sorry for his brother, and said at once, "Let us give him an honorable burial, batko, that the foe may not dishonor his body, nor the birds of prey rend it."

"They will bury him without our help," said Taras: "there will be plenty of mourners and rejoicers for him."

And he reflected for a couple of minutes: should he fling him to the wolves for prey, or respect in him the knightly bravery which every brave man is bound to honor in another, no matter whom? Then he saw Golo-

puitenko galloping towards them on his horse: "Woe, atáman! the Lyakhs have been reinforced, a fresh force has come to their rescue!" Golopuitenko had not finished speaking when Vovtuzenko galloped up: "Woe, atáman! a fresh force is bearing down upon us!"

Vovtuzenko had not finished speaking when Pisarenko rushed up without his horse: "Where are you, batko? The Cossacks are seeking for you. Atáman Nevilitchkiy is killed, Zadorozhniy is killed, and Tcherevitchenko; but the Cossacks stand their ground; they will not die without looking in your eyes; they want you to gaze upon them once more, before the hour of death arrives."

"To horse, Ostap!" said Taras, and hastened to find his Cossacks, to look once more upon them, and let them behold their atáman once more before the hour of death. But they had not emerged from the wood when the enemy's force had already surrounded it on all sides, and horsemen armed with swords and spears appeared everywhere between the trees.

"Ostap, Ostap! don't surrender!" shouted Taras, and, grasping his naked sword, he began to cut down all he encountered on every side. But six suddenly sprang upon Ostap. They did it in an unpropitious hour: the head of one flew off, another turned to flee, a spear pierced the ribs of a third; a fourth, more bold, bent his head to escape from the bullet, and the bullet struck his horse's breast; the maddened animal reared, fell back upon the earth, and crushed his rider under him. "Well done, my little son! Well done, Ostap!" cried Taras: "I am following you." And he shook off those who attacked him. Taras hewed and fought, dealt blows upon the heads of one after another, still keeping his eye upon Ostap ahead; and he sees that eight more are falling upon Ostap. "Ostap, Ostap! don't surrender!" But they had already overpowered Ostap;



one had flung his lasso about his neck, and they had bound him and were carrying him away.

"Hey, Ostap, Ostap!" shouted Taras, forcing his way to him, cutting men down like cabbages to right and left. "Hey, Ostap, Ostap!" But something struck him like a heavy stone at that moment. All grew dim and confused before his eyes. In one moment there flashed confusedly before him heads, spears, smoke, the gleam of fire, tree-stumps, and leaves; and he sank heavily to the earth like a felled oak, and darkness covered his eyes.

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### FROM "BACCHUS IN TUSCANY."

FRANCESCO REDI.

[The author from whose works the present selection is taken was born at Arezzo, Italy, in 1626, and attained eminence both as a naturalist and a poet. In science he ranked high as an observer, and has left several valuable works. In poetry he wrote some fine sonnets, but is principally known by his famous dithyrambic entitled "*Bacco in Toscana*," which, in its kind, stands pre-eminent in modern literature. Though its bacchanalian tone may be too pronounced for modern taste, yet Redi himself was one of the most temperate men of his day. The poem has been translated into graceful English by Leigh Hunt. We select some of the more telling passages.]

#### BACCHUS'S OPINION OF WINE.

Give me, give me Buriano,  
Trebiano, Colombano,—  
Give me bumpers, rich and clear!  
'Tis the true old Aurum Potabile,  
Gilding life when it wears shabbily:  
Helen's old Nepenthe 'tis,  
That in the drinking

Swallowed thinking,  
And was the receipt for bliss.  
Thence it is that ever and aye,  
When he doth philosophize,  
Good old glorious Rucellai  
Hath it for light unto his eyes;  
He lifteth it, and by the shine  
Well discerneth things divine,—  
Atoms with their airy justles,  
And all manner of corpuseles,  
And, as through a crystal skylight,  
How morning differeth from evening twilight,—  
And further telleth us the reason why go  
Some stars with such a lazy light, and some with a  
          vertigo.

Oh, how widely wandereth he  
Who in search of verity  
Keeps aloof from glorious wine!  
Lo, the knowledge it bringeth to me!  
For Barbarossa, this wine so bright,  
With its rich red look and its strawberry light,  
So inviteth me,  
So delighteth me,  
I should infallibly quench my inside with it,  
Had not Hippocrates  
And old Andromachus  
Strictly forbidden it  
And loudly chidden it,  
So many stomachs have sickened and died with it.  
Yet, discordant as it is,  
Two good biggins will not come amiss;  
Because I know, while I'm drinking them down,  
What is the finish and what is the crown.

A cup of good Corsican  
Does it at once ;  
Or a glass of old Spanish  
Is neat for the nonce :  
Quackish resources are things for a dunce. . . .

Talk of Chocolate !  
Talk of Tea !  
Medicines, made—ye gods !—as they are,  
Are no medicines made for me.  
I would sooner take to poison  
Than a single cup set eyes on  
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye  
Talk of by the name of Coffee.  
Let the Arabs and the Turks  
Count it 'mongst their cruel works :  
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,  
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.  
Down in Tartarus,  
Down in Erebus,  
'Twas the detestable Fifty invented it ;  
The Furies then took it  
To grind and to cook it,  
And to Proserpina all three presented it.  
If the Mussulman in Asia  
Dotes on a beverage so unseemly,  
I differ with the man extremely. . . .

There's a squalid thing, called Beer :  
The man whose lips that thing comes near  
Swiftly dies ; or, falling foolish,  
Grows, at forty, old and owlish.  
She that in the ground would hide her,  
Let her take to English Cider :

He who'd have his death come quicker,  
Any other Northern liquor.  
Those Norwegians and those Laps  
Have extraordinary taps:  
Those Laps especially have strange fancies;  
To see them drink,  
I verily think,  
Would make me lose my senses.  
But a truce to such vile subjects,  
With their impious, shocking objects.  
Let me purify my mouth  
In a holy cup o' th' South;  
In a golden pitcher let me  
Head and ears for comfort get me,  
And drink of the wine of the vine benign  
That sparkles warm in Sansovine. . . .

BACCHUS GROWS MUSICAL IN HIS CUPS.

The ruby dew that stills  
Upon Valdarno's hills  
Touches the sense with odor so divine,  
That not the violet,  
With lips with morning wet,  
Utters such sweetness from her little shrine.  
When I drink of it, I rise  
Far o'er the hill that makes poets wise,  
And in my voice and in my song  
Grow so sweet and grow so strong,  
I challenge Phœbus with his Delphic eyes.  
Give me, then, from a golden measure,  
The ruby that is my treasure, my treasure;  
And, like to the lark that goes maddening above,  
I'll sing songs of love:  
Songs will I sing more moving and fine

Than the bubbling and quaffing of Gersole wine.  
Then the rote shall go round,  
And the cymbals kiss,  
And I'll praise Ariadne,  
My beauty, my bliss;  
I'll sing of her tresses,  
I'll sing of her kisses:  
Now, now it increases,  
The fervor increases,  
The fervor, the boiling and venomous bliss.  
The grim god of war and the arrowy boy  
Double-gallant me with desperate joy:  
Love, love, and a fight!  
I must make me a knight;  
I must make me thy knight of the bath, fair friend,  
A knight of the bathing that knows no end.

## GOOD WINE A GENTLEMAN.

O boys, this Tuscan land divine  
Hath such a natural talent for wine,  
We'll fall, we'll fall  
On the barrels and all;  
We'll fall on the must, we'll fall on the presses,  
We'll make the boards groan with our grievous caresses;  
No measure, I say; no order, but riot;  
No waiting nor cheating; we'll drink like a Sciot:  
Drink, drink, and drink when you've done;  
Pledge it and frisk it, every one;  
Chirp it and challenge it, swallow it down:  
He that's afraid is a thief and a clown.  
Good wine's a gentleman;  
He speedeth digestion all he can;  
No headache hath he, no headache, I say,  
For those who talked with him yesterday.

If Signor Bellini, besides his apes,  
Would anatomize vines, and anatomize grapes,  
He'd see that the heart that makes good wine  
Is made to do good, and very benign.

CHIANTI WINE PRAISED, AND WATER DENOUNCED.

True son of the earth is Chianti wine,  
Born on the ground of a gypsy vine ;  
Born on the ground for sturdy souls,  
And not the lank race of one of your poles :  
I should like to see a snake  
Get up in August out of a brake,  
And fasten with all his teeth and caustic  
Upon that sordid villain of a rustic  
Who, to load my Chianti's haunches  
With a parcel of feeble bunches,  
Went and tied her to one of these poles,—  
Sapless sticks without any souls !

Like a king,  
In his conquering,  
Chianti wine with his red flag goes  
Down to my heart, and down to my toes :  
He makes no noise, he beats no drums ;  
Yet pain and trouble fly as he comes.  
And yet a good bottle of Carmignan,  
He of the two is the merrier man ;  
He brings from heaven such a rain of joy,  
I envy not Jove his cups, old boy.  
Drink, Ariadne ! the grapery  
Was the warmest and brownest in Tuscany :  
Drink, and, whatever they have to say,  
Still to the Naiads answer, Nay !



For mighty folly it were, and a sin,  
To drink Carmignano with water in.

He who drinks water,  
I wish to observe,  
Gets nothing from me ;  
He may eat it and starve.  
Whether it's well, or whether it's fountain,  
Or whether it comes foaming white from the mountain,  
I cannot admire it,  
Nor ever desire it ;  
'Tis a fool and a madman, an impudent wretch,  
Who now will live in a nasty ditch,  
And then, grown proud and full of his whims,  
Comes playing the devil and cursing his brims,  
And swells and tumbles, and bothers his margins,  
And ruins the flowers, although they be virgins.  
Moles and piers, were it not for him,  
Would last forever,  
If they're built clever ;  
But no,—it's all one with him,—sink or swim.  
Let the people yecept Mameluke  
Praise the Nile without any rebuke ;  
Let the Spaniards praise the Tagus :  
I cannot like either, even for negus. . . .

THE KING OF WINES.

A small glass, and thirsty! Be sure never ask it :  
Man might as well serve up soup in a basket.  
This my broad and this my high  
Bacchanalian butlery  
Lodgeth not, nor doth admit  
Glasses made with little wit ;

Little bits of would-be bottles  
Run to seed in strangled throttles;  
Such things are for invalids,  
Sipping dogs that keep their beds.  
As for shallow cups like plates,  
Break them upon shallower pates.  
Such glassicles,  
And vesicles,  
And bits of things like icicles,  
Are toys and curiosities  
For babies and their gaping eyes;  
Things which ladies put in caskets,  
Or beside 'em in work-baskets:  
I don't mean those who keep their coaches;  
But those who make grand foot-approaches,  
With flowered gowns, and fine huge broaches.  
'Tis in a magnum's world alone  
The Graces have room to sport and be known.  
Fill, fill, let us all have our will!  
But with *what*, with *what*, boys, shall we fill?  
Sweet Ariadne,—no, not that one,—ah, no!  
Fill me the manna of Montepulciano:  
Fill me a magnum, and reach it me. Gods!  
How it slides to my heart by the sweetest of roads!  
Oh, how it kisses me, tickles me, bites me!  
Oh, how my eyes loosen sweetly in tears!  
I'm ravished! I'm rapt! Heaven finds me admissible!  
Lost in an ecstasy! blinded! invisible!

Hearken, all earth!  
We, Bacchus, in the might of our great mirth,  
To all who reverence us, and are right thinkers;—  
Hear, all ye drinkers!

Give ear, and give faith, to our edict divine:—  
MONTEPULCIANO'S THE KING OF ALL WINE.

At these glad sounds,  
The Nymphs, in giddy rounds,  
Shaking their ivy diadems and grapes,  
Echoed the triumph in a thousand shapes.  
The Satyrs would have joined them; but, alas!  
They couldn't; for they lay about the grass,  
As drunk as apes.

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### THE CASTING OF THE PERSEUS.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

[There is nothing in European literature more curious and entertaining than the autobiography of Cellini, the celebrated artist, from which our present selection is taken. Born at Florence in 1500, the author attained unusual excellence in the arts of gold-working, engraving, and sculpture, some of his productions being among the choicest of those now existing. His life seems to have been one of continual adventure, and his autobiography shows clearly the turbulence of the time, and the necessity that prominent men were under of being constantly on their guard against assassination. Cellini spent his life in affrays, in which he wounded some and killed others, in flight, in prison, and in artistic labors, his genius gaining him powerful protectors against the effects of his unruly temper. Among his masterpieces is a bronze group of "Perseus and Medusa." The difficulties of casting this group are told by him in so lively a manner and with such interesting detail that we select this narrative, from Roscoe's excellent translation.]

As I had been particularly successful in casting my Medusa, I made a model of my Perseus in wax, and flattered myself that I should have the same success in cast-



THE PERSEUS STATUE OF CELLINI.



ing the latter in bronze as I had had with the former. Upon its appearing to such advantage and looking so beautiful in wax, the duke [Cosmo de' Medici, ruler of Florence], whether somebody else put it into his head, or whether it was a notion of his own, as he came to my house oftener than usual, once took occasion to say to me, "Benvenuto, this statue cannot be cast in bronze: it is not in the power of your art to compass it." Hearing him express himself in that manner, I discovered great vexation, and said, "My lord, I know that your excellency places very little confidence in me, and that you have but too good an opinion of those who speak ill of me; or else you do not understand things of this nature." Scarce did he suffer me to utter these words, when he answered, "I profess to understand them, and I do understand them perfectly." I replied, "You may understand them as a prince, but not as an artist; for if you had that skill in these matters which you think you have, you would believe me on account of that fine bronze head which I cast for your excellency, and which was sent to the Elbe; as also for having restored the beautiful figure of Ganymede, a work that gave me infinite trouble, insomuch that it would have been easier for me to have made a new one; likewise for having cast the Medusa, which stands here before your excellency, a performance of immense difficulty, in which I have done what no other man has done before me in this most laborious art." . . .

The duke scarcely had patience to hear me out, but sometimes turned one way, sometimes another; and I was quite in despair when I recollected the circumstances in which I had lived in France. At last he all of a sudden said, "Tell me, Benvenuto, how is it possible that this fine head of Medusa, which Perseus holds aloft in his hand, should ever come out cleverly?" I immediately an-



swered, "It is clear, my lord, that you are no connoisseur in statuary, as your excellency boasts yourself; for if you had any skill in the art, you would not be afraid of that fine head not coming out, but would express your apprehensions concerning that right foot, which is at such a distance below." The duke, half angry, addressing himself to some noblemen who were with him, said, "I really believe it is a practice of Benvenuto's to contradict and oppose everything he hears advanced."

[The duke next expressed his willingness to hear the sculptor's reasons for his opinion, which Benvenuto gave, affirming that it was impossible for the foot to come out fully, on account of the insufficiency of his furnace and the narrowness of the channel for the melted bronze. The duke departed, with a doubting shake of the head.]

I now took courage, resolving to depend on myself, and banished all those thoughts which from time to time occasioned me great inquietude, and made me sorely repent my ever having quitted France, with a view of assisting six poor nieces at Florence; which good intention proved the source and origin of all the misfortunes that afterwards befell me. However, I still flattered myself that if I could but finish my statue of Perseus, all my labor would be converted to delight, and meet with a glorious and happy reward. Thus, having recovered my vigor of mind, I exerted all my strength of body and of purse, though indeed I had but little money left, and began to purchase several loads of pine wood from the pine-grove of the Serristori, hard by Monte Lupo; and whilst I was waiting for it I covered my Perseus with the earth which I had prepared several months beforehand, that it might have its proper seasoning. After I had made its coat of earth, covered it well, and bound it properly with irons, I began by means of a slow fire to draw off the wax,

which melted away by many vent-holes; for the more of these are made, the better the moulds are filled; and when I had entirely stripped off the wax, I made a sort of fence around my Perseus, that is, round the mould above mentioned, of bricks, piling them one upon another, and leaving several vacuities for the fire to exhale at. I next began gradually to put on the wood, and kept a constant fire for two days and two nights, till, the wax being quite off, and the mould well baked, I began to dig a hole to bury my mould in, and observed all those fine methods of proceeding that are prescribed by our art. When I had completely dug my hole, I took my mould, and by means of levers and strong cables directed it with care, and suspended it a cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung exactly in the middle of the hole. I then let it gently down to the very bottom of the furnace, and placed it with all the care and exactness I possibly could.

After I had finished this part of my task, I began to make a covering of the very earth I had taken off, and in proportion as I raised the earth I made vents for it, which are a sort of tubes of baked earth, generally used for conduits, and other things of a similar nature. As soon as I saw that I had placed it properly, and that this manner of covering it, by putting on these small tubes in their proper places, was likely to answer, as also that my journeymen thoroughly understood my plan, which was very different from that of all other masters, and I was sure that I could depend upon them, I turned my thoughts to my furnace. I had caused it to be filled with several pieces of brass and bronze, and heaped them upon one another in the manner taught us by our art, taking particular care to leave a passage for the flames, that the metal might the sooner assume its color and dissolve into a fluid. Thus I with great alacrity excited my men to

lay on the pine wood, which, because of the oiliness of the resinous matter that oozes from the pine-tree, and that my furnace was admirably well made, burned at such a rate that I was continually obliged to run to and fro, which greatly fatigued me. I, however, bore the hardship; but, to add to my misfortune, the shop took fire, and we were all very much afraid the roof would fall in and crush us. From another quarter, that is, from the garden, the sky poured in so much rain and wind that it cooled my furnace.

Thus did I continue to struggle with these cross accidents for several hours, and exerted myself to such a degree that my constitution, though robust, could no longer bear such severe hardship, and I was suddenly attacked by a most violent intermitting fever: in short, I was so ill that I found myself under a necessity of lying down upon my bed.

[He now left the care of pouring the metal to a skilful assistant, declaring that he did not expect to live till morning. For two hours he lay in a violent fever, incessantly crying out in half-frenzied excitement, "I am dying! I am dying!"]

My housekeeper, whose name was Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio, was one of the most sensible and affectionate women in the world: she rebuked me for giving way to vain fears, and at the same time attended me with the greatest kindness and care imaginable; however, seeing me so very ill, and terrified to such a degree, she could not contain herself, but shed a flood of tears, which she endeavored to conceal from me. Whilst we were both in this deep affliction, I perceived a man enter the room, who in his person appeared to be as crooked and distorted as great S, and began to express himself in these terms, with a tone of voice as dismal and melancholy as

those who exhort and pray with persons who are going to be executed: "Alas! poor Benvenuto, your work is spoiled, and the misfortune admits of no remedy."

No sooner had I heard the words uttered by this messenger of evil, but I cried out so loud that my voice might be heard to the skies, and got out of bed. I began immediately to dress, and, giving plenty of kicks and cuffs to the maid-servants and the boy as they offered to help me on with my clothes, I complained bitterly in these terms: "O you envious and treacherous wretches, this is a piece of villany contrived on purpose; but I swear by the living God that I will sift it to the bottom, and, before I die, give such proofs who I am as shall not fail to astonish the whole world." Having huddled on my clothes, I went, with a mind boding evil, to the shop, where I found all those whom I had left so alert, and in such high spirits, standing in the utmost confusion and astonishment. I thereupon addressed them thus: "Listen, all of you, to what I am going to say; and since you either would not or could not follow the method I pointed out, obey me now that I am present: my work is before us, and let none of you offer to oppose or contradict me, for such cases as this require activity, and not counsel." Hereupon one Alessandro Lastricati had the assurance to say to me, "Look you, Benvenuto, you have undertaken a work which our art cannot compass, and which is not to be effected by human power."

Hearing these words, I turned round in such a passion, and seemed so bent on mischief, that both he and all the rest unanimously cried out to me, "Give your orders, and we will all second you in whatever you command: we will assist you as long as we have breath in our bodies." These kind and affectionate words they uttered, as I firmly believe, in a persuasion that I was on the point of expiring.

I went directly to examine the furnace, and saw all the metal in it concreted. I thereupon ordered two of the helpers to step over the way to Capretta, a butcher, for a load of young oak, which had been above a year drying, and been offered me by Maria Ginevera, wife to the said Capretta.

Upon his bringing me the first bundles of it, I began to fill the grate. This sort of oak makes a brisker fire than any other wood whatever; but the wood of elder-trees and pine-trees is used in casting artillery, because it makes a mild and gentle fire. As soon as the concreted metal felt the power of this violent fire, it began to brighten and glitter. In another quarter I made them hurry the tubes with all possible expedition, and sent some of them to the roof of the house, to take care of the fire, which through the great violence of the wind had acquired new force; and towards the garden I had caused some tables with pieces of tapestry and old clothes to be placed, in order to shelter me from the rain. As soon as I had applied the proper remedy to each evil, I with a loud voice cried out to my men to bestir themselves and lend a helping hand; so that when they saw that the concreted metal began to melt again, the whole body obeyed me with such zeal and alacrity that every man did the work of three. Then I caused a mass of pewter weighing about sixty pounds to be thrown upon the metal in the furnace, which with the other helps, as the brisk wood fire, and stirring it, sometimes with iron, and sometimes with long poles, soon became completely dissolved. Finding that, contrary to the opinion of my ignorant assistants, I had effected what seemed as difficult as to raise the dead, I recovered my vigor to such a degree that I no longer perceived whether I had any fever, nor had I the least apprehension of death. Suddenly a loud noise was heard, and a glittering of fire

flashed before our eyes, as if it had been the darting of a thunderbolt. Upon the appearance of this extraordinary phenomenon, terror seized on all present, and on none more than myself. This tremendous noise being over, we began to stare at each other, and perceived that the cover of the furnace had burst and flown off, so that the bronze began to run.

I immediately caused the mouths of my mould to be opened; but, finding that the metal did not run with its usual velocity, and apprehending that the cause of it was that the fusibility of the metal was injured by the violence of the fire, I ordered all my dishes and porringers, which were in number about two hundred, to be placed one by one before my tubes, and part of them to be thrown into the furnace; upon which all present perceived that my bronze was completely dissolved, and that my mould was filling: they now with joy and alacrity assisted and obeyed me. I for my part was sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, giving my directions and assisting my men, before whom I offered up this prayer: "O God, I address myself to thee, who, of thy divine power, didst rise from the dead and ascend in glory to heaven. I acknowledge in gratitude this mercy that my mould has been filled: I fall prostrate before thee, and with my whole heart return thanks to thy divine majesty." My prayer being over, I took a plate of meat which stood upon a little bench, and ate with a great appetite. I then drank with all my journeymen and assistants, and went joyful and in good health to bed; for there were still two hours of night; and I rested as well as if I had been troubled with no manner of disorder.

My good housekeeper, without my having given any orders, had provided a young capon for my dinner. When I arose, which was not till about noon, she accosted me



in high spirits, and said, merrily, "Is this the man that thought himself dying? It is my firm belief that the cuffs and kicks which you gave us last night, when you were quite frantic and possessed, frightened away your fever, which, apprehending lest you should fall upon it in the same manner, took to flight." So my whole poor family, having got over such panics and hardships, without delay procured earthen vessels to supply the place of the pewter dishes and porringers, and we all dined together very cheerfully: indeed, I do not remember having ever in my life eaten a meal with greater satisfaction or with a better appetite. After dinner, all those who had assisted me in my work came and congratulated me on what had happened, returned thanks to the Divine Being for having interposed so mercifully in our behalf, and declared that they had in theory and practice learned such things as were judged impossible by other masters. I thereupon thought it allowable to boast a little of my knowledge and skill in this fine art, and, pulling out my purse, satisfied all my workmen for their labor.

My mortal enemy, Pier Francesco Ricci, the duke's steward, was very eager to know how the affair had turned out; so that the two whom I suspected of being the cause of my metal's concreting in the manner above related told me that I was not a man, but rather a downright devil, for I had compassed that which was not in the power of art to effect; with many other surprising things which would have been too much even for the infernal powers. As they greatly exaggerated what had passed, perhaps with a view of excusing themselves, the steward wrote to the duke, who was then at Pisa, an account still more pompous and more replete with the marvellous than that which the workmen had given him.

Having left my work to cool during two days after it

was cast, I began gradually to uncover it. I first of all found the Medusa's head, which had come out admirably by the assistance of the vents, as I had observed to the duke that the property of fire was to fly upwards. I proceeded to uncover the rest, and found that the other head, I mean that of Perseus, was likewise come out perfectly well. This occasioned me still greater surprise, because, as it is seen in the statue, it is much lower than that of Medusa, the mouth of that figure being placed over the head and shoulders of Perseus. I found that where the head of Perseus ends, all the bronze was exhausted which I had in my furnace. This surprised me very much, that there should not be anything over and above what is necessary in casting. My astonishment, indeed, was raised to such a degree that I looked upon it as a miracle immediately wrought by the Almighty. I went on uncovering it, with great success, and found every part turn out to admiration, till I reached the foot of the right leg, which supports the figure, where I found the heel come out: so, proceeding to examine it, and thinking that the whole was filled up, in one respect I was glad, in another sorry, because I had told the duke it would not have that effect. Continuing, however, to uncover it, I found that not only the toes were wanting, but part of the foot itself, so that there was almost one-half deficient. This occasioned me some new trouble; but I was not displeased at it, because I could thereby convince the duke that I understood my business thoroughly; and though there had come out a great deal more of that foot than I thought there would, the reason was that, in consequence of the several accidents that had happened, it was heated much more than it could have been in the regular course of business,—especially as the pewter plates had been thrown into the furnace, a thing never done before.

I was highly pleased that my work had succeeded so well, and went to Pisa to pay my respects to the duke, who received me in the most gracious manner imaginable. The duchess vied with him in kindness to me; and though the steward had written them an account of the affair, it appeared to them much more wonderful and extraordinary when I related it myself. Upon my speaking to him of the foot of Perseus, which had not come out (a circumstance of which I had apprised his excellency), I perceived that he was filled with the utmost astonishment, and told the affair to the duchess in the same terms that I had before related to him. Finding that these great personages were become so favorable to me, I availed myself of the opportunity to request the duke's permission to go to Rome: he granted it in the most obliging terms, and desired me to return speedily, in order to finish my statue of Perseus. He at the same time gave me letters of recommendation to his ambassador Averardo Serristori. This happened in the beginning of the pontificate of Pope Julio de Monti.

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## THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE.

MAURICE JÓKAI.

[Among Hungarian novelists the author of our present selection stands in a position of the highest eminence, and has produced numerous works, the best of which are brilliant in style and show excellent powers of character-drawing and narration. Jókai was born at Csmorn in 1825, for many years was prominent in political journalism, and has several times been elected to the Hungarian parliament. As an author he is strongly national in feeling, and has done much to make the characteristics of Hungarian life and society familiar to European readers. Among his best works are "The Hungarian Nabob," "The White Rose," and "The New Landlord." Our selection is from

"A Modern Midas," and embraces a picturesque description of the most striking scenery of the Danube. The translation is by Mrs. L. C. Bullard and Miss E. Herzog, published by the Worthington Co.]

A MOUNTAIN-CHAIN cleft asunder from summit to base, making a gorge four miles in length. This chasm is called "The Iron Gate." Perpendicular rocky cliffs, from six hundred to three thousand feet in height, form the sides of this wild pass, through which flows that great river which was called the Ister by the Romans, but now bears the name of the Danube. This mighty stream, rising in the distant eastern confines of Germany, pours its flood into Austria and Hungary, thence through the Iron Gate into the Turkish dominions, and finally through three mouths into the Black Sea.

Have the tumultuous floods cut a way for themselves, or have volcanic fires burst through the mountain-chain? Was it Neptune or Vulcan who did this work? It is indeed a work of the gods. Traces of the handiwork of Neptune still remain, in the Fruska Gora, in the form of petrified mussel-shells, strewn about everywhere, as well as in the fossil remains of ocean-dwelling saurians in the Veterani Cave. The work of Vulcan is seen in the basalt on the Piatra Detonata. But the ruined pillars of a massive stone bridge, and a long gallery hewn in the cliffs on the shore (making an overarched highway), tell of the labors of men as plainly as do the tablets in bas-relief set in the rocky walls.

In the river, the deep canal (a hundred feet wide), through which the largest ship can pass, is also an evidence of human skill and toil.

The Iron Gate has a history two thousand years old; and four nations—the Romans, the Turks, the Roumanians, and the Hungarians—have each bestowed upon it a distinctive name.

Within it, the cliffs seem to form giant-built temples, in which, with their massive columns and friezes, the fancy almost expects to find the statues of saints. This temple-like formation extends through a stretch of four miles, with many a turn and winding, ever revealing new forms and new configurations. The sheer face of one precipice is as smooth as polished granite. Red and white veins, like the letters of some ancient book of the gods, penetrate its whole length. In another part of the cliff there is a rusty red surface like molten iron. Here and there lie huge granite blocks, as if flung about by Titans. A fresh turn brings one before what seems the door of a Gothic cathedral, with its graceful spires and closely-set pillars of basalt. On the rust-colored wall shines a golden spot, like the tablet of the Ark of the Covenant. That is a mineral blossom; it is sulphur. But also living flowers adorn the walls. From the crevices of the cornice they droop like green garlands placed there by pious hands. They are the giant larches and pine-trees, whose sombre masses are diversified with the golden and red colors of the sunburned underbrush.

Now and then this continuous double-walled cliff opens into an enticing cañon, and gives a glimpse into a hidden paradise uninhabited by man.

Here, between the two precipitous walls, brood dusky shadows; and in the half daylight a sunny valley smiles like a fairy world, with forests of wild grape-vines, whose ripe, red berries lend color to the trees, and whose falling leaves spread like a carpet over the ground. There is no human habitation to be seen in the valley. A little brook dances along, where the deer fearlessly come to quench their thirst. Then, a little farther on, this streamlet, with a silvery gleam, plunges over the precipice.

Once again the mountain-gorge is re-formed, and other

temple-like domes are seen, larger and more awe-inspiring than before. These precipices are separated by less than nine hundred feet, while they rise to a height of three thousand. Yonder stands a sharp peak called the *Gropa lui Petro*, which, when translated from the Roumanian, means the Sarcophagus of St. Peter. Other Titan-like stone formations near this mountain-summit are named for St. Peter's apostolic companions. Opposite this colossal rock is the *Babile*. Yonder cliff, shutting off further outlook, is the *Dove's Rock*. The gray summit beyond, surmounting the *Robber's Peak*, is the *Rasbognik Veli*,—visible for miles away. Between these rocky walls flows, far below in its wild bed, the Danube.

This majestic primeval stream,—the *Ister* of olden time, —sweeping through the smooth plains of Hungary in a bed six thousand feet in width, quietly rippling under the willows which droop over it from the shore, and reflecting the meadows rich in blossoms, or murmuring with softly-humming mill-wheels, is here suddenly imprisoned in a rocky channel only eight hundred feet wide.

Ah, with what scorn the river plunges through! One who had marked its former gentle current would no longer know the wild torrent. The old and gray giant has become a young and lusty hero. The waves leap up in fierce foam against their rocky bed; for in the very midst of the channel rises a great mass of stone like a Druidical altar.

It is the huge *Babag* in the *Cassan* rock. Against this rock breaks the wild torrent with unconquerable scorn, leaping over it, and whirling in fierce currents which scoop out fathomless abysses from the stony river-bed. Then, roaring and foaming, the waters sweep over the crags which lie between the overhanging cliffs. In other places, where the barriers are too strong, the river has eaten its way under the overhanging rocks. Here and



there it brings earth-formations to cover the boulders in its path, making new islands, not to be found on the map. These in time become overgrown with wild shrubs and underbrush. They belong to none of the bordering kingdoms,—neither to the Hungarian, Turkish, nor Servian government. They are a true No-Man's Land. They pay no taxes; they know no rulers; they lie outside of the world; they have not even a name. Now and then the same river which formed them tears one of them away from its foundations, and sweeps off the island with its woods and fields, blotting it forever from a right to a place on the map of the world.

Through these cliffs and islands the Danube flows in a various bed, with a swift current of ten miles an hour; and the ship-masters must know the narrow channel well between Ogradina and Plessvissovicza. The hands of men have made a canal in the rocky bottom of the river-bed, through which large ships can pass; but near the shore are places where only small craft can find a way.

Following the coast-line of the smaller islands, between the narrowing banks of the stream, some signs of the works of men are seen amid the great creations of Nature,—double palisades of strong tree-trunks, which come together in the form of the letter V, with the opening upstream.

These are sturgeon-traps. These fishy travellers from the sea swim up the stream, rubbing their heads against any obstruction, in order to get rid of parasites. They enter into the tree-traps; and, as it is not their habit to turn, they push on to the ever-narrowing snares, until at last they drop into the death-chamber at the end of the V, from which there is no escape. (In every church one must pay the pew-rent!)

There is here an eternal roaring. As the swift river

rushes over its stony bed, as it surges against the island altars, as it lashes the lofty cliffs, as it thunders like a cataract, its noise is ever repeated in a perpetual echo by the resounding crags, making an altogether unearthly music, like a medley of organ-tones, clashing bells, and dying thunder-peals. Man trembles and is dumb at the sound,—ashamed to intrude his voice in this Titanic uproar. Sailors communicate with each other only by signs. Superstition forbids the fisherman to utter a word in this place. A consciousness of the danger of the channel naturally leads to silence, or to an inwardly-whispered prayer. For, indeed, he who passes through this rocky gorge, so long as the cliffs frown down upon him, may well feel that he is steering along the walls of his own sepulchre.

And what if to the terror of the sailors is added the Bora!

This is a wind which sometimes blows for a week at a time, and which makes the Danube impassable through the Iron Gate.

If there were but one wall of mountains, this wall would be a protection against the Bora. But the current of air which is pressed in between the two rocky walls is as capricious as is the vagrant wind in the streets of a great city. It blows first from one quarter, then from another. It seizes the ship, wrenches off the rudder, gives work for every hand, plays havoc with the tow-horses and tow-ropes; and then suddenly the wind changes, and both ship and waves are blown backward up the stream, like the dust in a city street.

At such times the organ-like notes of the tempest sound like the trumpet of the Last Judgment. The death-shrieks of the shipwrecked and drowning mariners are lost in the terrific roar of the howling, re-echoing winds.

[The narrative goes on to describe the passage of a vessel through this dangerous chasm, it being towed by horses against the wind and current. It has as passengers a Greek girl, Timea, and her father. Its supercargo, who is the hero of the novel, is named Michael Timar. The mariners soon find themselves in a situation of startling peril, the description of which we append.]

Timar continued to entertain the fair maid with fairy-stories of the rocks and cataracts.

Every ravine, cavern, island, and cliff has its tale of wonder,—a petrified library with a romance on each page. No one could better interpret the legends of the rocks than Michael Timar, who had passed through the Iron Gate innumerable times, and who knew every nook and cranny on either side.

“It would be more sensible if you turned your nose to the front instead,” grumbled the pilot; then, raising his voice, he cried, “Ship ahoy! What is that thing yonder coming down upon us?”

The supercargo turned round, and saw what excited the steersman.

They were now in the narrowest part of the Danube,—where the river was not more than twelve hundred feet wide, and where the current was very swift. On the north side were numerous cliffs, which, if struck, would dash the ship to pieces; and on the south was a maelstrom from which no human power could save a vessel once caught in the vortex. A perilous place for meeting another ship! The steersman’s cry was truly a danger-signal. A huge object was seen bearing down upon them.

Timar took from Timea’s hand the spy-glass which he had given her just before, and levelled it at the dark threatening mass that was rapidly drawing near. “A mill,” he answered: “then we are lost!”

A huge mill, which the wind had swept from its foun-

dations, was drifting threateningly towards them. Timar spoke not a word, but handed the telescope to Timea, showing her where she could best see the nests of the eagles whose ancestors had once fed the lovers Mirko and Melieva. He then quickly took off his coat, sprang into the yawl-boat with the oarsmen, and ordered five of them to step with him into the empty skiff attached to the larger bateau, taking with them the small anchor and the cable. . . .

The mill came rushing down the foaming river. One could easily see what a broad wake the rattling mill-wheel made. If ship and mill should collide, both would go to pieces at the same instant. The skiff, with the six men, was laboring hard to work its way up-stream. Four men rowed, the fifth steered; while Timar stood in the bow with folded arms.

And what is this crazy project? A mere shell against a great mill; human muscle combating wind and tide.

Could they grapple the mill, it would only be to be dragged towards the whirlpool with it,—the spider entangling the stag-beetle.

The waves rose so high that the five men disappeared from sight, to be seen again a moment later on the topmost crest of the wild sea.

The five rowers in the tossing boat took counsel as to what was to be done. One advised to cut away the side of the mill under the water-line, so that the thing would sink. But in this plan there was no safety: the swift stream would drive the mill all the same down upon the ship. A second advised that they should board the mill, and, with hooks fastened into it, steer it from the boat in such a way that it should be drawn into the whirlpool. But this too was bad counsel; for the current would draw down the boat as well as the mill.

Timar ordered the steersman to turn in the direction of the point of Perigrada Island, which forms the crown of the Lovers' Rock. When they were nearing the cataract, Timar lifted the heavy anchor, and hurled it into the water. He did this so skilfully that the boat was not shaken by the effort. In this feat Timar showed what muscular strength he possessed.

The anchor drew a great coil of rope after it, indicating that the water was deep.

Timar ordered the helmsman to steer as near the mill as possible. The men now understood his plan. He meant to grapple the mill in the middle.

"A bad idea," said the sailors. "The mill will lie cross-wise in the channel of the river, and bar the way for our ship, and the rope is so slight that it will break."

[Meanwhile, Timea, not seeing what is being done, is amusing herself with the glass, with which she has just perceived some marmots playing on an opposite cliff. She watches them with child-like delight.]

"How they dance! How they leap! One runs after the other. Oh, how charming!"

And Timea, in her excitement, almost sprang from the arm which encircled her, and came near falling over the bulwark into the foaming waters.

Euthyn [her father] looked in the opposite direction, and what he saw there gave the color back again to his pallid face.

Timar, as soon as the mill came within a stone's throw, took in his right hand a long coil of cable, at the end of which was a grappling-iron.

The rudderless mill drifted rapidly nearer and nearer, like some antediluvian monster swimming in the stream. The wheel turned swiftly in the boiling current, and the

mill-stones—under the hopper and over the flour-bolter—worked as if they had corn to grind.

There was no one in the mill, which was surely doomed to destruction. Only a white cat sat on the red-striped shingled roof, and mewed pitifully. As they neared the mill, Timar suddenly swung over his head the rope with the grappling-iron, and threw the iron towards the mill-wheel. The cable immediately began to be drawn out by the revolutions of the wheel, and in this way the mill was gradually forced towards Perigrada Island. So, by its own efforts, the mill would aid in the work of self-destruction, and would finally shatter itself against the cliffs. . . .

Timea now began to notice the mill. She needed no spy-glass, for the mill and the ship were so close together in the narrow canal that there was scarcely sixty feet distance between them, but enough for the ship to pass by unharmed.

Timea saw neither the danger nor the escape. She saw only the hapless white cat. The poor animal, when the ship with its crew drew near her, sprang from her post on the roof, and ran mewing up and down, as if trying to measure the distance and see whether she dared venture on the leap.

"Poor kitten!" cried Timea, anxiously. "If only the mill would come near enough, so that the cat could jump to our deck!"

But Saint Barbara, the patroness of the ship, saved the vessel from this proximity; and the cable, winding round the mill-wheel, became shorter, so that the mill floated nearer and nearer to the shore, and farther and farther from the ship.

"Poor, pretty white kitten!"

"Do not be troubled about her, my child," said Euthyn, consolingly. "When the mill reaches the rocks, the cat



will run ashore, and will live on the happiest terms with the marmots."

Only, unfortunately, the white cat, running round on the side of the roof next the river, did not see the island on the opposite side.

When the ship had passed by the doomed mill, Timea waved her handkerchief to the cat, and called to her, now in Greek, now in the language known to all the feline race, "Quick! turn round! off to the shore!—Zitt, zitt, save yourself!" But the endangered animal understood none of all these warnings.

The mill, as the ship was passing it, was suddenly seized by the current; the tow-rope was broken by the violence of the rushing water, and, thus set free, the doomed house shot like an arrow toward the shore. The white cat, mad with fear, ran down the roof. The mill drove on to destruction. Behind the rocks was the whirlpool.

It is one of the worst which the great river forms in its eddying circles. On every chart this spot is marked by two warning arrow-heads. Woe to the ship that drifts in the direction of those arrows! Around this awful water-tunnel the current foams like a boiling kettle, forming in the midst of the whirlpool a vortex one hundred and twenty feet deep. What is sucked down into this unfathomable well no human power can bring up again. If a man falls into it, he may reappear at the resurrection.

The current now carried the mill into this whirlpool. As it reached the eddying floods the floor broke in two, the waters rushed in, the wheel, with its walking-beam, was tilted in the air, and the cat ran to the topmost piece of timber, where, with her back up, she stood motionless. The whirlpool seized upon the scattering planks and drew them round and round in wide circles. The mill turned over four or five times, cracking and creaking in every

joint, until it disappeared in the swirl. With it vanished also the white cat.

Timea, with a nervous shiver, hid her face in her shawl. But the Saint Barbara was saved.

Euthyn shook the hand of each of the returning sailors; but he took Timar in his arms. Timar thought that perhaps Timea would also give him a friendly word, but the girl only asked him,—

“What has become of the mill?”

She looked with troubled countenance at the whirlpool.

“Splinters and chips.”

“And the poor kitten?”

The girl’s lips trembled, and tears filled her eyes.

“It is all over with her.”

“But the mill belonged to somebody!” said Timea.

“Certainly. Yet we must save our own ship, and our own lives, or we too would have been wrecked,—swallowed up in the pool, or dashed to pieces on the shore.”

Timea gazed through a prism of tears at the man who spoke thus. Through these tears she looked into a strange and incomprehensible world. That it was right to thrust the mill of a fellow-creature into a fathomless abyss to save one’s own ship, that it was allowable to let a poor cat drown to save one’s self,—this she could not understand.

And from that moment she listened no longer to Timar’s wonderful tales, but avoided him whenever she could.

## ODE ON DEATH.

JORGE MANRIQUE.

[The poetry of Spain contains nothing more elevated in thought, more rich in poetic beauty, or of higher philosophical and moral excellence, than the following ode by Don Jorge Manrique on the death of his father. The poet, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, died young, being mortally wounded in a skirmish in 1479. The poem, which is a model of its kind, has been ably translated by Longfellow. It is much too long for our purpose, and we therefore select some of its more philosophical passages.]

Oh, let the soul her slumbers break!  
Let thought be quickened, and awake,—  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,—  
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away:  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs;  
The moments that are speeding fast  
We heed not; but the past—the past—  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done;  
And did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again  
That Hope and all her shadowy train  
    Will not decay :  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
Remembered like a tale that's told,  
    They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
    The silent grave :  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
    In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
    And tinkling rill.  
There all are equal. Side by side,  
The poor man and the son of pride  
    Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
    The deathless few :  
Fiction entices and deceives,  
And sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves  
    Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,—  
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise :  
    To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
    His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above:  
So let us choose that narrow way  
Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place;  
In life we run the onward race,  
And reach the goal  
When, in the mansions of the blest,  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul. . . .

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
With what untimely speed they glide,  
How soon depart!  
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,—  
The vassals of a mistress, they,  
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;  
Her swift-revolving wheel turns round,  
And they are gone!  
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
But changing, and without repose,  
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save  
Its gilded bawbles, till the grave  
Reclaimed its prey,  
Let none on such poor hopes rely:  
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,  
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
Are passions springing from the dust ;  
    They fade and die ;  
But in the life beyond the tomb  
They seal the immortal spirit's doom  
    Eternally !

The pleasures and delights which mask  
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,  
    What are they all,  
But the fleet coursers of the chase,—  
And death an ambush in the race,  
    Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,  
Brook no delay, but onward speed,  
    With loosened rein ;  
And when the fatal snare is near,  
We strive to check our mad career,  
    But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,  
And fashion with a cunning art  
    The human face,  
As we can clothe the soul with light,  
And make the glorious spirit bright  
    With heavenly grace,—

How busily, each passing hour,  
Should we exert that magic power !  
    What ardor show  
To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
Yet leave the free-born soul within  
    In weeds of woe !



Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,  
Famous in history and in song  
    Of olden time,  
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,  
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
    Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?  
Pontiff, and priest, and sceptred throng?  
    On these shall fall  
As heavily the hand of Death  
As when it stays the shepherd's breath  
    Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,—  
Neither its glory nor its shame  
    Has met our eyes;  
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,—  
Though we have heard so oft, and read,  
    Their histories.

Little avails it now to know  
Of ages past so long ago,  
    Nor how they rolled:  
Our theme shall be of yesterday,  
Which to oblivion sweeps away,  
    Like days of old.

Where is the king Don Juan? where  
Each royal prince and noble heir  
    Of Aragon?  
Where are the courtly gallantries?  
The deeds of love and high emprise,  
    In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,—  
What were they but a pageant scene?  
What, but the garlands, gay and green,  
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where  
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odors sweet?  
Where are the gentle knights, that came  
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,  
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of troubadour?  
Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,—  
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,  
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,  
Henry, whose royal court displayed  
Such power and pride,—  
Oh, in what winning smiles arrayed,  
The world its various pleasures laid  
His throne beside!

But, oh, how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a smile  
But to betray!  
She, that had been his friend before,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away.

The countless gifts,—the stately walls,  
The royal palaces, and halls  
    All filled with gold,  
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,  
Chambers with ample treasures fraught  
    Of wealth untold,—

The noble steeds, and harness bright,  
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,  
    In rich array,—  
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!  
Like the bright dew-drops on the grass,  
    They passed away. . . .

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,—  
Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
    And flag displayed,—  
High battlements intrenched around,  
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,  
    And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,—  
All these cannot one victim keep,  
    O Death, from thee,  
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
    Unerringly!

O World! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
    Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when, at last,  
    The soul is free.



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.



Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
    Veil all in gloom:  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
    No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
    Or dark despair  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
    Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
    And weary hearts;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
    Its form departs.

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### SANCHO PANZA'S ISLAND.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

[To the selection already made from "Don Quixote" we add the following description of the governorship of the immortal Sancho. His knightly master had from the start promised to make him lord of an island, in reward for his useful services, and this promise a fun-loving duke, who is diverting himself with the eccentricities of the worthy pair of madmen, undertakes to make good. He appoints Sancho governor of what he asserts to be an island in his dominions, and sends



him thither well attended. To the surprise of the duke and his officers, they find that the stupidity of the squire covers an abundant store of wit and shrewdness.]

AFTER having travelled a certain distance, Governor Sancho, with his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best in the duke's territories. They gave him to understand that the name of the place was the island of Barataria. As soon as he came to the gates the magistrates came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of joy. They then delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria.

Next they carried him into the court of justice; where when they had placed him in his seat, "My lord governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and, by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or be sorry for his coming."

All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring at an inscription in large characters on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall. "Sir," said they, "it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: 'This day the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.'" "And who is he," asked Sancho, "whom they call Don Sancho Panza?" "Your lordship," answered the steward, "for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sits in this chair."

"Well, friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, without any Don or Donna added to our name. I already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough that heaven knows my meaning; if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of those swarms of Dons, that must needs be as troublesome as so many gnats. Come, now for your question, good Mr. Steward; and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

At this instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country-fellow, the other looked like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. "If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "this honest man came to my shop yesterday; for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and free of my company too; so, my lord, he showed me a piece of cloth: 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered, Yes. Now as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth,—judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Prithee,' quoth he, 'look there be not enough for two caps?' Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave, going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three; and at last if it would not make five. I was resolved to humor my customer, and said it might: so we struck a bargain. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him; but he refuses to pay me for my work; and now he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it." "Is this true, honest

man?" said Sancho to the farmer. "Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow; "but pray let him show the five caps he has made me." "With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. "There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and on my conscience I have not wronged him of the least shred of his cloth; and let any workman be judge." The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court a-laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering awhile; and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and therefore the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners; and so let there be an end of the business."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him,—one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. "My lord," said the other, who had none, "some time ago, I lent this man ten gold crowns, to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again for a good while, lest it should prove inconvenient. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said that 'if I lent him so much money he certainly returned it.' Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath; and if he swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God

and the world." "What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho. "Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money." Thereupon the governor held down his rod; and in the mean time the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod. This done, he declared it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands. The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply. He made answer that, since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than to offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and, having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court: which when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had thought awhile, he suddenly ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me look at that cane a little: I have a use for it." "With all my heart, sir," answered the other; "here it is;" and with that he gave it to him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your way, and heaven be with you, for now you are paid." "How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?" "Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a head-piece fit to govern a whole kingdom, upon a shift." This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court; which was no sooner done

than out dropped the ten crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that he had observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff: this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed. From whence may be learned that though sometimes those who govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. The two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with shame and disgrace; and the beholders were astonished; in-somuch that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions and observe his behavior was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

The history informs us that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, he found the cloth laid and a magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he entered, the wind-music played, and four pages waited on him with water for washing his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. The instruments ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table; for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered a great variety of fruit and other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a laced cloth under San-



cho's chin; and another set a dish of fruit before him. But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth before the physician touched the dish with his wand, and then it was taken away by the page in an instant. Immediately another, with meat, was put in the place; but Sancho no sooner offered to taste it than the doctor, with the wand, conjured it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was amazed at this sudden removal, and, looking about him on the company, asked them, "Whether the dinner was only to show off their sleight of hand?" "My lord governor," answered the physician, "you are to eat here no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physie, my lord, and have a salary allowed me in this island for taking charge of the governor's health, and I am more careful of it than of my own, studying night and day his constitution, that I may know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now, the chief thing I do is, to attend him always at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his health. Therefore I ordered the fruit to be taken away, because it is too cold and moist; and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to increase thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life."

"So, then," quoth Sancho, "this dish of roasted partridges here can do me no manner of harm." "Hold," said the physician, "the lord governor shall not eat of them while I live to prevent it." "Why so?" cried Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, the north-star and luminary of physie, says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicēs autem pessima*; that is, 'All repletion is bad, but that of par-



tridges is worst of all.' "If it be so," said Sancho, "let Mr. Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me the most good and least harm, and let me eat of that, without having it whisked away with his wand. For, by my hopes, and the pleasures of government, as I live I am ready to die with hunger; and not to allow me to eat my victuals (let Mr. Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it." "Very true, my lord," replied the physician; "however, I am of opinion you ought not to eat of these rabbits; nor would I have you taste that veal. Indeed, if it were neither roasted nor pickled, something might be said; but as it is, it must not be." "Well, then," said Sancho, "what think you of that huge dish yonder that smokes so? I take it to be an *olla podrida*; and that being a hodge-podge of so many sorts of victuals, sure I cannot but light upon something there that will be both wholesome and pleasant." "*Absit*," cried the doctor; "far be such an ill thought from us; no diet in the world yields worse nutriment than these mish-mashes do. Simple medicines are generally allowed to be better than compounds; for in a composition there may happen a mistake by the unequal proportion of the ingredients, but simples are not subject to that accident. Therefore, what I would advise at present, as a fit diet for the governor for the preservation and support of his health, is a hundred of small wafers, and a few thin slices of marmalade, to strengthen his stomach and help digestion."

Sancho, hearing this, leaned back upon his chair, and, looking earnestly in the doctor's face, very seriously asked him what his name was, and where he had studied. "My lord," answered he, "I am called Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero. The name of the place where I was born is Tirteafuera, and lies between Caraque and Almodabar

del Campo, on the right hand; and I took my degree of doctor in the University of Ossuna." "Hark you," said Sancho, in a mighty chafe, "Mr. Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero, take yourself away! Avoid the room this instant, or assuredly I'll get me a good cudgel, and, beginning with your carcass, will so belabor and rib-roast all the physic-mongers in the island that I will not leave therein one of the tribe,—of those, I mean, that are ignorant quacks; for as for learned and wise physicians, I will make much of them, and honor them like so many angels. Once more, Pedro Rezio, I say, get out of my presence! Avaunt! or I will take the chair I sit upon, and comb your head with it to some purpose, and let me be called to an account about it when I give up my office; I do not care, I will clear myself by saying I did the world good service in ridding it of a bad physician, the plague of a commonwealth. Let me eat, I say, or let them take their government again; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two horse-beans." The physician was terrified, seeing the governor in such a heat, and would at once have slunk out of the room, had not the sound of a post-horn in the street been heard that moment; whereupon the steward, immediately looking out of the window, turned back and said there was an express come from the duke, doubtless with some despatch of importance.

[The duke's letter informed Sancho that he had learned that some enemies were about to make a night attack upon the town, and warned him to be watchful; also that four men in disguise had entered the town to murder him; and that moreover there might be an attempt to poison him. He was advised to be very wary and prudent. These tidings were not highly agreeable to Sancho, who first of all ordered them to clap Dr. Rezio in a dungeon, since he was certainly attempting to make an end of him by the worst of deaths,—that of starvation.

We have not space to give the succeeding adventures of the worthy governor, curious and amusing as they were; and it must suffice to say that the promised attack on the town took place, in a feigned night assault, in which the poor squire was so frightened and belabored as to cure him of all desire to be one of the great men of the earth. He quietly determined, in his wise brain, to vacate his island and abdicate his government.]

Being come to himself, he asked what it was o'clock. They answered, it was now break of day. He said nothing, but, creeping along softly (for he was too much bruised to go along very fast), he got to the stable, followed by all the company; and coming to Dapple, he embraced the quiet animal, gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and with tears in his eyes, "Come hither," said he, "my friend, thou faithful companion and fellow-sharer in my travels and miseries; when thou and I consorted together, and all my cares were but to mend thy furniture and feed thy carcass, then happy were my days, my months and years. But since I forsook thee, and clambered up the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand woes, a thousand torments, have haunted and worried my soul."

While Sancho was talking thus, he fitted on his pack-saddle, nobody offering to say anything to him. This done, with a great deal of difficulty he mounted his ass; and then addressing himself to the steward, the secretary, the gentleman-waiter, and Dr. Pedro Rezio, and many others that stood by: "Make way, gentlemen," said he, "and let me return to my former liberty. Let me go, that I may seek my old course of life, and rise again from that death which buries me here alive. I know better what belongs to ploughing, delving, pruning, and planting of vineyards, than how to make laws and defend countries and kingdoms. St. Peter is very well at Rome; which is

as much as to say, let every one stick to the calling he was born to. A spade does better in my hand than a governor's truncheon; and I had rather have a mess of plain porridge than lie at the mercy of an officious physicomonger who starves me to death. I had rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself up in a double sheepskin in the winter, at my liberty, than lay me down, with the slavery of a government, in fine Holland sheets, and case my body in furs and sables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks; and pray tell my lord duke from me that poor I was born, and poor I am at present. I have neither won nor lost; which is as much as to say, without a penny I came to this government, and without a penny I leave it,—quite contrary to what other governors of islands use to do when they leave them. Clear the way, then, I beseech you, and let me pass.”

“This must not be, my lord governor,” said Dr. Rezio; “for I will give your honor a balsamic drink, that is a specific against falls, dislocations, contusions, and all manner of bruises, and that will presently restore you to your former health and strength. And then for your diet, I promise to take a new course with you, and to let you eat abundantly of whatsoever you please. “It is too late, Mr. Doctor,” answered Sancho; “you should as soon make me turn Turk as hinder me from going. No, no; these tricks shall not pass upon me again. Every sheep with its like. Let not the cobbler go beyond his last; and so let me go, for it is late.” “My lord governor,” said the steward, “though it grieves us to part with your honor, your sense and Christian behavior engaging us to covet your company, yet we would not presume to stop you against your inclination; but you know that every governor, before he leaves the place he has governed, is bound to give

an account of his administration. Be pleased, therefore, to do so for the time you have been among us, and then peace be with you." "No man has power to call me to an account," replied Sancho, "but my lord duke. To him it is that I am going, and to him I will give a fair and square account. And, indeed, going away so bare as I do, there needs no greater proof that I have governed like an angel." "In truth," said Dr. Rezio, "the great Sancho is in the right; and I am of opinion we ought to let him go; for certainly the duke will be very glad to see him." Thereupon they all agreed to let him pass; offering first to attend him, and supply him with whatever he might want in his journey, either for entertainment or convenience. Sancho told them that all he desired was, a little corn for his ass, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself, having occasion for no other provisions in so short a journey. With that, they all embraced him, and he embraced them all, not without tears in his eyes; leaving them in admiration of the good sense which he discovered, both in his discourse and unalterable resolution.

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## THE PERSISTENCE OF ANIMAL MYTHS.

ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS.

[The author of our present selection was born at Turin, Italy, in 1840, studied Sanscrit at Berlin, and since 1863 has been professor of Sanscrit in the University of Florence. He has been a voluminous writer, his range of subjects including philology, poetry, the drama, criticism, biography, and history. His most esteemed productions are "Zoological Mythology," "Mythology of Plants," and "Universal History of Literature," on the latter of which he is still engaged. From the preface of the first-named of these works we extract an in-

teresting discussion of the popular tendency to mythological belief. The work itself contains an extended series of mythical stories about animals.]

IT is by no means true that the ancient systems of mythology have ceased to exist: they have only been diffused and transformed. The *nomen* is changed, the *numen* remains. Its splendor is diminished because it has lost its celestial reference and significance, because it has become more earthly; but its vitality is still enormous. One can almost say of the gods, as of the relics of saints in the Roman Catholic Church, that the more they are divided the more they multiply. They still feast on the ambrosia which has made them immortal, but not in heaven alone; for as they minister to us, so we give them day by day the breath of life; and this earthly ambrosia, this immortal nourishment of the gods, is the mystery with which the fancy delights to envelop them, invested with which they seem solemn and terrible to the unscientific minds of the people. Nothing clings more to the earth, nothing is more vegetative, than a superstition. A scientific truth requires years and sometimes centuries of demonstration before it can obtain for itself general acceptance, . . . but an error that is founded upon a sense of the supernatural does not need the electric wires to flash it from heart to heart and awaken a response in the credulous world; while the ponderous dialectics of an entire army of rationalists will not thereafter suffice to dislodge it.

Since, then, the ancient myths still exist, although in a fragmentary shape, in the popular traditions of Europe, these fragments, connected together, offer a precious material for comparison with the ancient forms, which the genius of poets and artists has colored, but which could not be easily interpreted without the aid of the existing traditions. The ancient myth often gives us the germ of



many existing traditions, and, in the same manner, existing legends resolve the enigma of more ancient celestial personification. . . .

There is but one general domain in which all the animals of mythology are produced and made to enact their respective parts. This domain is always the heavens; whilst the time during which the mythical action lasts is subject to many variations, being now the day of twelve hours, now that of twenty-four, now the three watches of the night; at one time the lunar month of twenty-seven days, at another the solar month of thirty; sometimes the year of twelve solar and sometimes that of thirteen lunar months. The drama of mythology has its origin in the sky; but the sky may be either clear or gloomy; it may be illumined by the sun or by the moon; it may be obscured by the darkness of night or the condensation of its vapors into clouds. Again, the clear heavens assume at times the appearance of a milky sea; this milky appearance gives rise to the idea of a cow, and hence the most splendid aspects of the sky are often represented as herds or flocks. The god who causes rain to fall, who, from the highest heaven, fertilizes the earth, takes the form now of a ram, now of a bull; the lightning that flies like a winged arrow is represented now as a bird, now as a winged horse; and thus, one after another, all the shifting phenomena of the heavens take the form of animals, becoming, at length, now the hero himself, now the animal that waits upon the hero, and without which he would possess no supernatural power whatever.

On the other hand, the cloudy or dark sky assumed in the myths the aspect now of a grotto or den, now of a stable, now of a tree, a forest, a rock, a mountain, an ocean; and linguistic analysis shows how natural such equivocal meanings are; and these having once taken root, it was

still more natural to people the grotto with wolves, the stable with sheep, cows, and horses, the tree with birds, the forest with deer and wild boars, the rock with dragons who keep guard over fountains and treasures, the mountain with serpents, the ocean with fish and aquatic monsters. In a stanza of a Vedic hymn to the gods Indras and Agnis, composed with the greatest artistic elegance, the poet sings how the two gods fought side by side for a common conquest, which takes the different names of cows, waters, regions, light, and ravished dawns. The Vedic poet gives us, in that single stanza, a whole mythical drama, explains it, and moreover introduces the mythical personage by name in the form of a common noun.

And the popular tradition of India, even the most recent, has preserved the understanding of the latent sense of the myth, which learned Hindoos would perhaps have been unable to comprehend. In the last book of the "*Ramayanam*," in which are collected together many popular legends relating to the god Vishnus, incarnate under the form of Ramas, the monster Ravana assumes the same variety of forms as the dark sky of the Vedas, except that of the tiger, which the Vedic texts do not as yet explicitly mention, but which is probably implied in the epithet they frequently employ of wild beast, to denote the demoniacal monster. The "*Ramayanam*" says that the monster with ten faces was seen in the shapes of a tiger, a wild boar, a cloud, a mountain, a sea, a tree, and in his proper form of a demon. In another song we are told how, at the appearance of Ravana, the alarmed gods transformed themselves into animals—Indras becoming a peacock, Yamas a cow, Kuveras a chameleon, Varunas a swan—and thus escaped the ire of the enemy. We shall see that each of these transformations, far from being capricious, was natural and almost necessary to the several gods, so that in this

great mythical scene we have in reality only an imaginary picture of a grand sunset spectacle. The animal is the shadow that follows the hero; it is his form, his shield. When Ramas sets out on his way to heaven, the bears, the monkeys, and all the other animals of his dominions follow him; when Ramas, in the sacred waves of the Sarayu, recovers his divine form of Vishnus, even the bodies of the animals assume glorious and divine shapes in those blessed waters. In several Slavonic popular tales—the Russian in particular—no sooner is the hero separated from the animals who chase the beasts of prey, from his chase, than the charm is broken, and he falls an easy prey to the monster. The animal is so identified with the hero that it may often be said to be the hero himself; and the popular tales of the Slavs, which more than any others have retained the character of primitive simplicity, might, instead of an heroic poem, in this way supply materials for quite an epos of animals. . . .

Amongst these images and figures, those of animals, amongst these beliefs, those which relate to animals, are the most lively and persistent. The most material and sensible forms of the primitive mythology are preserved among us almost intact; the Aryan has become indifferent to the celestial phenomena, and has turned all his attention to the earth, which he peoples with the same deities that he formerly venerated in the sky. Hence, as he finds it sufficient to bow down before the idols representing the god who has come down to the earth, he endows the animals of the earth with the same magical qualities which he once attributed to the animals of heaven; notwithstanding all which, however, he cannot help sometimes perceiving the presence of two distinct persons in one animal,—the real and permanent one which he knows from experience, and the fictitious and traditional one of which

his ancestors have told him. This fictitious character of the traditional faith would easily be perceived by the ignorant common people, if they did but observe how the same virtues are sometimes attributed to animals of the most diverse nature, and how the same medicinal virtues are indiscriminately supposed to exist in an indeterminate number of animals. The infinite contradictions contained in the popular zoölogical system of medicine cannot be explained otherwise than by referring them to the extremely changeful celestial zoölogy, where the metamorphoses of animals are almost continuous, and where we pass with the rapidity of lightning, for instance, from the image of the horse to that of the bird, from the image of the wolf to that of the serpent, according to almost immediate physical and moral analogies, applicable to only a small part of the animal's habits or structure, which are found in mythology, and which suffice to form a new variety of myth and different beliefs. . . .

To the Vedic poet it is enough to know that the horse properly means the swift, in order that, transported into the sky, it may take the form of a well-winged one, a bird, a hawk. To the Vedic poet the idea of a rapacious wolf, a perfidious and voracious thief, who carries off prey and keeps it in his obscure den, is enough to suggest, with various poetical images, that of a constrictor serpent, perfidious, gloomy, voracious, and grasping. But that which is natural in the imagery of the poets cannot stand before the reality of things and physical science, which searches it: hence, what in the Vedic poem is a happy image is become a prejudice, a superstition, and a fatal error in our popular belief.

But before such prejudices could have so universally and deeply imbued the minds of the people, the first impression made by the myth must have been extremely

vivid. Of such an impression we still find sporadic traces in some families of shepherds; but to understand it well I know no better method than to take an ingenuous child into the open country, under the vault of heaven, to observe a curious sunset, or the first dawn of day. The children of to-day will repeat the experiences of the ancient ones,—that is, our ancestors in the youth of humanity,—and will enable us to understand certain illusions which may appear impossible to the perception, or even imagination, of the erudite and sceptical modern. I myself, to realize more thoroughly the simplicity of our ancestors, am obliged to remember that one of the most vivid impressions ever made on me was received when, a child of scarcely four years of age, I was looking up into the sky. My family was living in a remote part of Piedmont: one autumn evening, towards night, one of my elder brothers pointed out to me, over a distant mountain, a dark cloud of a rather strange shape, saying, “Look down there; there is a hungry wolf running after the sheep.” I do not know whether my brother was then repeating what he had heard the villagers say, or whether that heavenly scene had presented itself so to his own imagination; but I well recollect that he convinced me so entirely of the cloud being really a hungry wolf running upon the mountains, that, fearing it might, in default of sheep, overtake me, I instantly took to my heels, and escaped precipitately into the house.

The reader will kindly pardon this personal allusion. I recall and refer to it now to explain how the credulity which we always find in children may give us an idea of the credulity of infant nations. When Faith was pure, when Science did not exist, such illusions must have been continually awakening enthusiasm or fear in the breasts of our ingenuous forefathers, who lived in the open air



with their herds of cattle, and stood with earth and sky in constant relation and in continual communion. We busy dwellers in great cities, held back by a thousand social ties, oppressed by a thousand public or private cares, never happen to raise our eyes towards the sky, except it be to consult it on the probability of fine or wet weather; but evidently this is not sufficient to enable us to comprehend the vast and complicated epic poem transacted in the heavens.

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## IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

## LUIS DE CAMOENS.

[Portugal, while not holding an exalted place among the literary nations of Europe, has the honor of having given birth to one of the world's great epic poets, an author who ranks high among the writers of all time. Luis de Camoens, "the glory of Portugal," was born in 1524 at Lisbon, of a noble family. He became highly educated in literature, and early gained repute as a poet, but, being banished from court for some reason, joined the army, lost his right eye in an engagement, and in his twenty-ninth year embarked for India. Here his life was one of remarkably varied fortunes, but he ennobled it by the writing of his great epic poem, "The Lusiad," in which is celebrated the principal event of Portuguese history, the circumnavigation of Africa by Vasco da Gama. His poem completed, he returned to Europe, where it was printed and received with enthusiasm, yet the poet was so neglected that he sank into extreme poverty, and was saved from starvation only by his servant's begging for bread. He died at length in a hospital, in his fifty-fifth year, the very sheet that formed his shroud being the gift of charity. In this respect he cannot be called "the glory of Portugal."

Camoens wrote numerous other poems, all stamped with the exalted character of his genius. His great poem, "The Lusiad," is the most



national of modern heroic poems, and celebrates the deeds of Portugal in the age of adventure and discovery. As Longfellow says, "It displays great powers of invention, the most plastic command of style, and, at times, a wonderful sublimity of conception. Many passages are adorned with the most exquisite beauties and the most melting tenderness of sentiment, the richest music of language and the most glowing imagery. Above all, it is informed with the profound and impassioned feelings of the poet's heart." We select, from Mickle's translation, the most affecting episode of the narrative, that of the murder of the beautiful Ignez de Castro, whose unhappy fate has been made the subject of several Portuguese tragedies. This lady was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman who had taken refuge at the court of Portugal. She was privately married to Dom Pedro, but was cruelly murdered at the instigation of politicians, who hated her on account of her partiality for Castilians.]

WHILE glory thus Alonzo's name adorned,  
To Lisboa's shores the happy chief returned,  
In glorious peace and well-deserved repose  
His course of fame and honored age to close.  
When now, O king, a damsel's fate severe,  
A fate which ever claims the woful tear,  
Disgraced his honors. On the nymph's lorn head  
Relentless rage its bitterest rancor shed:  
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,  
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.  
'Twas thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts control  
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;  
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,  
'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.  
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,  
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;  
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine  
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.  
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O Nymph, the while,  
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,

In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,  
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,  
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers  
Languished away the slow and lonely hours :  
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,  
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears ;  
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,  
Each echo sighed thy princely lover's name.  
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove  
The dear remembrance of his distant love :  
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,  
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow :  
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,  
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms ;  
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,  
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.  
Though fairest princely dames invoked his love,  
No princely dame his constant faith could move :  
For thee alone his constant passion burned,  
For thee the proffered royal maids he scorned.  
Ah, hope of bliss too high !—the princely dames  
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames :  
He with an old man's wintry eye surveys  
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs  
The people's murmurs of his son's delay  
To bless the nation with his nuptial day  
(Alas ! the nuptial day was passed unknown,  
Which but when crowned the prince could dare to own) ;  
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire  
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.  
O thou dread sword, oft stained with heroes' gore,  
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,  
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,  
Unarmed, by softness and by love possessed ?

Dragged from her bower by murderous, ruffian hands,  
Before the frowning king fair Ignez stands;  
Her tears of artless innocence, her air  
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,  
Moved the stern monarch; when with eager zeal  
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal:  
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possessed,  
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confessed.  
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread;  
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,  
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes;  
And all the mother in her bosom rose.  
Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drowned,  
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;  
Then on her infants turned the piteous glance,  
The look of bleeding woe: the babes advance,  
Smiling in innocence of infant age,  
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;  
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,  
The native, heart-sprung eloquence of woe,  
The lovely captive thus: "O monarch, hear,  
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,—  
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,  
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,  
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,  
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,  
As Rome's great founders to the world were given,—  
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of Heaven,  
The human form divine,—shalt thou deny  
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply?  
Oh that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,  
Of human mould! superfluous were my prayer;  
Thou couldst not then a helpless damsel slay,  
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,

In faith to him who first his love confessed,  
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.  
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,  
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me ?  
Me for their sakes if yet thou wilt not spare,  
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care !  
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows  
From that brave breast where genuine valor glows ;  
That thou art brave let vanquished Afric tell,  
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell ;  
Ah ! let my woes, unconscious of a crime,  
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime :  
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains  
Of Libya's deserts, or the wild domains  
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore ;  
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.  
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,  
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,  
The lion's roaring, and the tiger's yell,  
There with mine infant race consigned to dwell,  
There let me try that piety to find,  
In vain by me implored from human-kind :  
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,  
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,  
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,  
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow :  
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear  
These infant pledges of a love so dear,—  
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,  
Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy."

In tears she uttered. As the frozen snow,  
Touched by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,—

So just began to melt his stubborn soul,  
As mild-rayed pity o'er the tyrant stole:  
But destiny forbade. With eager zeal,  
Again pretended for the public weal,  
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom;  
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom  
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,  
Their swords unsheathed around her brandished shine.  
Oh, foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,  
By men of arms a helpless lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,  
Fulfilled the mandate of his furious sire:  
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,  
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,  
He rushed, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,  
And dashed the daughter on the sacred floor;  
While mildly she her raving mother eyed,  
Resigned her bosom to the sword, and died.  
Thus Ignez, while her eyes to Heaven appeal,  
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:  
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustained  
The loveliest face, where all the Graces reigned,  
Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed,  
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaimed,—  
That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore;  
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.  
The flowers that glistened with her tears bedewed  
Now shrunk and languished with her blood imbrued.  
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,  
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,  
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,  
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;

So from her cheeks the roses died away,  
And pale in death the beauteous Ignez lay.  
With dreadful smiles, and crimsoned with her blood,  
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,  
Unmindful of the sure though future hour,  
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,  
Nor veil thine head in darkness,—as of old  
A sudden night unwonted horror cast  
O'er that dire banquet where the sire's repast  
The son's torn limbs supplied?—Yet you, ye vales,  
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales,  
When, pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,  
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call,  
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,  
And “Pedro! Pedro!” mournful, sighed around.  
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves  
Bewailed the memory of her hapless loves:  
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill  
Transformed their tears, which weeps and murmurs still:  
To give immortal pity to her woe,  
They taught the rivulet through her bowers to flow;  
And still through violet-beds the fountain pours  
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.  
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:  
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.  
In vain her murderers for refuge fly;  
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.  
The injured lover's and the monarch's ire,  
And stern-browed justice, in their doom conspire:  
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire.



## THE BUTCHERS OF BRUGES.

HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

[Hendrik or Henri Conscience, the most esteemed of Flemish novelists, was born at Antwerp in 1812, wrote some popular songs while in the army, and in 1837 published a successful romance, "*The Year of Miracles, 1566.*" In the succeeding year appeared "*The Lion of Flanders,*" an historical romance of the days of chivalry, which has been widely read throughout Europe, and is looked upon as an excellent picture of the period involved,—about 1300 A.D. Conscience is the author of numerous other novels, most of which have been translated into English. He died in 1883.

From "*The Lion of Flanders,*" whose events are said to be closely historical, we select a characteristic specimen. The daughter of "*The Lion*" has been carried off by the French, and conveyed to the castle of Male, near the city of Bruges. The dean of the butchers' guild, a powerful and quarrelsome fellow, goes to the village adjoining the castle, in search of traces of the abducted maiden. Here he manages to get into a quarrel with an equally powerful French soldier. A combat is arranged between them, the story of which, and the succeeding events, are given in our selection.]

No sooner were the words uttered than they left the house, and straightway proceeded to seek out a convenient place for the encounter. This was soon found, and, stepping a few paces apart, the two adversaries made their preparations for the fight. Breydel first took his knife from his girdle and threw it from him, then stripped up his sleeves to the shoulders, laying bare his sinewy arms, the sight of which struck with amazement the soldiers who were standing by. Leroux, too, threw from him his sword and dagger, and so remained totally unarmed; then, turning to his comrades, he said,—

"Mind, come what will, let there be fair play! he's a brave fellow, this Fleming!"

"Are you ready?" cried Breydel.

"Ready!" was the answer.

The word was given, and the combatants advanced upon one another, their heads thrown back, their eyes flashing, their brows knit, their lips and teeth forcibly pressed together; like two furious bulls they rushed upon each other.

A heavy blow resounded upon either breast, as of hammer upon anvil, and both reeled backwards from the shock, which, however, did but inflame their rage the more. A short, deep growl mingled with their heavy breathing, and with their arms they seized each other round the body as in a vice of steel. Every limb was strained to the uttermost, every nerve quivered, every muscle was in play; their veins swelled, their eyes became bloodshot, their brows from red grew purple, and from purple livid; but neither could win upon the other by an inch of ground; one would have said their feet were rooted where they stood.

After some time spent in this desperate struggle, the Frenchman suddenly made a step backwards, twined his arms around Breydel's neck, and, taking a firm purchase, forced the Fleming's head forwards and downwards so as in some degree to disturb his balance; then, following up his advantage without the loss of a moment, Leroux made yet another effort with increased energy, and Breydel sank on one knee beneath the overpowering attack.

"The Lion is on his knees already!" cried the French champion, triumphantly, dealing at the same time a blow on the head of the butcher that might have felled an ox, and well-nigh laid him prostrate on the ground. But to do this with effect he had been obliged to release Breydel with one hand, and at the very moment that he was

raising his fist to repeat the blow, the latter extricated himself from the single grasp that held him, rose from the ground, and retreated some few paces; then, rushing upon his adversary with the speed of lightning, he seized him round the body with a hug like that of a forest bear, so that every rib cracked again. The Frenchman, in his turn, wound his limbs about his foe with a terrible vigor, strengthened by practice and directed by skill, so that the Fleming felt his knees bend beneath him, and again they nearly touched the ground.

An unwonted sensation stole into Breydel's heart, as though for the first time in his life it had begun to fail him. The thought was madness; but, even like madness, it gave him strength: suddenly loosing his hold, and again retreating, at the same time lowering his head, like a furious bull he rushed upon Leroux, and butted him in the chest, before the Frenchman could foresee, much less provide against, this new attack. Reeling under the shock, blood burst from his nose, mouth, and ears; while at the same moment, like a stone from a catapult, the Fleming's fist descended upon his skull. With a long cry he fell heavily to the earth, and all was over.

"Now you feel the Lion's claws!" cried Breydel.

The soldiers who had been witnesses of the conflict had indeed encouraged the French champion by their shouts, but had rigorously abstained from any further interference. They now crowded about their dying comrade, and raised him in their arms; while Breydel, with slow and deliberate steps, retired from the ground, and made his way back to the room where the quarrel had begun. Here he called for another stoup of beer, from which he hastily and repeatedly drank to quench his burning thirst.

He had now been sitting there some time, and was beginning to recover himself from the fatigue of the com-

bat, when the door opened behind him, and before he could turn his head he was seized by four pairs of powerful hands and roughly thrown upon the ground, while in a moment after the room was filled by armed soldiers. For some time he maintained a fruitless struggle against numbers; but at last, exhausted with this new conflict, he ceased to resist, and lay still, regarding the Frenchmen with one of those terrible looks that precede a death-blow given or received. Not a few of the soldiers looked on the Fleming, as he lay, with hearts ill at ease, so fiercely and threateningly did his flaming eyes gaze upon them.

A knight, whose dress sufficiently betokened his rank, now approached, and, after ordering his men to keep a secure hold upon the prisoner,—

“So, scoundrel!” said he, “we know one another of old: you are the ruffian that, in the forest near Wynandael, killed one of Messire de Chatillon’s men-at-arms, and even went so far in your insolence as to threaten us knights with your knife; and now I find you murdering one of my best soldiers on my own ground. But you shall have your reward: this very day shall you be gibbeted upon the castle wall, that your friends in Bruges may see you dangling, and know what comes of rebellion.”

“You belie me foully!” exclaimed Breydel; “I have killed my opponent in fair fight and in self-defence; and only give me fair play, and I will show you the same over again.”

“You dared to insult the royal banner of France——”

“I spoke for our own Black Lion, and so I will do while breath is left me. But come, either lift me up, or finish me at once: don’t let me lie here like a slaughtered ox.”

At a word from St. Pol, the soldiers raised their prisoner from the ground, but without for a moment loosing their

hold, and cautiously led him to the door. Breydel walked slowly and quietly along, two of the strongest of his captors holding him by the arms, and as many closely preceding and following him, so as to render resistance useless and escape impossible; and many a taunt had he to listen to the while from the soldiers who guarded him.

"Be easy, my fine fellow!" cried one; "show us a brisk dance upon nothing to-morrow, and we will keep the ravens from you afterwards."

Breydel answered only by a look of withering scorn.

"If you dare to look at me so, you accursed Claward," cried the soldier, "I will give it to you across the face."

"Coward Frenchman!" retorted Breydel; "that is ever your way,—to insult your enemy when he is in your power, base hirelings of a despicable master!"

A blow upon the cheek from the soldier next him was the reply. Breydel ceased to speak, and bowed his head upon his chest, as though utterly cast down; but in truth his spirit burned within him all the while, like the fire which smoulders deep in the bosom of a slumbering volcano. The soldiers, however, misinterpreted his silence, and jeered him all the more bitterly now that he answered them not a word.

Just at the moment, however, that they were about to step upon the drawbridge, their laughter suddenly ceased, and their faces became pale with terror. Breydel had suddenly collected all his strength, and extricated his arms from their grasp. Like a panther he sprang upon the two soldiers who had been the most forward in jeering him, and like the wild beast's jaws his iron fingers clutched their throats.

"For you, Lion of Flanders, will I die!" he cried; "but not on a gallows, and not unrevenged."

And as he spoke, so fiercely did he grasp the throats of

his two foes that in a moment they hung senseless in his hands; then, dashing their heads together with such violence that the blow re-echoed from the castle walls, with one tremendous throw he cast them from him helpless upon the earth.

This feat of strength and energy was the work of less time than it has taken to describe it; and for a moment the surprise so paralyzed the whole party that Breydel gained time for flight, and was already at some distance from his enemies before they had fully recovered their senses. The soldiers were soon in pursuit of him, however, with shouts and curses; and the chase was vigorously kept up, till at last he succeeded, by a tremendous leap, in putting a wide ditch between himself and his pursuers, of whom only two were bold enough to follow him. On reaching the ditch, and attempting to cross, both fell into the water, and the pursuit was thereupon at an end. Without further molestation, the courageous butcher returned to the city, and arrived safely at his own home. . . .

He took his axe from where it hung, hid it under his gown, and was soon at the hall of his guild, where his entrance was immediately greeted by a general murmur of satisfaction.

"Here is Breydel! here is the Dean!" was echoed by all present, while the provisional president made place for him in the chair of honor. Breydel, however, instead of occupying it as usual, seated himself upon a stool, and, looking round with a grim smile upon his comrades, he exclaimed,—

"Brothers, lend me your ears; for I have need of you. To day a dishonor has been put upon me, and, in me, upon our whole guild, such as we have never before had to endure."

Masters and journeymen alike pressed eagerly around their Dean. Never before had they seen him so violently



excited; all eyes were accordingly fixed upon him as he continued. . . .

"Listen, my brothers," pursued Breydel, "and bear the shame as you best can; listen attentively, for you will scarcely believe your ears: a French dog has smitten your Dean upon the face,—yes, on this very cheek!"

If the butchers had been wroth before, they were furious beyond all measure on hearing these words. Cries of rage re-echoed from the vaulted roof, and fearful oaths of vengeance burst out on every side.

"How," continued Breydel, "can such a blot be washed away?"

"With blood!" was the unanimous response.

"I see you understand me, brothers," said the Dean: "yes, that is the only way. Now, you must know that it is by the soldiers of the garrison at Male that I have thus been handled. Will you not say, with me, that when to-morrow's sun rises upon Male he shall find no castle there?"

A unanimous cry of assent followed this appeal.

"Come, then," pursued Breydel, "let us go! Every one to his home. Let each take his keenest axe, and any other arms he can provide; we shall want, too, what may serve for scaling-ladders. At eleven o'clock to-night we assemble in the alder-thicket behind St. Cross."

After a few special instructions to the Ancients, the assembly broke up.

That night, a little before the appointed hour, might be seen in the moonlight, upon the divers paths in the neighborhood of St. Cross, a multitude of figures, all wending their way in one direction, and finally disappearing in the alder-thicket. Some of them carried cross-bows, others clubs; the most of them, however, were without any visible weapons. Already in the thickest of the little wood

stood Jan Breydel, taking counsel with his fellow-leaders as to the side on which they should attack the castle.

At last it was unanimously determined to make the attempt from the side of the drawbridge, first filling in a portion of the ditch, and then endeavoring to scale the walls. A number of the young journeymen had been busily at work cutting brushwood and small trees, and binding fascines; and, everything needful for the escalade being in readiness, the Dean gave the order to set forward.

The chroniclers tell us that the men forming this expedition were seven hundred in number; nevertheless, so intent were they on effecting their purpose that the most perfect silence prevailed amongst them; not a sound was heard but the wary tread of their footsteps, the dragging of the branches along the earth, and the baying of the dogs, disturbed by the unwonted noise. At a bowshot from the castle they made halt, and Breydel, with a small party, advanced to reconnoitre. The sentinel, meanwhile, from his station above the gate, had caught the sound of their approach, though yet uncertain of its import, and now came forward upon the wall the better to pursue his observations.

"Wait a moment," cried one of the butchers: "I will quickly rid you of this listening dog."

And as he spoke a bolt from his cross-bow rapidly winged its way towards the sentinel. The aim, indeed, was good, but the missile shivered itself upon the tempered steel of the sentinel's breastplate, and at the same time the alarm was given.

"France! France! an attack! to arms! to arms!"

"Forward, comrades!" shouted Breydel. "Forward! Here with the fascines!"

No sooner was it said than done. The ditch was bridged, the ladders planted, and a scaling-party stood upon the

walls before any effectual resistance could be opposed to them. Within, meanwhile, the garrison was hurrying to arms, and in a few moments more than fifty of them were in readiness to oppose the assailants. For an instant Jan Breydel and his followers had the worst of the fray; there were hardly more than thirty of them yet within the castle, and, without helm or mail as they were, the French arrows rained fearfully upon them. But this did not last long: in a short time all the Flemings had made good their entrance.

"Now, comrades, to work!" cried Breydel. "Follow me!"

And, like a ploughshare through the earth, he opened a way through the enemy's ranks. Every stroke of his axe cost a foeman's life, and his garments were speedily drenched with the blood of the slain. His comrades advanced with no less fury, and drowned the death-cries of their victims with their shouts of triumph.

While the conflict was thus raging upon the ramparts and in the court-yard, the castellan, Messire de St. Pol, seeing that there was no longer any hope of defending the fortress, ordered some of his men-at-arms to get to horse with all possible speed. A few moments after, a female figure was led, weeping and trembling, from an inner chamber, and placed before one of the mounted soldiers. The sally-port was then opened, the little body of horsemen issued from the walls, and, swimming the ditch, soon disappeared amid the surrounding wood.

Surprised and outnumbered as they were, the garrison defended themselves with courage and obstinacy. All resistance, however, was vain, and an hour later not a Frenchman remained alive within the castle. All that had not fallen under the terrible axes of the butchers had made their escape by the postern.

Breydel's wounded honor was now avenged; but his

end was only half attained, for the Lady Matilda had not yet been found. After a long and fruitless search in every corner and crevice of the castle, from its loftiest turrets to its deepest dungeons, under the guidance of one who knew it well, he was obliged to conclude that she had been carried off. And now, to make his vengeance complete, he set fire to the four corners of the building. Soon the flames mounted high into the heavens, the walls cracked and fell, the infuriated assailants hewed down the gates, the bridge, the posts, and hurled them into the burning pile. Long before morning nothing was left of the magnificent castle of Male that the fury of the butchers and the devouring fire could lay waste.

Round about the fire-bell resounded from village to village, and the peasants, as in duty bound, hurried up to help at the call; but they arrived only to be spectators of the scene of destruction, which, to say the truth, did not greatly displease them.

"There!" shouted Breydel, with a voice at once deep and clear, as the last turret fell in; "now let to-morrow's sun look down upon the place where the castle of Male once was!"

And the butchers marched off in a body to Bruges, singing in chorus, as they went, the song of the Lion.

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## THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

GIOVANNI MARITI.

[From the "Travels through Cyprus, Syria, and Palestine" of the Abbé Mariti—an Italian traveller, born at Florence in 1736—we extract a description of an interesting tribe of people, who, in the period of the Crusades, succeeded by their murderous practices in gaining a

prominence in Asia and Europe out of all proportion to their numbers or degree of civilization. The history of the "Old Man of the Mountain" and his fanatical followers is not generally known, and is told here with a fulness that renders it of interest. The name of the tribe has given an ominous word to modern language, that of "Assassin." It is probably a corruption of "Arsacian," this people having, it is supposed, come originally from Arsacia.]

THE Kurds are a people whose general residence is in Kurdistan. Some may be found also scattered throughout the Diarbeck, and different parts of Syria, where they live after the manner of the Arabs, transporting their tents from one place to another, in order to procure food for their flocks. They are almost all robbers by profession, and keep at a distance from frequented roads, that they may be better able to attack travellers. These Kurds are the same Assassins of whom William of Tyre speaks in his History of the Holy War.

We are not acquainted with these people but by the accounts which we have of their assassinating some of the most famous heroes of the Crusades. Their chief, *the Old Man of the Mountain*, is considered as an ideal and fabulous being, and the relations given us of him are treated as romances; but the reader will judge from the following details whether they do not belong to history rather than to fiction.

[This tribe had, about or before 636 A.D., come from a more easterly country, had settled in a mountainous and nearly inaccessible region of Syria, and had increased till they numbered sixty thousand. They finally came under the rule of a single sheik, whom they named the "Old Sheik of the Mountain," and whose power gradually advanced until it became despotic.]

The Assassins, when once settled in a fertile country, which they did not wish to extend, lost much of their primitive energy; and, becoming more timid before the

eyes of a chief from whom they were never absent, they seemed in some measure to present their hands to the chains which he had forged for them. Neither merit nor wisdom obtained sway any longer; and their elections, which were preserved only in order that they might appear to act according to law, were regulated and directed by superior force.

We shall now see how this passive subordination disfigured the character of these pastoral people so far as to render them odious not only to their neighbors but also to distant nations. This change took place about the beginning of the twelfth century.

The sheik, or old man, being perfectly sensible that arbitrary power cannot be durable unless it is respected, and knowing at the same time the spirit of the people, and that anything might be done amongst them by religion, he made that the instrument of his villany. His adherents, therefore, preached up to the Assassins that, as he represented the Creator of the world, it was necessary they should pay the same obedience to him as to the gods, without examining the nature of his orders, and that an implicit acquiescence in his desires could alone procure them after death eternal felicity. These strange maxims, which enchained even the thoughts, were calculated to produce a multitude of crimes; and on this account the sensible part of the nation heard them with a secret horror; but it was easy to cause the greater number to adopt them. A school was established for teaching them to certain select youths, from whom the sheik expected the blindest obedience.

He purchased children from their parents, whom he loaded with presents if they were free, and to whom he gave liberty if they were slaves.

These children were educated in sequestered places, and



permitted to have no correspondence whatever but with the sheik and their masters. They were surrounded by pleasures in their infancy; and care was taken to mix with their instruction everything that could tend to destroy the irksomeness of it and to render it amiable. The study of languages and the manners of foreign nations formed a principal branch of it. Their young hands were taught to handle a poniard with dexterity; and those sentiments of pity which often avert mankind from crimes were checked in their bosoms as soon as they began to appear. Torture, punishments, and death were represented to them as desirable objects, which would be infallibly rewarded by eternal happiness.

When this course of education was finished, the Old Man of the Mountain sent these young fanatics in quest of Christian lords, or Saracens, with orders to destroy them wherever they could find them. Hatred, compliance with the wishes of their friends, and sordid interest, were in turn the motives which induced them to commit the most horrid assassinations. When they had effected their purpose, these young emissaries returned to the sheik with that air of satisfaction which is inspired by the most exemplary virtue; and as a reward for the success of their efforts, they were allowed to retain the poniard with which they had been armed.

If they were at first successful, they became inspired with more intrepidity and ardor; and they were then intrusted with the execution of more difficult and important enterprises. They dispersed themselves into every part of the world, either separately or in bodies; and assuming the character of illustrious personages, or appearing under the dress of misery, and sometimes even under that of monks, they almost always found means to accomplish their execrable ends.

Some of them, indeed, fell into the hands of justice; but the force of torments could never make them discover their accomplices, or tell the name of their chief: their secret died with them; because by revealing it they imagined that they should lose all the fruits of their former merit. This multiplicity of crimes rendered famous the name of Assassins, which was at first employed to distinguish those malefactors called by the Latins *sicarii*,—that is to say, people commissioned to commit murder,—and which custom has since applied to robbers on the highway, otherwise called *grassatores*.

The sheik of these Assassins never went abroad but when attended by a numerous escort of his people, preceded by an archer, who brandished a javelin crowned with poniards, and two followers, one of whom sounded a trumpet, while the other cried out, with a loud voice, “Shun the approach of him who bears in his hand the destruction of kings.” The people, however, never retired, because they well knew that the intention of these pompous words was only to inspire fear, humility, and respect.

Indifferent to the pageantry of titles, the sheik ridiculed the Latin Christians, who seemed to glory in them; and this will not appear astonishing, when we consider that the terror of his name had in some measure rendered all kings, princes, and courts tributary to him. His principal ambition consisted in making himself formidable to all Europe. He was flattered by presents, because he was naturally avaricious; and he considered them as a mark of homage which the terror of his name induced people to offer him.

Those who wished to gain his favor could not pay their court to him in a more effectual manner than by boasting how much his subjects were devoted to his service; and

of this he gave the following proof to his friend the Count de Champagne. Having met one day on the road leading from Tyre to Antioch, they began to converse on the fidelity which people ought to show towards their prince. In a little while after, they arrived at the bottom of a tower, on the top of which were several Assassins; and as soon as the sheik saw them he made a signal with his hand,—when one of them threw himself forward with the velocity of lightning, and, falling on the ground, expired at his feet; while the Count de Champagne was obliged, through policy, to bestow the highest praises upon this foolish act of obedience.

I may venture to affirm, much to the shame of the Eastern empires, that the establishment of the Assassins, and their future conduct, were owing in a great measure to the behavior of the Crusaders; because, being authorized in their mission by papal indulgences and benedictions, they thought that everything they did was lawful, and that by murder and rapine they could secure a place in heaven. The expeditions set on foot for the deliverance of the sepulchre became so prejudicial to manners, that if the Christians did not change their religion, they readily adopted the vices of the conquered countries, while they retained their own; and from this double source of corruption proceeded all those infamous actions which the historian cannot relate without blushing.

Those people called Assassins had not yet become a prey to them; but they were threatened; and this was a sufficient reason for the sheik to have recourse to cunning and treachery, which are the usual weapons of the weak.

The principal Latin lords soon began to dread him whom they had before despised. The name of the Old Man of the Mountain caused a universal terror; and some

even came and offered him an annual tribute, provided he would warrant their safety. The higher they were in dignity, the more occasion they had to be afraid; because the sheik, who aimed only at the lives of illustrious personages, seemed to have no great desire for disturbing the repose of ordinary people.

Had not the standards of the Christians been disunited by some misunderstanding, these bloodthirsty people might have been easily exterminated; but warriors whom jealousy of each other's success, and a desire of precedency, had rendered enemies, thought it necessary, for the purpose of gratifying their personal vengeance, to preserve the Assassins. Having purchased from the sheik the right of breathing, they soon after paid him for the death of a rival; and these acts of perfidy became in process of time too common. It appears even probable that the Templars had no other object in view, when they subdued these people, than to employ their villany for their own purposes.

[Among the victims of the Assassins was Raymond II., Count of Tripoli, who was murdered by them in 1151, under the instigation, as was suspected, of the countess, his wife. In 1173 the sheik sent an ambassador to Alaric, King of Jerusalem, to inform him that he intended to become a Christian. This envoy, on his return, was murdered by some Templars, who had no wish to lose their control of the Assassins, whom they had subdued and made tributary. The principal murderer was tried, but, as he was not punished, the Assassins indignantly broke off all intercourse with the Christians and swore eternal hatred against them. In 1192 they murdered Corrade, Prince of Tripoli, for an act of violence which he had committed against them.]

These Assassins rendered themselves more and more formidable; so that in 1199 they kept the Count of Tripoli in a kind of dependence. . . . It is probable that this terror was much increased by the death of Raymond, the last

son of Bohemond, a young prince of great hopes, who was killed in the church of Notre-Dame at Tortosa.

Vitriaco considers it one of the favors of Heaven experienced by the Christian army during the siege of Damietta, that it saw none of its chiefs fall by the treachery of the Old Man of the Mountain.

The emperor Frederick II., that great man whose whole life the modern Italians would doubtless have written, had it not been for the difficulties which they must have met with, was a friend to the Old Man, and always kept up a private correspondence with him. This intimacy made the emperor be suspected of having employed these Assassins to murder the Duke of Bavaria, who had fallen into disgrace; but this was a mere popular report, spread abroad by his enemies to render him odious at the court of Rome. Frederick had a great soul, and was, consequently, incapable of treachery; but, as he had formed some designs against Syria and Palestine, it was his interest to be on a good footing with the Assassins.

[The Assassins were accused of having sent agents to the court of Louis IX. of France for the purpose of murdering him, but this is doubtful. Afterwards, on the passage of this monarch from Damietta to Acre, the sheik had the assurance to demand tribute of him, declaring that kings, emperors, and sultans had paid it. Louis indignantly rejected his demand.]

This bold refusal could not be agreeable to the Old Man of the Mountain, who would certainly have sought to be revenged, had not a political event engaged him in other views. The Mamalucks, having become powerful in Egypt, threatened the Saracen lords in Syria, without even excepting the Prince of Damascus himself. The infidels, therefore, thought it necessary to implore the assistance of the Christian arms; and for this purpose they sent ambassadors to the Crusaders.



As the interests of the sheik were not distinct from those of his neighbors, he found himself obliged, like them, to stoop, and despatched the flower of his court to the King of France, who still resided in the city of Acre, not to demand tribute in an imperious manner, but humbly to request his friendship and protection. Amongst the various presents which he sent to Louis, there was a superb chess-board, formed of rock-crystal, produced in the mountains of his country, and ornamented with gold and amber. By a second embassy, much more solemn than the first, he sent one of his own shirts, as being that part of the dress which is nearest the body, and a ring from his finger inscribed with his name; which together were a symbol of the strictest friendship and most intimate alliance.

Louis IX. testified the highest satisfaction on receiving this embassy, and that, says Joinville, from a spirit of religion. He wished to surpass the generosity of the Old Man by magnificent presents, which consisted principally of scarlet cloth, gold cups, and other vessels of silver. Ivon de Bretagne, a Dominican friar, was commissioned to deliver them: by choosing a monk for ambassador he hoped to bring back the Assassins to their former project of embracing Christianity; but the remembrance of the fatal adventure of Boaldelle [the murdered envoy], still fresh in their minds, made them reject the instructions of the missionary.

That happy period, so favorable to the States of Europe, at length arrived, when the Latin Christians found themselves obliged to abandon Palestine and Syria, carrying with them the vain titles of their usurpations. This happened in the year 1291.

The Assassins, who, as I have said, had entered into the general league against Melec Seraf, Sultan of Egypt, were involved in the bloody defeat of the Crusaders. Their



citadels were dismantled, their habitations destroyed, and themselves driven from their territories; and Heaven thus punished these petty, impious, and malevolent people, whom it had employed as the executioners of its vengeance for six hundred and sixty years.

Being left without a chief, without laws, and without any fixed place of abode, the Assassins dispersed themselves into different countries. The greater part of them being originally from Kurdistan, returned thither, where the remembrance of their ancestors tended in some measure to alleviate their misfortunes; for, though these people are naturally fond of wandering, they never forget their original descent: so true it is that the love of one's country is an innate principle in the heart of man.

Some of them, and particularly those who were in the greatest misery, or most inclined to a free and rural life, incorporated themselves among the Bedouin Arabs of Syria, with whom it was easy for them to live in harmony, as being followers of the doctrine of Ali. They are still distinguished by certain idolatrous practices which they have mixed with Mahometanism.

The most opulent part of these people returned to that mountain which rises between the cities of Aleppo, Antioch, and Alexandria, called in the Turkish language *Arfiz Daghi*,—that is to say, the Mountain of the Assassins.

In this new establishment they admitted among them the Kurdes Jesides [adorers of Jesus], whose origin was the same as their own. The religion of the one changed that of the others, and the Assassins became Jesides.

## ITALIAN LYRIC POETRY.

## VARIOUS.

[From the minor poetry of Italy we offer a few selections chosen almost at random from the store of fine lyrics which that land of song has produced. The first given is "The Mountain Maids" of Angelo Poliziano, born at Montepulciano in 1454. He was the author of the tragedy of "Orfeo," the first regular drama of the Italian stage.]

## THE MOUNTAIN MAIDS.

"Maids of these hills, so fair and gay,  
Say whence you come, and whither stray."

"From yonder heights: our lowly shed  
Those clumps that rise so green disclose:  
There, by our simple parents bred,  
We share their blessing and repose;  
Now, evening from the flowery close  
Recalls, where late our flocks we fed."

"Ah, tell me, in what region grew  
Such fruits, transcending all compare?  
Methinks I Love's own offspring view,  
Such graces deck your shape and air;  
Nor gold nor diamonds glitter there;  
Mean your attire, but angels you."

"Yet well such beauties might repine  
'Mid desert hills and vales to bloom:  
What scenes, where pride and splendor shine,  
Would not your brighter charms become?  
But say,—with this your Alpine home,  
Can ye, content, such bliss resign?"

“Far happier we our fleecy care  
Trip lightly after to the mead,  
Than, pent in city walls, your fair  
Foot the gay dance in silks arrayed :  
Nor wish have we, save who should braid  
With gayest wreaths her flowing hair.”

[Jacopo Sannazzaro, born at Naples in 1458, and author of the “Arcadia,” the first important pastoral poem of modern Italy, yields us the following graceful verses.]

## STANZE.

O pure and blessed soul,  
That, from thy clay’s control  
Escaped, hast sought and found thy native sphere,  
And from thy crystal throne  
Look’st down, with smiles alone,  
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear !

Thy happy feet have trod  
The starry spangled road,  
Celestial flocks by field and fountain guiding ;  
And from their erring track  
Thou charm’st thy shepherds back  
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

Oh, who shall Death withstand,—  
Death, whose impartial hand  
Levels the lowest plant and loftiest pine ?  
When shall our ears again  
Drink in so sweet a strain,  
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine ?

[Giovanni Battista Guarini, born at Ferrara in 1537, has a merited celebrity in Italian literature through his “Pastor Fido,” the most admired of Italian pastorals. We offer a short selection from this poem.]

Who would have dreamed 'midst plenty to grow poor,  
Or to be less by toiling to be more?  
I thought, by how much more in princes' courts  
Men did excel in titles and supports,  
So much the more obliging they would be,  
The best enamel of nobility.  
But now the contrary by proofs I've seen :  
Courtiers in name, and courteous in their mien,  
They are, but in their actions I could spy  
Not the least transient spark of courtesy.  
People, in show, smooth as the calméd waves,  
Yet cruel as the ocean when it raves ;  
Men in appearance only did I find,—  
Love in the face, but malice in the mind,  
With a straight look and tortuous heart, and least  
Fidelity where greatest was professed.  
That which elsewhere is virtue is vice there :  
Plain truth, fair dealing, love unfeigned, sincere  
Compassion, faith inviolable, and  
An innocence both of the heart and hand,  
They count the folly of a soul that's vile  
And poor,—a vanity worthy their smile.  
To cheat, to lie, deceit and theft to use,  
And under show of pity to abuse,  
To rise upon the ruins of their brothers,  
And seek their own by robbing praise from others,  
The virtues are of that perfidious race.  
No worth, no valor, no respect of place,  
Of age, or law,—bridle of modesty,—  
No tie of love or blood, nor memory  
Of good received,—nothing's so venerable,  
Sacred, or just, that is inviolable  
By that vast thirst of riches, and desire  
Unquenchable of still ascending higher.

Now I, not fearing, since I meant not ill,  
And in court-craft not having any skill,  
Wearing my thoughts charactered on my brow,  
And a glass window in my heart,—judge thou  
How open and how fair a mark my heart  
Lay to their envy's unsuspected dart.

[From the poems of Gabriello Chiabrera, born at Savona in 1552, we select a neat lyric. Chiabrera was a voluminous author, and of such merit as to gain for himself the title of "the Italian Pindar."]

THE SMILE OF LOVE.

Sweet, thornless rose,  
Surpassing those  
With leaves at morning's beam dividing,  
By Love's command,  
Thy leaves expand  
To show the treasure they were hiding.

Oh, tell me, flower,  
When hour by hour  
I doting gaze upon thy beauty,  
Why thou the while  
Dost only smile  
On one whose purest love is duty?

Does pity give,  
That I may live,  
That smile, to show my anguish over?  
Or, cruel coy,  
Is it but joy  
To see thy poor expiring lover?

Whate'er it be,  
Or cruelty,  
Or pity to the humblest, vilest,

Yet can I well  
Thy praises tell,  
If while I sing them thou but smilest.

When waters pass  
Through springing grass,  
With murmuring song their way beguiling,  
And flowerets rear  
Their blossoms near,  
Then do we say that Earth is smiling.

When in the wave  
The Zephyrs lave  
Their dancing feet with ceaseless motion,  
And sands are gay  
With glittering spray,  
Then do we talk of smiling Ocean.

When we behold  
A vein of gold  
O'erspread the sky at morn and even,  
And Phœbus' light  
Is broad and bright,  
Then do we say 'tis smiling Heaven.

Though Sea and Earth  
May smile in mirth,  
And joyous Heaven may return it,  
Yet Earth and Sea  
Smile not like thee,  
And Heaven itself has yet to learn it.

[Benedetto Menzini, born at Florence in 1646, has left us the following graceful Anacreontic ode.]



## CUPID'S REVENGE.

Listen, ladies, listen!

Listen, while I say  
How Cupid was in prison  
And peril, t'other day:  
All ye who jeer and scoff him,  
Will joy to hear it of him.

Some damsels proud, delighted,  
Had caught him, unespied,  
And, by their strength united,  
His hands behind him tied:  
His wings of down and feather  
They twisted both together.

His bitter grief, I'm fearful,  
Can never be expressed,  
Nor how his blue eyes tearful  
Rained down his ivory breast:  
To naught can I resemble  
What I to think of tremble.

These fair but foul murtheresses  
Then stripped his beamy wings,  
And cropped his golden tresses  
That flowed in wanton rings:  
He could not choose but languish,  
While writhing in such anguish.

They to an oak-tree took him,  
Its sinewy arms that spread,  
And there they all forsook him,  
To hang till he was dead:  
Ah, was not this inhuman?  
Yet still 'twas done by woman!

This life were mere vexation,  
Had Love indeed been slain,—  
The soul of our creation!  
The antidote of pain!  
Air, sea, earth, sans his presence,  
Would lose their chiefest pleasance.

But his immortal mother  
His suffering chanced to see:  
First this band, then the other,  
She cut, and set him free.  
He vengeance vowed, and kept it;  
And thousands since have wept it.

For, being no forgiver,  
With gold and leaden darts  
He filled his rattling quiver,  
And pierced with gold the hearts  
Of lovers young, who never  
Could hope, yet loved forever.

With leaden shaft, not forceless,  
'Gainst happy lovers' state  
He aimed with hand remorseless,  
And turned their love to hate,—  
Their love, long cherished, blasting  
With hatred everlasting.

Ye fair ones, who so often  
At Cupid's power have laughed,  
Your scornful pride now soften,  
Beware his vengeful shaft!  
His quiver bright and burnished  
With love or hate is furnished.

[In conclusion, we select a spirited ode "To the Tiber," from the pen of Alessandro Guidi (born at Pavia in 1650), an author who is highly esteemed for the grace and enthusiasm of his lyrics.]

Tiber! my early dream,  
My boyhood's vision of thy classic stream,  
Had taught my mind to think  
That over sands of gold  
Thy limpid waters rolled,  
And ever-verdant laurels grew upon thy brink.

But in far other guise  
The rude reality hath met mine eyes:  
Here, seated on thy bank,  
All desolate and drear  
Thy margin doth appear,  
With creeping weeds, and shrubs, and vegetation rank.

Fondly I fancied thine  
The wave pellucid, and the Naiads' shrine,  
In crystal grot below;  
But thy tempestuous course  
Runs turbulent and hoarse,  
And swelling with wild wrath thy wintry waters flow.

Upon thy bosom dark,  
Peril awaits the light, confiding bark,  
In eddying vortex swamped;  
Foul, treacherous, and deep,  
Thy winding waters sweep,  
Enveloping their prey in dismal ruin prompt.

Fast in thy bed is sunk  
The mountain pine-tree's broken trunk,  
Aimed at the galley's keel;

And well thy wave can waft  
Upon that broken shaft  
The barge, whose shattered wreck thy bosom will conceal.

The dog-star's sultry power,  
The summer heat, the noontide's fervid hour,  
That fires the mantling blood,  
Yon cautious swain can't urge  
To tempt thy dangerous surge,  
Or cool his limbs within thy dark, insidious flood.

I've marked thee in thy pride,  
When struggle fierce thy disemboating tide  
With Ocean's monarch held;  
But, quickly overcome  
By Neptune's masterdom,  
Back thou hast fled as oft, ingloriously repelled.

Often athwart the fields  
A giant's strength thy flood redundant wields,  
Bursting above its brims,—  
Strength that no dike can check:  
Dire is the harvest-wreck!  
Buoyant, with lofty horns, the affrighted bullock swims.

But still thy proudest boast,  
Tiber, and what brings honor to thee most,  
Is, that thy waters roll  
Fast by the eternal home  
Of Glory's daughter, Rome,  
And that thy billows bathe the sacred Capitol. . . .

For so much glory lent,  
Ever destructive of some monument,  
Thou makest foul return,

Insulting with thy wave  
Each Roman hero's grave,  
And Scipio's dust that fills yon consecrated urn.

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## SALARDO.

GIAN FRANCESCO STRAPAROLA.

[Italy, since the period of Boccaccio, has given birth to numerous writers of tales after the manner of that favorite author. We select an example from one of the best known of these, Straparola, born at Caravaggio shortly before 1500, whose "*Piacevole Notte*" has been often reprinted. The translation is by Mrs. Frances C. Henderson.]

A MAN should carefully weigh everything he does or intends to do. Thrice blessed is the son who reverences his father and is obedient unto him, for thus he obeys the commandment of the eternal God, and he shall live long on the earth, and succeed in all that he does. But he who is disobedient may well be considered unfortunate, and all his undertakings are likely to be unsuccessful.

In the ancient city of Genoa there was once upon a time a nobleman named Rainaldo Scaglia, a man who was as rich in mental gifts as in those of fortune. He, being rich and learned, had an only son, named Salardo, whom he loved beyond everything else, and whom he taught and educated as a good father should do, never allowing him to want for anything which could be useful to him, or which could tend to his honor and glory. Now, it happened that Rainaldo, being already old, fell dangerously ill. Feeling his end draw near, he sent for a notary and made his will, in which he instituted Salardo his universal

heir; but he begged him, as a good father, to remember three things, and never depart from them. The first was that he should never, no matter how great the love might be he bore his wife, intrust a secret to her. The second, that he should never adopt a strange child as his own and leave him heir to his fortune. The third was that he should never serve under any lord who knew no law but his own will. Having said these things, he gave him his blessing, and, turning his face to the wall, he died after the space of a quarter of an hour.

Rainaldo being dead, and Salardo remaining sole heir to his possessions, and seeing that he was young, rich, and of high birth, instead of thinking of the soul of his old father, and of the multitude of duties which devolved upon him as the possessor of the paternal estates, he determined to marry, and to select such a wife, and of such descent, as should satisfy him. Before the close of a year from the death of his father Salardo had married Theodora, daughter of M. Odesealeo Doria, a Genoese nobleman, one of the first in the city; and because she was beautiful and virtuous—although a little proud—her husband Salardo was so devoted to her that he stirred from her side neither by night nor by day. After they had been married several years, as they had no children, Salardo, with the consent of his wife, but contrary to his father's dying injunctions, determined to adopt one, and to treat him in all respects like his own son, and to leave him at last heir to all his possessions. He carried out his plan at once, and adopted the child of a poor widow. His name was Posthumus, and he was brought up by them more delicately than he should have been. After some length of time Salardo concluded to leave Genoa; not but what the city was beautiful and honorable, but moved by that restlessness which often attacks those who are respon-



sible to no one for their actions. Taking, therefore, a quantity of money and jewels, and calling into requisition all the carriages and horses, he went with Theodora, his beloved wife, and Posthumus, his adopted son, from Genoa to Montserrat, on the way to Piedmont. Having settled there, he cultivated the acquaintance first of one citizen, then of another, going hunting with them, and enjoying with them all the pleasures of which he was fond. And his magnificence towards each one of them was so great that he was not only loved but honored by them all. Reports of his great liberality had reached the ears of the Marquis of Montserrat, and, seeing that he was young, rich, noble, wise, and suitable for every undertaking, he took him into high favor, and could not do without him a single day. And so great was the friendship which united Salardo and the marquis, that every one who wished to obtain any favor from the latter was obliged to address himself to Salardo if he wished to secure it. Salardo, seeing himself in such high favor, used every exertion to please the marquis in all things which he thought might be agreeable to him.

The marquis, who was also young, was very fond of flying the falcon, and had in his possession many birds, and setters, and other animals, as is suitable for a grand nobleman; but he would not have gone once to hunt or to fly the falcon without Salardo. Now, it happened once, when Salardo was alone in his room, that he thought within himself of the great honor the marquis did him, and, passing in review in his mind the polite manners, the pretty ways, and the ready obedience of his son Posthumus, he said to himself, "How much my father was mistaken! Surely his mind, like that of most old men, must have been on the wane. I cannot think what folly, what frenzy, could have induced him expressly to command me not to

bring up a son who was not my own, nor to enter the service of any lord governing according to his own pleasure. I see now how opposed to truth were his precepts, because Posthumus is not mine own son, and yet he is good, wise, polite, moral, and most obedient to me. And would it be possible for any one to bestow more honor and caresses upon me than the marquis? and yet he governs solely according to his own will. His love for me is so great, and he does me so much honor, that one could almost fancy I were his superior and he were afraid of me. At this I marvel so that I know not what to say. There are certainly silly old men who, forgetting what they did in their own youth, wish to give laws and orders to their children, laying on them burdens which they would not touch with the tips of their fingers. And this they do not from any love they bear them, but simply that they may be worried and tormented. Now that I have succeeded beyond my hopes in relieving myself of two of the burdens laid on me by my father, I mean to try my luck now with the third, and feel sure that my dear, sweet wife will only bless me the more with her warm and well-founded love; and she, whom I love more than the light of my eyes, will see how great is the simplicity, nay, the folly, of miserable old age, which is only happy when loading its last will with unbearable conditions. Whom could I trust more securely than mine own wife, who left for me her mother, and brothers, and sisters, and her own home, and has become with me one heart and one mind? Thus I feel sure that I could confide to her even the most important secrets. I mean, therefore, to test her fidelity; not that I doubt it myself, as I am sure that she loves me better than herself, but I will try her solely as an example to those silly youths who think it is an unpardonable sin to act contrary to the crazy

injunctions of their old fathers." Thinking thus of his father's last wishes, Salardo fully determined to disregard the third, as he had done the other two.

Without losing a moment, he left his room and went down-stairs and direct to the palace. There he went into a room where there were many falcons, and without being seen by any one he took the one the marquis loved best, and, carrying it off, intrusted it to a friend named Fransae. He begged him to take charge of it until he heard from him again; and, going home, he took one of his own falcons, and, without being seen of any one, killed it and carried it to his wife, saying,—

"Theodora, my beloved wife, I (as you know yourself) can no longer have one moment's rest. Our marquis is always either hunting, or flying his falcon, or fencing, or doing something else where he considers my presence indispensable, so that I often do not know whether I be dead or alive. But to cool his ardor for sports I have played him a trick which he will not like, and perhaps for a few days he will leave me in peace."

"What can you have done?" replied his wife.

"Why," said Salardo, "I have killed his best falcon, and his pet, and I think when he does not find it he will nearly die of rage."

And taking the dead falcon out of his handkerchief he gave it to his wife, telling her to have it cooked for supper, when he would eat it for love to the marquis.

The wife, hearing her husband's words and seeing the dead falcon, was much grieved, and began to reprove her husband for his deed, saying,—

"I do not see how you had the heart to do so great an injury to the marquis, who loves you so tenderly. He tries to please you in everything, and after him you hold the first place. Oh, my dear Salardo, you have certainly

brought ruin on yourself. If the marquis were to hear of it you would probably even lose your life."

"But," said Salardo, "how should he hear it? you and I are the only persons who know anything about it. But I beg you, for the love you bear me, not to betray my secret to any one; if you did, you would cause my ruin and your own."

"Rest assured," said the wife, "that I would rather die than betray such a secret."

The falcon being well cooked and seasoned, Salardo and Theodora sat down to table, and as Theodora would not eat of the falcon nor listen to her husband's loving entreaties that she should, he raised his hand and gave her such a box on the ear that her whole right cheek was scarlet. She began to cry and to complain of his beating her, and left the room muttering that he should remember this, and that she would soon find a suitable opportunity for revenging herself. The next morning she rose very early, and, going without delay to the marquis, related the death of the falcon. The marquis flew into such a passion that he ordered Salardo to be seized instantly, and (without hearing any justification that he might have to give) decreed that he should be hung at once by the neck, and that his possessions should be divided into three parts, one of which should be given to his wife, one to his son, and one to the man who should hang him.

Posthumus, who was a handsome, well-made young man, when he heard of the sentence passed on his father and the division of his possessions, ran home to his mother, and said,—

"Oh, mother, would it not be better that I should hang my father, and thus secure the third of his estates, rather than it should fall into the hands of a stranger?"

"Thou hast well spoken, my son," replied the mother,

"because by so doing the estate will remain together as heretofore."

Without loss of time Posthumus went to the marquis, and asked to be allowed to hang his father, so as to secure the third of his possessions promised to the hangman. The marquis was graciously pleased to grant Posthumus his request. Salardo had begged his faithful friend Fransae, to whom he had told his secret, to go to the marquis when they should be about to lead him to death, and to beg him to have Salardo brought before him and to hear if he had anything to say in his own defence. His friend did as he had been requested.

[Meanwhile, Salardo, in prison, was bemoaning his folly, and wishing that he had been wise enough to put trust in his father's advice. He had to his horror found his wife faithless, his son heartless, and the marquis ungrateful, and repeated to himself the proverb, "A prince is like wine in a bottle: in the morning it is good, in the evening it is sour." While he was thus mourning, Posthumus appeared, told him that he had been appointed the executioner, and his reason for seeking the office, and, while putting the halter round his neck, begged him to be comforted. Salardo, reaching the gallows, addressed the crowd, whom he moved to tears by telling them the cause of his condemnation, and exhorting all sons to be obedient to their fathers.]

While these things were taking place, Fransae went to the palace and addressed these words to the marquis: "Most illustrious lord, if ever a spark of pity were kindled in the heart of a just ruler I am sure of now fanning it into a flame in you, if, with your usual clemency, you will consider the innocence of the friend already led forth to death for an unknown error. What cause, my lord, could induce you to condemn to death Salardo, whom you loved so tenderly? He has never offended you, nor even thought of doing so. But if you, most benign lord, will order your most faithful friend to be brought into your presence, it will not be difficult for him to prove his innocence."

The marquis, nearly suffocated with rage, wished to drive Fransae from his presence without vouchsafing him any answer, but he threw himself on the ground, and, weeping and embracing his knees, cried, "Mercy, just lord! mercy, element lord! Do not cause the death of the innocent Salardo. Calm your anger, and I will prove his innocence. Let it not be said of you, O lord, that you put your friends to death without any reason."

The marquis angrily replied, "I see you wish to keep Salardo company; and if you fan the flame of my anger a little more I will myself hang you up beside him."

Fransae replied, "I am content, my lord, that my long services should receive this reward, and that you should have me hung by Salardo's side, if he do not convince you of his innocence."

The marquis, considering Fransae's noble-mindedness, thought within himself that unless he were very sure of Salardo's innocence he would not agree to be hung by him, and therefore he said, "I am content; let the execution be suspended for an hour; but if he do not prove his innocence you shall both be hung."

Calling a servant, he ordered him to proceed at once to the place of execution, and to order the sbirri to suspend the execution, and to bring Salardo bound, with the halter round his neck and the hangman by his side, into his presence.

When Salardo came before him, and saw his face inflamed by anger, with a proud aspect and dry eyes, and without the least perturbation, he thus addressed him: "My lord, my submission to you, and the love I bear you, did not deserve the shame you have heaped upon me, condemning me to a disgraceful death. And although your indignation at my folly (for folly it was) caused you, contrary to your nature, to turn so cruelly against me, still



you ought not to have condemned me to death without hearing me. The falcon, whose supposed death has irritated you so violently against me, lives and is as well as ever. Neither did I take him to kill him nor to offend you, but to experiment on a certain object, as I will now relate to you."

Calling Fransae, who was present, he begged him to return the falcon to his beloved master. He then related to him his father's loving commandments, and his own infraction of them.

The marquis, hearing Salardo's words, which proceeded from the bottom of his heart, and seeing his falcon even handsomer than before, was speechless. But having recovered himself, and considering his great error in condemning his innocent friend so thoughtlessly to death, with his eyes full of tears he said to Salardo, "Salardo, if your eyes could penetrate to the bottom of my heart, you would see that the rope which has bound your hands, and the halter which is round your neck, have not caused as much sorrow to you as to me. Neither do I expect ever to be happy again, since I have offended you who loved and served me so faithfully. If I could I would annul the past, but, as that is not possible, I will try to make you such amends as will satisfy you."

With these words the marquis, with his own hands, took the halter from around Salardo's neck, and loosed his hands, and, embracing him tenderly and kissing him several times, made him sit beside him. But when the marquis wished to have the halter put around Posthumus's neck and to have him hung, Salardo would not agree to it, but calling him to him said, "Posthumus, brought up by me as a son, from your infancy to the present time, I do not know what to do with you now. On one side I am drawn by the love I have always borne you, and on

the other by my indignation at your hard-heartedness. One asks me to pardon you, the other requires me to punish you. What can I do? If I forgive you, I shall be hooted at in the street. If I punish you, I shall be disobeying the divine injunction to do good to those who hate us. But, in order that I may not be accused of too great leniency or too great cruelty, I shall take a middle path, and neither punish you corporally nor forgive you entirely. Take this halter which you have wound round my neck, and keep it in exchange for my possessions which you coveted so much, and as a remembrance of me and your grievous error, and go so far away that I may never hear of you again."

So saying, he drove him from his face, and never heard of him again. Theodora, hearing that her husband had been liberated, fled, and went into a convent, where she finished her life in sorrow and penitence. Salardo, having heard of the death of Theodora, begged the marquis to dismiss him, and, leaving Montserrato, returned to Genoa, living there a long time happily, devoting the greater part of his possessions to the service of God, and retaining for himself only what was absolutely necessary.

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## THOR AMONG THE JÖTUNS.

PAUL HENRI MALLET.

[The far-off region of Iceland, lost in the depths of the Arctic seas, and frost-locked during the greater part of the year, seems a strange soil for the growth of the delicate plant of literature, yet in its "Eddas" it has given rise to an abundant store of imaginative poetry and prose, in which we have preserved to us the strange conceptions

of the Northern mythology. These fictions are in harmony with the character of the land in which they had their birth, rude but vigorous, of the childhood type of thought, yet instinct with the energy and reflectiveness of the Teutonic intellect. We present, from Bishop Percy's translation of Mallet's "*Northern Antiquities*," a striking instance of the strange adventures ascribed to the god Thor, one of the most prominent and characteristic figures in the mythology of the Scandinavian nations. The writer, Paul Henri Mallet, was a Swiss historian, born at Geneva in 1730. He wrote works on the mythology and poetry of the Celts, and on the literature of the North, also a highly-esteemed "*Introduction to the History of Denmark*," known in English under the title of "*Northern Antiquities*."]

Gangler proceeds and says "Did it never happen to Thor, in his expeditions, to be overcome, either by enchantment or downright force?" Har replied to him, "Few can take upon them to affirm that ever any such accident befell this god; nay, had he in reality been worsted in any rencounter, it would not be allowable to make mention of it, since all the world ought to believe that nothing can resist his power." "I have put a question, then," says Gangler, "to which none of you can give any answer." Then Jafnhar took up the discourse, and said, "True, indeed, there are some such rumors current among us; but they are hardly credible; yet there is one present who can impart them to you; and you ought the rather to believe him, in that, having never yet told you a lie, he will not now begin to deceive you with false stories." "Come, then," says Gangler, interrupting him, "I await your explication; but, if you do not give satisfactory answers to the questions I have proposed, be assured I shall look upon you as vanquished." "Here, then," says Har, "begins the history you desire me to relate:

"One day the god Thor set out with Loke, in his own chariot, drawn by two he-goats; but, night coming on,

they were obliged to put up at a peasant's cottage. The god Thor immediately slew his two he-goats, and, having skinned them, ordered them to be dressed for supper. When this was done, he sat down to table, and invited the peasant and his children to partake with him. The son of his host was named Thialfe, the daughter Raska. Thor bade them throw all the bones into the skins of the goats, which he held extended near the table; but young Thialfe, to come at the marrow, broke, with his knife, one of the shank-bones of the goats. Having passed the night in this place, Thor arose early in the morning, and, dressing himself, reared the handle of his hammer; which he had no sooner done, than the two goats reassumed their wonted form, only that one of them now halted upon one of his hind legs. The god, seeing this, immediately judged that the peasant, or one of his family, had handled the bones of this goat too roughly. Enraged at their folly, he knit his eyebrows, rolled his eyes, and, seizing his hammer, grasped it with such force that the very joints of his fingers were white again. The peasant, trembling, was afraid of being struck down by one of his looks: he therefore, with his children, made joint suit for pardon, offering whatever they possessed in recompense of any damage that had been done. Thor at last suffered himself to be appeased, and was content to carry away with him Thialfe and Raska. Leaving, then, his he-goats in that place, he set out on his road for the country of the Giants, and, coming to the margin of the sea, swam across it, accompanied by Thialfe, Raska, and Loke. The first of these was an excellent runner, and carried Thor's wallet or bag. When they had made some advance, they found themselves in a vast plain, through which they marched all day, till they were reduced to great want of provisions. When night approached, they searched on all sides for a

place to sleep in, and at last, in the dark, found the house of a certain giant; the gate of which was so large that it took up one whole side of the mansion. Here they passed the night, but about the middle of it were alarmed by an earthquake, which violently shook the whole fabric. Thor, rising up, called upon his companions to seek along with him some place of safety. On the right they met with an adjoining chamber, into which they entered; but Thor remained at the entry; and whilst the others, terrified with fear, crept to the farthest corner of their retreat, he armed himself with his hammer, to be in readiness to defend himself at all events. Meanwhile they heard a terrible noise; and when the morning was come, Thor went out, and observed near him a man of enormous bulk, who snored pretty loud. Thor found that this was the noise which had so disturbed him. He immediately girded on his belt of prowess, which hath the virtue of increasing strength; but the giant awaking, Thor, affrighted, durst not launch his hammer, but contented himself with asking his name. 'My name is Skrymner,' replied the other; 'as for you, I need not inquire whether you are the god Thor: pray, tell me, have not you picked up my glove?' Then presently stretching forth his hand to take it up, Thor perceived that the house wherein they had passed the night was that very glove, and the chamber was only one of its fingers. Hereupon Skrymner asked whether they might not join companies; and Thor consenting, the giant opened his cloak-bag and took out something to eat. Thor and his companions having done the same, Skrymner would put both their wallets together, and, laying them on his shoulder, began to march at a great rate. At night, when the others were come up, the giant went to repose himself under an oak, showing Thor where he intended to lie, and bidding him help himself to victuals out

of the wallet. Meanwhile he fell to snore strongly. But, what is very incredible, when Thor came to open the wallet he could not untie one single knot. Vexed at this, he seized his hammer and launched it at the giant's head. He, awaking, asks what leaf had fallen upon his head, or what other trifle it could be. Thor pretended to go to sleep under another oak; but observing about midnight that Skrymner snored again, he took his hammer and drove it into the hinder part of his head. The giant, awaking, demands of Thor whether some small grain of dust had not fallen upon his head, and why he did not go to sleep. Thor answered, he was going; but, presently after, resolving to have a third blow at his enemy, he collects all his force, and launches his hammer with so much violence against the giant's cheek that it forced its way into it up to the handle. Skrymner, awaking, slightly raises his hand to his cheek, saying, 'Are there any birds perched upon this tree? I thought one of their feathers had fallen upon me.' Then he added, 'What keeps you awake, Thor? I fancy it is now time for us to get up and dress ourselves. You are now not very far from the city of Utgard. I have heard you whisper to one another that I was of very tall stature, but you will see many there much larger than myself. Wherefore I advise you, when you come thither, not to take upon you too much; for in that place they will not bear with it from such little men as you. Nay, I even believe that your best way is to turn back again; but if you still persist in your resolution, take the road that leads eastward, for, as for me, mine lies to the north.' Hereupon he threw his wallet over his shoulder and entered a forest. I never could hear that the god Thor wished him a good journey; but proceeding on his way, along with his companions, he perceived, about noon, a city situated in the middle of a vast plain. The city



was so lofty that one could not look up to the top of it without throwing one's head quite back upon the shoulders. The gateway was closed with a grate, which Thor never could have opened, but he and his companions crept through the bars. Entering in, they saw a large palace and men of a prodigious stature. Then addressing themselves to the king, who was named Utgarda-Loke, they saluted him with great respect. The king, having at last discerned them, broke out into such a burst of laughter as discomposed every feature of his face. 'It would take up too much time,' says he, 'to ask you concerning the long journey you have performed; yet, if I do not mistake, that little man whom I see there should be Thor: perhaps, indeed, he is larger than he appears to me to be; but in order to judge of this,' added he, addressing his discourse to Thor, 'let me see a specimen of those arts by which you are distinguished, you and your companions; for nobody is permitted to remain here unless he understand some art and excel in it all other men.' Loke then said that his art consisted in eating more than any other man in the world, and that he would challenge any one at that kind of combat. 'It must, indeed, be owned,' replied the king, 'that you are not wanting in dexterity if you are able to perform what you promise. Come, then, let us put it to the proof.' At the same time he ordered one of his courtiers, who was sitting on a side-bench, and whose name was Loge [*i.e.*, Flame], to come forward and try his skill with Loke in the art they were speaking of. Then he caused a great tub or trough full of provisions to be placed upon the bar, and the two champions at each end of it; who immediately fell to devour the victuals with so much eagerness that they presently met in the middle of the trough, and were obliged to desist. But Loke had only eat the flesh of his portion, whereas the

other had devoured both flesh and bones. All the company therefore adjudged that Loke was vanquished. . . .

“Then the king asked what that young man could do, who accompanied Thor. Thialfe answered that in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the courtiers. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one, but that he must exert himself if he would come off conqueror. He then arose and conducted Thialfe to a ‘snowy’ plain, giving him a young man, named Hugo [Spirit, or Thought], to dispute the prize of swiftness with him. But this Hugo so much outstripped Thialfe that, in returning to the barrier whence they set out, they met face to face. Then says the king, ‘Another trial, and you may perhaps exert yourself better.’ They therefore ran a second course, and Thialfe was a full bow-shot from the boundary when Hugo arrived at it. They ran a third time; but Hugo had already reached the goal before Thialfe had got half-way. Hereupon all who were present cried out that there had been a sufficient trial of skill in this kind of exercise. . . .

“Then the king asked Thor in what art he would choose to give proof of that dexterity for which he was so famous. Thor replied that he would contest the prize of drinking with any person belonging to his court. The king consented, and immediately went into his palace to look for a large horn, out of which his courtiers were obliged to drink when they had committed any trespass against the customs of the court. This the cup-bearer filled to the brim and presented to Thor, whilst the king spake thus: ‘Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught; some persons make two of it; but the most puny drinker of all can do it at three.’ Thor looked at the horn, and was astonished at its length; however, as he was very thirsty, he set it to his mouth, and, with-

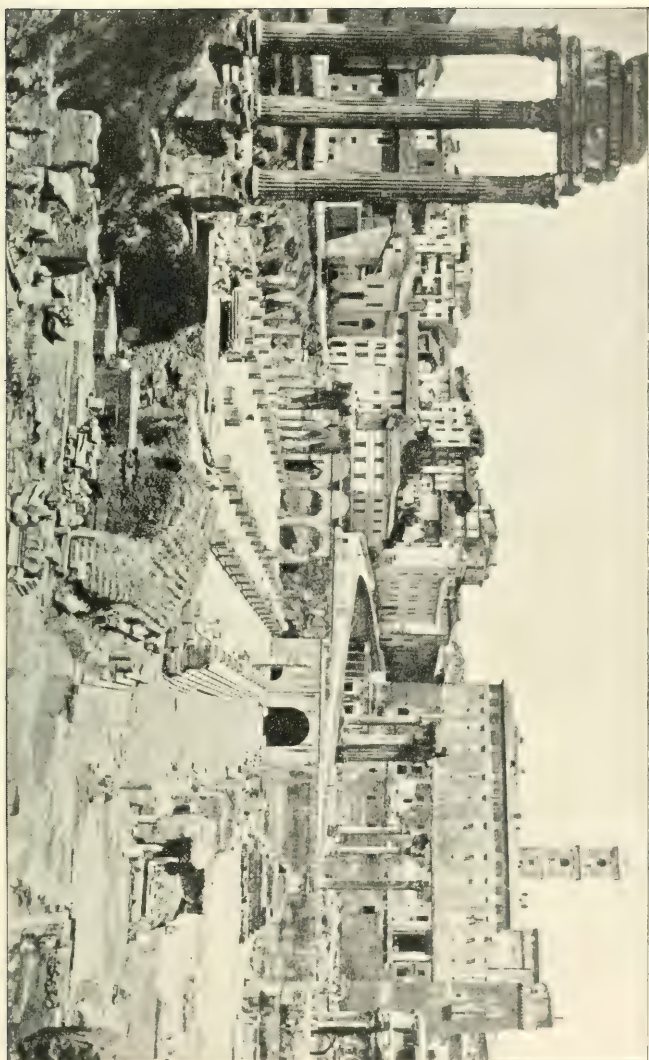
out drawing breath, pulled as long and as deeply as he could, that he might not be obliged to make a second draught of it; but when he withdrew the cup from his mouth, in order to look in, he could scarcely perceive any of the liquor gone. To it he went again with all his might, but succeeded no better than before. At last, full of indignation, he again set the horn to his lips, and exerted himself to the utmost to empty it entirely; then, looking in, he found that the liquor was a little lowered: upon this, he resolved to attempt it no more, but gave back the horn. 'I now see plainly,' says the king, 'that thou art not quite so stout as we thought thee; but art thou willing to make any more trials?' 'I am sure,' says Thor, 'such draughts as I have been drinking would not have been reckoned small among the gods. But what new trial have you to propose?' 'We have a very trifling game, here,' replied the king, 'in which we exercise none but children: it consists in only lifting my cat from the ground; nor should I have mentioned it, if I had not already observed that you are by no means what we took you for.' Immediately a large iron-colored cat leaped into the middle of the hall. Thor, advancing, put his hand under the cat's belly and did his utmost to raise him from the ground; but the cat, bending his back, had only one of his feet lifted up. 'The event,' says the king, 'is just what I foresaw: the cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison of the men here.' 'Little as I am,' says Thor, 'let me see who will wrestle with me.' The king, looking round him, says, 'I see nobody here who would not think it beneath him to enter the lists with you; let somebody, however, call hither my nurse Hela [*i.e.*, Death] to wrestle with this god Thor; she hath thrown to the ground many a better man than he.' Immediately a toothless old woman entered the hall. 'This is she,' says the king,

‘with whom you must wrestle.’—I cannot,” says Jafuhar, “give you all the particulars of this contest, only, in general, that the more vigorously Thor assailed her, the more immovable she stood. At length the old woman had recourse to stratagems, and Thor could not keep his feet so steadily but that she, by a violent struggle, brought him upon one knee. Then the king came to them and ordered them to desist; adding, there now remained nobody in his court whom he could ask with honor to condescend to fight with Thor. . . .

“Thor passed the night in that place with his companions, and was preparing to depart thence early the next morning, when the king ordered him to be sent for, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. After this he accompanied him out of the city. When they were just going to bid adieu to each other, the king asked Thor what he thought of the success of his expedition. Thor told him he could not but own that he went away very much ashamed and disappointed. ‘It behooves me, then,’ says the king, ‘to discover now the truth to you, since you are out of my city; which you shall never re-enter whilst I live and reign. And I assure you that, had I known beforehand you had been so strong and mighty, I would not have suffered you to enter now. But I enchanted you by my illusions: first of all in the forest, where I arrived before you. And there you were not able to untie your wallet, because I had fastened it with a magic chain. You afterwards aimed three blows at me with your hammer: the first stroke, though slight, would have brought me to the ground had I received it; but when you are gone hence you will meet with an immense rock, in which are three narrow valleys of a square form, one of them in particular remarkably deep: these are the breaches made by your hammer; for I at that time lay

concealed behind the rock, which you did not perceive. I have used the same illusions in the contests you have had with the people of my court. In the first, Loke, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him; but his opponent, Loge, was nothing else but a wandering Fire, which instantly consumed not only the meat, but the bones, and the very trough itself. Hugo, with whom Thialfe disputed the prize of swiftness, was no other than Thought or Spirit; and it was impossible for Thialfe to keep pace with that. When you attempted to empty the horn, you performed, upon my word, a deed so marvellous that I should never have believed it if I had not seen it myself; for one end of the horn reached to the sea, a circumstance you did not observe; but the first time you go to the sea-side you will see how much it is diminished. You performed no less a miracle in lifting the cat; and, to tell you the truth, when we saw that one of her paws had quitted the earth, we were all extremely surprised and terrified; for what you took for a cat was in reality the great Serpent of Midgard, which encompasses the earth; and he was then scarce long enough to touch the earth with his head and tail, so high had your hand raised him up towards heaven. As to your wrestling with an old woman, it is very astonishing that she could only bring you down upon one of your knees; for it was Death you wrestled with, who, first or last, will bring every one low. But now, as we are going to part, let me tell you that it will be equally for your advantage and mine that you never come near me again; for, should you do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions and enchantments, so that you will never prevail against me.'—As he uttered these words, Thor, in a rage, laid hold of his hammer, and would have launched it at the king, but he suddenly disappeared; and when the god would have returned





THE ROMAN FORUM.





to the city to destroy it, he found nothing all around him but vast plains covered with verdure. Continuing, therefore, his course, he returned, without ever stopping, to his palace."

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## FROM THE DRAMA OF "TITUS."

PIETRO METASTASIO.

[Pietro Bonaventura Metastasio was born at Rome in 1698. At an early age he manifested remarkable powers of improvisation, and in 1721 brought out a lyric drama, "The Gardens of the Hesperides," which was enthusiastically received. Other operas followed, "Catone," "Semiramide," "Olympiade," etc., which were produced in magnificent style and received with the highest favor.

As a writer his style is marked by great sweetness, grace, and harmony, and he was eulogized in the highest terms by contemporary critics, Voltaire and La Harpe comparing some of his scenes with the most sublime of those of the Greek poets. We select a scene from Hoole's translation of "Titus."]

*Titus, Publius, Anniius, and Sextus.*

[The scene represents a place before the temple of Jupiter Stator, celebrated for the meeting of the Senate: behind is a view of part of the Roman Forum, decorated with arches, obelisks, and trophies; on the side is a distant prospect of the Palatine Hill and a great part of the Via Sacra; a front view of the Capitol, which is ascended by a magnificent flight of steps.

Publius and the Roman Senators; the deputies of the subject provinces attending to present their annual tribute to the Senate. While the ensuing chorus is sung, Titus descends from the Capitol, preceded by the Lictors, followed by the Prætors, and surrounded by a numerous crowd of people.]

CHORUS.

O guardian gods, in whom we trust  
To watch the Roman fate,  
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,  
The glory of the state!

Forever round our Cæsar's brows  
The sacred laurel bloom ;  
In him, for whom we breathe our vows,  
Preserve the weal of Rome !  
Long may your glorious gift remain  
Our happy times to adorn :  
So shall our age the envy gain  
Of ages yet unborn !

PUBLIUS.

This day the Senate style thee, mighty Cæsar,  
The father of thy country ; never yet  
More just in their decree.

ANNIUS.

Thou art not only  
Thy country's father, but her guardian god ;  
And, since thy virtues have already soared  
Beyond mortality, receive the homage  
We pay to Heaven ! The Senate have decreed  
To build a stately temple, where thy name  
Shall stand enrolled among the powers divine,  
And Tiber worship at the fane of Titus.

PUBLIUS.

These treasures, gathered from the annual tribute  
Of subject provinces, we dedicate  
To effect this pious work : disdain not, Titus,  
This public token of our grateful homage.

TITUS.

Romans, believe that every wish of Titus  
Is centred in your love ; but let not therefore

Your love, forgetful of its proper bounds,  
Reflect disgrace on Titus, or yourselves.  
Is there a name more dear, more tender to me  
Than father of my people? Yet even this  
I rather seek to merit than obtain.  
My soul would imitate the mighty gods  
By virtuous deeds, but shudders at the thought  
Of impious emulation. He who dares  
To rank himself their equal forfeits all  
His future title to their guardian care.  
Oh, fatal folly, when presumptuous pride  
Forgets the weakness of mortality!  
Yet think not I refuse your proffered treasures:  
Their use alone be changed. Then hear my purpose.  
Vesuvius, raging with unwonted fury,  
Pours from her gaping jaws a lake of fire,  
Shakes the firm earth, and spreads destruction round  
The subject fields and cities; trembling fly  
The pale inhabitants, while all who 'scape  
The flaming ruin meagre want pursues.  
Behold, an object claims our thoughts! dispense  
These treasures to relieve your suffering brethren:  
Thus, Romans, thus your temples build for Titus!

ANNIUS.

Oh, truly great!

PUBLIUS.

How poor were all rewards,  
How poor were praise, to such transcendent virtue!

CHORUS.

O guardian gods, in whom we trust  
To watch the Roman fate,  
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,  
The glory of the state!

TITUS.

Enough,—enough!—Sextus, my friend, draw near;  
Depart not, Annius. All besides, retire.

ANNIUS (*aside to Sextus*).

Now, Sextus, plead my cause.

SEXTUS.

And could you, sir,  
Resign your beauteous queen?

TITUS.

Alas, my Sextus,  
That moment, sure, was dreadful,—yet I thought——  
No more——'tis past; the struggle's o'er! she's gone!  
Thanks to the gods, I've gained the painful conquest!  
'Tis just I now complete the task begun.  
The greater part is done; the less remains.

SEXTUS.

What more remains, my lord?

TITUS.

To take from Rome  
The least suspicion that the hand of Titus  
Shall e'er be joined in marriage to the queen.

SEXTUS.

For this the queen's departure may suffice.

TITUS.

No, Sextus; once before, she left our city,  
And yet returned; twice have we met,—the third  
May prove a fatal meeting; while my bed  
Receives no other partner, all who know

My soul's affection may with show of reason  
Declare the place reserved for Berenice.  
Too deeply Rome abhors the name of queen,  
But wishes on the imperial seat to view  
A daughter of her own. Let Titus, then,  
Fulfil the wish of Rome. Since love in vain  
Formed my first choice, let friendship fix the second.  
Sextus, to thee shall Cæsar's blood unite;  
This day thy sister is my bride——

SEXTUS.

Servilia?

TITUS.

Servilia.

ANNIUS (*aside*).

Wretched Annius!

SEXTUS.

Oh, ye gods!

Annius is lost!

TITUS.

Thou hear'st not; speak, my friend.  
What means this silence?

SEXTUS.

Can I speak, my lord?  
Thy goodness overwhelms my grateful mind.  
Fain would I——

ANNIUS (*aside*).

Sextus suffers for his friend!

TITUS.

Declare thyself with freedom: every wish  
Shall find a grant.



SEXTUS (*aside*).

Be just, my soul, to Annius!

ANNIUS (*aside*).

Annus, be firm!

SEXTUS.

O Titus!——

ANNIUS.

Mighty Cæsar!

I know the heart of Sextus: from our infancy,  
A mutual tenderness has grown between us.  
I read his thoughts; with modest estimation  
He rates his worth as disproportioned far  
To such alliance, nor reflects that Cæsar  
Ennobles whom he favors. Sacred sir,  
Pursue your purpose. Can a bride be found  
More worthy of the empire or yourself?  
Beauty and virtue in Servilia meet;  
She seemed, whene'er I viewed her, born to reign;  
And what I oft presaged your choice confirms.

SEXTUS (*aside*).

Is this the voice of Annus? Do I dream?

TITUS.

'Tis well: thou, Annus, with despatchful care,  
Convey the tidings to her. Come, my Sextus,  
Cast every vain and cautious doubt aside;  
Thou shalt with me so far partake of greatness,  
I will exalt thee to such height of honor,  
That little of the distance shall remain  
At which the gods have placed thee now from Titus.

## SEXTUS.

Forbear, my lord! Oh, moderate this goodness,  
Lest Sextus, poor and bankrupt in his thanks,  
Appear ungrateful for the gifts of Cæsar.

## TITUS.

What wouldst thou leave me, friend, if thou deniest me  
The glorious privilege of doing good?

This fruit the monarch boasts alone,  
The only fruit that glads a throne:  
All, all besides is toil and pain,  
Where slavery drags the galling chain.

Shall I my only joy forego?  
No more my kind protection show  
To those by fortune's frown pursued?  
No more exalt each virtuous friend,  
No more a bounteous hand extend  
To enrich the worthy and the good?

ANNIUS (*alone*).

Shall I repent?—Oh, no!—I've acted well,  
As suits a generous lover; had I now  
Deprived her of the throne, to insure her mine,  
I might have loved myself, but not Servilia.  
Lay by, my heart, thy wonted tenderness!  
She who was late thy mistress is become  
Thy sovereign; let thy passion, then, be changed  
To distant homage!—But, behold, she's here!  
Oh, heaven! methinks she ne'er before appeared  
So beauteous in my eyes!

*Annius and Servilia.*

SERVILIA.

My life! my love!

ANNIUS.

Cease, cease, Servilia; for 'tis criminal  
To call me still by those endearing names.

SERVILIA.

And wherefore?

ANNIUS.

Cæsar has elected thee—  
Oh, torture!—for the partner of his bed.  
He bade me bring, myself,—I cannot bear it!—  
The tidings to thee. Oh, my breaking heart!  
And I—I have been once—I cannot speak!  
Empress, farewell!

SERVILIA.

What can this mean?—Yet stay,—  
Servilia Cæsar's wife?—Ah! why?

ANNIUS.

Because  
Beauty and virtue never can be found  
More worthy of the throne.—My life!—Oh, heaven!  
What would I dare to say?—Permit me, empress,—  
Permit me to retire.

SERVILIA.

And wilt thou leave me  
In this confusion? Speak,—relate at full  
By what strange means,—declare each circumstance ——

ANNIUS.

I'm lost, unless I go.—My heart's best treasure!

My tongue its wonted theme pursues,  
Accustomed on thy name to dwell :  
Then let my former love excuse  
What from my lips unwary fell.

I hoped that reason would suffice  
To calm the emotions love might raise ;  
But, ah ! unguarded, fond surprise  
Each secret I would hide betrays.

SERVILIA (*alone*).

Shall I be wife to Cæsar ? in one moment  
Shake off my former chains ? consign to oblivion  
Such wondrous faith ?—Ah, no ! from me the throne  
Can never merit such a sacrifice !  
Fear it not, Annius : it shall never be !

Thee long I've loved, and still I'll love ;  
Thou wert the first, and thou shalt prove  
The last dear object of my flame :  
The love which first our breast inspires,  
When free from guilt, such strength acquires,  
It lasts till death consumes our frame.

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## THE FOUNDLING.

JOSEPH KRASZEWSKI.

[Joseph Ignatius Kraszewski, the most popular of Polish novelists, was born at Warsaw in 1812. His works are very numerous, comprising novels, poems, travels, and historical treatises, and he may be considered the first national novelist of Poland, where before his time the fictitious literature had consisted of imitations of French romances.

His themes are taken from the family and national life of Poland, and treated with a truth to nature and a skill that have rendered him highly popular among his countrymen. He is diffuse and undramatic in manner, yet draws characters well, and has strong sympathy with human life and its vagaries, and with the charms of nature. From the Zimmern sisters' translation of "*Jermola the Potter*" we extract the following scenes. As a social photograph of Polish life the story has been highly praised.]

OLD Jermola walked slowly towards his tumble-down dwelling, his head full of the revived remembrances of his life.

It was neither a cottage nor a farm,—rather a ruin, an old forsaken tavern, for some reason fallen into decay. Jermola was accustomed to this melancholy abode: he approached it without repugnance, turned the handle, and opened the door. Darkness already prevailed there: he struck a light, and kindled a few shavings that lay ready in the stove.

When the old man had kindled the shavings in the stove, for a light was regarded as an extravagant luxury, he cast a glance around to see whether everything was in order, took a pot, in which to warm his supper, which the old Cossack's wife had brought him from the village, or which he himself had cooked well or badly, seated himself on a stool by the fire, and began to say the Lord's Prayer. The wind rustled in the branches of the pines and oaks in the garden, otherwise there was silence around. Jermola had become absorbed in thought over his prayer, when the silence was broken by the crying of a child, at first soft, and gradually becoming louder and louder. It was the voice of a whining infant, and was as near as though it were behind the door.

"What may that be," said the old man to himself, interrupting his prayer and rising from his seat,—"so

late at night? It cannot be a silly woman who is going on to the rafts now with her child or coming to me for medicine?"

He listened; but the whining neither approached nor retreated. Then the child must be lying close by. At this hour, on such a cold evening, surely no one could have put a cradle there. And the child's cry is so piteous.

"It must be an owl," said the old man, returning to his seat; "it is screeching up in an oak-tree; and yet I could swear that it is a child's voice. I call that a wonderful imitation."

He listened again; the crying became plainer and more painful.

"No, that is not an owl; that is really beyond my comprehension; I must go and look; perhaps a misfortune has happened somewhere. What ever can it be?"

With these words he sprang up quickly, drew his cap over his ears, took his stick in his hand, and, forgetting even his beloved pipe, ran out of the door. On the threshold he was already convinced that there could be no doubt about its being a poor child's whining, and not an owl's cry. The old man was quite overcome by this, and, led by the whimpering voice, he began his search, and saw, not far from the little garden, something white under an oak. His old eyes had not deceived him: on a little moss-covered elevation lay, wrapped in white swaddling-clothes, a crying infant.

A child,—a child abandoned and exposed by its parents! The old man's brain could not take that in. He was stupefied with amazement, surprise, pity, and sorrow; he ran hither and thither, not knowing what to do. At last he took up the child, which, in consequence probably of feeling the movement, immediately ceased crying. Like a thief with his stolen property, forgetting even his stick,



old Jermola ran into his room, still repeating, "A child! a child! What can it mean?"

Suddenly the idea occurred to him that perhaps the child had only been deposited by its mother for a moment for some reason or other, and she would be uneasy if she did not find it again. He now began to call loudly, and to knock his fingers in the Polish manner, so that the echo recalled to him his shepherd-days; but no one answered.

"I cannot expose the poor thing to the cold any longer," said he, feelingly. "I will go into the cottage: perhaps something may occur to me which will bring me on the track."

He opened the door; the fire was extinguished in the stove, the room was in darkness. He quickly deposited his burden on the bed, and fanned the fire into a flame,—this time sparing no shavings. When the room was again light, the old man hastened to the crying child, and then his surprise and terror reached the highest point. This was evidently no village child; the swaddling-clothes alone proved that. Jermola could not understand how and why a mother or a father could make up their minds to reject so small and innocent a being, the mere sight of which made him weep with pity and emotion.

In fact, from the moment when he heard the first cry, a strange feeling had come over the old man, generally so calm: he was excited, terrified, and yet new life had come to him; he seemed twenty years younger. Filled with curiosity, he approached the mysterious creature, that Fate, taking pity on his loneliness, had granted him as a consolation, while he was seeking some tie to bind him still to the world. The child was carefully wrapped up, but in such a manner that even its wraps gave no clue to its origin. The unnatural mother or careless father had, with

some remnant of care, wrapped the child in a large piece of thick white cotton, which only revealed a small part of the face, distorted by crying. Jermola looked at the child with ever-increasing excitement, and continued to wring his hands. Then suddenly the thought occurred to him that he stood in need of good advice, that the crying baby must be hungry, and that to bear the burden so unexpectedly imposed on him was beyond his power. Like a sudden lightning-flash it was revealed to him that here was need of nurse, cradle, and motherly care, while his means would not permit him to supply all these. And then hired hands did not appear to him worthy to touch this divine gift, as this foundling child seemed to him. He considered himself the chosen father whom Providence had destined for the poor orphan. The thought that the child might be taken from him caused him the greatest alarm.

"No, I will give it back to no one; it is my child,—my own! God has sent it me. I will not drive away the orphan."

Quite overcome by this strange event, he was carrying the child up and down in the room, when a heavy packet fell out of the swaddling-clothes on to the ground. He almost dropped the child.

"So it is a rich man who has cast his own flesh and blood from him, and pays to have it taken off his hands!"

The old man became thoughtful; he tried his best to understand the world that he had hitherto known so little, and there came into his heart an intuition which in one moment revealed to him the whole blackness, misery, and sorrow of life.

"Good God!" thought he to himself, "there might even be people who would take this from the orphan. No, no one shall know anything about it. I will keep the

money till the child is grown up; I shall manage to rear it alone."

He threw the gold into an old casket which stood near his bed, and in which he usually kept his few pence. Then he wrapped the child in his *oponcza* (cloak), and ran frightened and happy with it to the nearest cottage, there to take counsel with his neighbors.

[The advent of the potter with the child at the house of the Kozaczicha (the Cossack Harassym's wife) created a sensation in the village. The news spread, and soon most of the villagers were assembled. The potter was advised to take the child to the magistrate. This he refused to do. Then a nurse was suggested. Finally an old man counselled him to buy a goat, and feed the child on its milk, a method which he had known to be effective in a similar case. There was only one goat in the village, and this was owned by a Jew, the landlord of the inn, and a grasping miser, who would ask an exorbitant price for it if he should know how badly it was needed. The old man at last agreed to conduct the negotiation with the Jew, and left the potter behind while he sought the inn.]

Chwedko first went into the tap-room, but Schmul was not there; only the goat was walking about. Opening the door of the state-room a little way, and wiping his feet, after asking permission, he stepped on to the threshold, his hat under his arm, amid many bows. He remained carefully standing on the straw mat; for the Jew became very angry when dirt was brought into his parlor. Thus he had fulfilled all the necessary conditions for being graciously received by Schmul, and the careful Chwedko did not forget never to address him otherwise than as merchant; for Reb Schmul declared that the tavern business interested him but little, and he only lived in the village for his own amusement.

"Well, what does Chwedko bring?" asked the Jew from his seat, where he was swaying to and fro, like a pendulum,

over a religious book. He interrupted his pious reading for the sake of gain, for he knew that God is more indulgent than man.

"Excuse me, sir, there is an *opportunity*."

An *opportunity* is the expression used by the people for every unexpected occurrence,—every event that gives an opportunity for drinking brandy.

"An opportunity! Well, what sort?—christening, wedding, or funeral? I hope nobody is dead. I suppose you want brandy on credit?"

"No; I have heard something by chance, and wanted to acquaint you with it,—perhaps a gain."

"Well, what sort of gain?" broke in Schmul, rising and thrusting his hands in his belt as he approached.

"The gentleman" (this name pleased the Jew particularly) "must know Jermola, the old man who lives in the tumble-down inn."

"Why should I not know him?—a poor wretch!"

"That is true; but he has turned up a few roubles somewhere."

"Well, does he want to spend them in drink?"

"Nothing of the sort. He does not drink brandy, but has taken into his head that he wants to buy a cow,—half for credit, half for ready money."

"A cow! What does he want a cow for?"

"He was just going off to the town about it. I prevented him, for an idea occurred to me."

"To the town!—always to the town!" exclaimed the Jew, shrugging his shoulders. "Well, speak, Chwedko: what have you thought of?"

"I want to persuade him that it would be better for him, instead of buying a cow on credit, to pay money down for a milk-goat; then he will get milk, and in time a kid. Perhaps you would sell him your old white one?"

Schmul looked straight into Chwedko's eyes, but he fortunately did not seem in the least confused; nor was it easy to suspect any fraud in such a proposal. The landlord merely put one question to him, destined to sound him:

"Is Jermola here—in the inn?"

"No," was the quiet answer; "he has been with his neighbors ever since mid-day; but, if you like, I may perhaps succeed in talking him over and bringing him here, although he is not very fond of coming to the inn. But perhaps you have no wish to sell the old goat. I only proposed it out of kindness. Why should the money go out of the village? But if you do not care about it, I will leave him alone, and he can go to the town."

"But wait a moment; do wait," said the Jew thoughtfully to Chwedko, who had already seized the door-handle. "What will he do in the town?"

He called Sara into the room, and she entered with the air of a spoilt child. They conversed together in their jargon, the Jew speaking gently, his wife very sharply. Chwedko tried to guess, by their gestures and voices, how matters stood, but did not succeed. Soon the Jewess left the room, and Schmul turned once more to Chwedko.

"You are a good fellow," said he, patting Chwedko on the shoulder. "If you want brandy on trust I will credit you for a whole rouble, do you hear? Bring Jermola to the inn; the goat is there; he is sure to be pleased with it. A very good goat. How much money has he?"

"I do not know exactly," answered Chwedko. "I believe he had about twenty Polish gulden, and the Kozaczicha was going to lend him something."

The Jew shook his head silently, and sent off the peasant, who hastened to his friend. Soon after Chwedko and old Jermola entered the tap-room. The latter was trembling like an aspen-leaf, and was ashamed of the comedy

he was about to perform for the sake of the goat. His first glance fell upon its grave form; and he would certainly have betrayed himself if Schmul had noticed it, but he fortunately was consistently playing his assumed part, and had turned his back to the new-comers.

"Good-evening, sir," said Chwedko.

"Good-evening."

Schmul turned round and muttered something in his beard.

"Well, shall we drink a drop?" asked Chwedko.

"I seldom drink," answered Jermola; "but, for the sake of company, give us something, Marysia."

"I hear you are going to the fair," began Chwedko again. "You must have something to set you up for the journey."

"Well, what do you want at the fair?" asked Schmul. "If you have something to sell I will buy it of you."

"No, I have some other business."

"And if you have," exclaimed the Jew, "must you go off at once to the town? You are all of you so ready with the town. Do you want to buy something?"

"I tell you what, sir," said Chwedko, "my friend wants to buy a cow. He is dull, and he wants some worry and anxiety."

"What do you want a cow for?" asked the Jew.

"Bah, it is a convenience, and may be profitable."

"Good God!" exclaimed Schmul, stretching out his hands, "it is plain enough that you have never yet had a cow, and do not know what it means to feed a cow. You must find a cow-boy for it. Well, consider what that costs; then the creatures always come back hungry from pasture; then you must buy hay—and hay is as dear as saffron just now; you must buy chaff, and that costs tenpence a sack; you must buy clover, and I do not sell that for less than



forty pence;—every one pays me that. Then you must give it green-stuff and potatoes, otherwise it will grow thin. Then it may get ill and not have a calf; and, in any case, for half a year it will not give a drop of milk.”

“But still I should have a calf and some milk.”

“But who will take care of it?” asked the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

Jermola seemed convinced, and scratched his head meditatively.

“Is not that exactly what I told you?” said Chwedko. “Cattle bring nothing but worry to poor people,—nothing but misery.”

“If only I could have a calf and a little milk!” said Jermola.

“That is easily said,” continued the mediator. “Nothing is so good for milk as a goat, I can tell you. In the first place, it does not cost much, and can live on anything, —stalks, weeds, rubbish. Then it gives no trouble; and when you have drunk your fill of goat’s milk, at least you know that you have drunk something. How it smells! How healthy it is!”

“There you spoke a true word,” said the innkeeper, slowly. “I tell you there is nothing better than a goat. We have discovered that already; and we generally keep goats. But that is the way of people; they look on and do not imitate; they have no sense in their heads. A goat is a real treasure.”

“Who knows? perhaps I shall turn the matter over and buy a goat,” said Jermola, slowly.

“It is the best thing you can do!” exclaimed Chwedko. “I tell you that is the most sensible plan. If Mr. Schmul would sell you his white one——”

“What can you be thinking of?” interrupted the Jew, hastily, as though he had just caught the words. “I

would not give up my goat for all the money in the world. My wife, my children,—they all love it; it is an invaluable creature; it is worth more than a cow."

"It is a pity," said Jermola, looking at the goat. "Why should I have to drag myself to the town? My old legs can hardly carry me. Your goat might perhaps——"

"It is indeed a rare goat!" exclaimed the Jew. "Have you ever seen such a goat? She is so sensible that you can talk to her; and her milk,—you hardly know what that is! You will not find one like her twenty miles round; it is a treasure, and not a goat! It is a phenomenon!"

"But old," remarked Jermola, slowly.

"Old! How old? The old goats are the best. Why, how old is she? She is really only just beginning her life; she will live another twenty years!" exclaimed Schmul, becoming more and more excited.

"And what did she cost you?" asked Jermola.

"What she cost me? That has nothing to do with the matter. As a kid, she cost me two roubles. But you must know that she is not a common goat; she belongs to a superior kind. I would not sell her for six roubles: she eats hardly anything, and is always fat, and has two kids every year."

A momentary pause ensued. Jermola looked about him, and did not know what to do next; while he constantly cast glances at the goat, which continued to walk up and down the room, striking the ground with her hoofs, and poking her head everywhere where she perceived anything eatable. She collected remains of leaves, gnawed crusts and bits of bread. We must do her the justice to say that she trusted in no one, and cared for her own maintenance.

"That would really be something for you," began the

broker Chwedko: "she is accustomed to the village; she knows the pasture; she is experienced; not very young either, but gives very good milk."

"Not a common goat," added the Jew, softly; "a superior kind."

"But what a price!" exclaimed Jermola.

"Well, I will tell you what," said the Jew, approaching hastily: "you are a worthy man. I love and honor you; the people at the fair will fleece you. I will do something for you, and let you have the goat for three roubles. There, now do as you please."

Chwedko, who had feared something worse, and was glad to come off so easily, added, quickly,—

"Come, shake hands upon it, and thank the merchant; it is dirt-cheap. Pay him, and take it; I do not grudge it you."

"For my part, I am willing," answered the old man; "only you must give me a cord to lead the goat home by."

The unexpected bargain was struck. Jermola took three roubles out of a knot in an old handkerchief, and counted them out to Schmul. The Jew examined them, spit on them as is customary, and put them in his pocket.

"But you must bring back the cord to-morrow," he muttered, and folded his cloak round him, preparing to go back to the parlor.

"And the *mohorycz*?" asked Chwedko, softly.

"Jermola must pay that," said Schmul; "but because he did not beat me down—well, you need not pay for the brandy you have drunk; I have given you the *mohorycz*."

Old Marysia brought a cord with a noose, which she used for carrying wood, and Chwedko closed the door and tried to catch the goat, which, suspecting treachery, constantly eluded him. The Jew had taken himself off.

"Well, you two have made a fine bargain!" cried the

old woman, when the innkeeper was gone. "To pay twenty Polish gulden for an old goat! you might have got three young ones for that at the fair."

The old men were silent, fastened the cord round the goat's horns, and set out with their booty. Jermola trembled with joy, the tears ran down his cheeks, and he kissed his friend.

"You have done me a great service: may God reward you for it!" said Jermola, softly.

"But now I must not come into the Jew's sight any more," sighed Chwedko, as he considered the danger to which he had exposed himself. "Had we let drop a word about the child the infidel would have guessed everything, and have fleeced you finely."

Talking in low tones, they returned to the Kozaczicha's cottage, forcing the goat, who objected to leaving the inn, to obedience by various means. But soon after their departure the storm had broken out at the tavern; for Sara immediately acquainted her husband with the news she had just heard about the child found before Jermola's hut. Schmul knew at once that he had been taken in, and saw how necessary the goat had been. He bit his fingers with vexation.

"Well, take care, Chwedko, you scoundrel," said he, shaking his head: "unless I die, I will pay you with interest!"

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## RUSSIAN AND SPANISH FABLES.

### VARIOUS.

[The Russian people have a strong national love for fables, and several important writers of this class of fiction have appeared, chief among whom is Kriloff, one of the most talented of all the Russian

authors. This personage, Ivan Andreevitch Kriloff, was born at Moscow probably in 1764, or perhaps in 1768 as generally stated. His first compositions were dramas, but, as these were not favorably received, he began to write fables, in which, for simplicity and humor, he is not surpassed by La Fontaine. His fables, which are written in the easiest and most familiar language, are still read with the greatest delight in Russia, and many of them have become proverbs. We give one or two examples, though it is not easy to render the peculiarly attractive manner of the original in a translation.]

#### THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

The wolves led the sheep such a life that at last they could scarcely exist, and it was absolutely necessary that the government should interfere to save them. To this end a council was held. It is true the greater number of those present were wolves; but it is not every wolf that has a bad name; and there have been instances, which must not be forgotten, of wolves, when they were satisfied, walking quite peaceably past a flock. Why, then, should not wolves be admitted into the council? for though we must protect the sheep, still we must not be unjust to the wolves. Accordingly, a council was formed in the thickest part of the wood, where the members deliberated, debated, heard evidence, and at last made a law, which was, word for word, as follows:

“As soon as a wolf is found troublesome in the neighborhood of a flock, and begins to annoy the sheep, then any sheep, without distinction of rank, has a right to take the wolf by the neck and drag him instantly before the bar of the council. And nothing in this law shall be added or taken away.”

But, though it is said that wolves are liable to punishment, I find that, let the sheep be accusers or accused, the wolves still devour them.

[Another fable based upon the relations of the wolves and the sheep, but which is full of scarcely-concealed satire of the relations of the government and the people, is the following.]

#### THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

A petition was sent in to the lion to make the wolf guardian of the sheep, and many a good word had been urged on his behalf by his friend and gossip the fox, whilst chatting with the lioness. But there were ugly rumors afloat as to the wicked doings of the wolf: so, that people might not say the lion acted out of friendship to the fox, it was resolved that a general assembly of all the beasts should be held, and that each animal should be asked his opinion, good or bad, of the wolf. The imperial orders were obeyed, all the beasts were summoned, and the votes were taken according to rank. But not a single voice was raised against the wolf, and he was appointed lord of the sheepfold.

And what, pray, did the sheep say?—for of course they were invited to take part in the deliberations of the council? But that is just what was not done; the sheep were quite forgotten, though it was their opinion which should have been first asked.

[From Ivan Ivanovitch Khemnitzer, a fabulist who immediately preceded Kriloff, and had much of the same vivacity of manner and *naïveté* of expression, we select the following fable.]

#### METAPHYSICS.

A father had heard that children were sometimes sent beyond the sea to be educated, and that he who had been beyond the sea could be at once distinguished from him who had not.

So, not to be behind others, the father decided to send



his son across the ocean, that he might learn something useful; but the boy returned a greater dunce than before. He had fallen into scholastic hands, had had inexplicable things explained to him, but had learned nothing, and remained a fool.

Formerly in his simplicity the boy would talk of simple subjects, but now of the loftiest things and quite unreasonably. The dull did not understand him before, but now even the clever could make nothing of him, and his family, the town, and the whole world grew weary of his nonsensical talk.

Mad from metaphysical study, pondering on the old subject, seeking the beginning of all beginnings, he was ascending into the clouds, when, as he proceeded along the road, he stumbled and fell into a pit.

His father, who happened to be with him, ran to fetch a rope, with which to rescue Wisdom from the abyss and bring him up into the world again.

In the mean while the clever youth sat in the pit, and reflected what could be the reason of his stumbling and falling into it. "The cause was probably an earthquake, and my rapid fall into the pit may be accounted for by central attraction and the pressure of the air."

The father came back with the rope. "Here," he said, "is a rope for you: take hold of it and I will pull you out. Hold fast!"

"No, do not pull yet; tell me first"—and the student began to rave as usual—"what manner of thing is a rope?"

The father was not a learned man, but he possessed common sense, and, without regarding the scientific side of the question, replied, "A rope is a thing for pulling out people who have fallen into a pit."

"For such a purpose some other instrument should be

invented," said the learned youth, continuing his own mode of talking. "And so this is a rope?"

"Time is necessary for what you propose," replied the father; "and it is lucky we have the rope here at hand."

"And what is time?" recommenced the youth.

"Ah! time is a thing I shall not lose with a fool: remain where you are," said the father, "till I come again."

What if we were to collect all the utterers of absurdities and untruths and throw them into a pit to keep company with this youth? But we should want a large pit.

[Tomas de Yriarte, born in the island of Teneriffe in 1750, and a writer of dramas and poems, is chiefly known in modern literature by his "*Literary Fables*," which are notable for the grace of their versification and long enjoyed a high measure of popularity. We subjoin Roscoe's versified translation of two of the most admired of these fables.]

#### THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

You must know that this ditty,  
This little romance,  
Be it dull, be it witty,  
Arose from mere chance.

Near a certain enclosure,  
Not far from my manse,  
An ass, with composure,  
Was passing by chance.

As he went along prying,  
With sober advance,  
A shepherd's flute lying  
He found there by chance.

Our amateur started  
And eyed it askance,  
Drew nearer, and snorted  
Upon it by chance.

The breath of the brute, sir,  
Drew music for once :  
It entered the flute, sir,  
And blew it by chance.

"Ah!" cried he, in wonder,  
"How comes this to pass?  
Who will now dare to slander  
The skill of an ass?"

And asses in plenty  
I see at a glance,  
Who one time in twenty  
Succeed by mere chance.

THE BEAR AND THE MONKEY.

A bear, with whom a Piedmontese  
Joined company to earn their bread,  
Essayed on half his legs to please  
The public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claimed applause,  
He asked the ape, "Sir, what think you?"  
The ape was skilled in dancing laws,  
And answered, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"  
Bruin rejoined: "you are not civil!  
Were these legs given for you to mend  
The ease and grace with which they swivel?"

It chanced a pig was standing by :  
    "Bravo! astonishing! encore!"  
Exclaimed the critic of the sty :  
    "Such dancing we shall see no more!"

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,  
    Began an inward calculation,  
Then, with a face that spoke repentance,  
    Expressed aloud his meditation :

"When the sly monkey called me dunce,  
    I entertained some slight misgiving;  
But, Pig, thy praise has proved at once  
    That dancing will not earn my living."

Let every candidate for fame  
    Rely upon this wholesome rule :  
Your work is bad, if wise men blame;  
    But worse, if lauded by a fool.

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## PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

JUAN RUIZ.

[The following example of Spanish humor comes to us from a poet of early date, Juan Ruiz, *arcipreste*, or arch-priest, of Hita, who died about 1351. His works, which consist of six or seven thousand verses, display much wit and invention, and are marked by fine poetical expression.]

I WISH to make my sermon brief,—to shorten my oration,—  
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation :

I like short women,—suits at law without procrastination,—

And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool who's always grinning;

But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.

There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,

And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;

To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:

So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing;

They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging;

They're gay and pleasant in the street, soft, cheerful, and engaging;

They're thrifty and discreet at home, the cares of life assuaging:

All this and more:—try, and you'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!

In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!

So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:

You recollect the proverb says, *A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner  
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled  
thinner :

Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her :  
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within  
her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,  
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,  
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,  
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,  
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,  
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,  
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light  
of wing,  
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that  
sing ;  
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,  
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling  
note,  
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat,  
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat ;  
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the  
wide creation ;  
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—  
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation :  
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.



If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,  
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.  
*Now, of two evils choose the less*, said a wise man of the  
East:  
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

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## THE REFUGEE'S ESCAPE.

FERNAN CABALLERO.

[The novelist known in literature by the above name was really a woman, Cæcilia Böhl de Faber, who was born at Morges, in Switzerland, in 1797, was several times married, and passed the greater part of her life in Spain. Her mother was Spanish, and she inherited all the qualities of the Spanish character, while her novels are perhaps the most intensely national that any country can boast. The first of them, "The Sea-Gull," was not written till she was over fifty years of age, yet it attracted such attention by its truthful pictures of Andalusian life and its pungent seasoning of Andalusian wit as to bring the author at once into a foremost position among Spanish novelists. Her power of character-drawing is fine, and her sense of humor keen, as may be perceived in the following selection. The Leopoldo of the story is a political refugee, implicated in the unsuccessful rising of the Spanish Liberals in 1822, who has taken refuge with a family of kind-hearted but unsophisticated people. The translation is by Helen and Alice Zimmern.]

VERY early next morning Leopoldo received a letter without signature, which a sailor handed him. But Leopoldo recognized the handwriting, which was Valverde's. The note ran as follows:

"Leopoldo, you are incorrigible, and were only born to bring your friends to despair. You were so rash as to appear at a public promenade, to bow to a very well

known lady, and to talk to her for some time. Her little daughter has spoken of it, and betrayed your residence. This very morning you will be arrested. To prevent this, put on the sailor's dress which the bearer of this letter—a man who possesses my full confidence—will give you, and then follow him. He will also see that your property is brought to a safe place.”

As soon as Leopoldo had read this letter he packed up his belongings, put on the sailor's dress that had been brought him, wrote a few lines to Don José,—who had gone to mass with his family,—in which he informed him of his sudden departure, took leave of him, and begged him to purchase, with the ten gold ounces which accompanied the letter, some keepsake for his wife and sister. He then added to his letter to Ramon Ortiz the following postscript:

“I have been discovered, and must fly. The child Margarita—that little Havanese magpie, that chattering little telltale—has betrayed me. I have no time to write more. I shall acquaint you with the future fortunes of your friend, the most persecuted and perpetually wandering of men.”

He then closed both letters; but, in his customary absence of mind, he changed the addresses, and directed the one destined for Ramon Ortiz to Don José, and Don José's to Ramon Ortiz. The former he left on the sitting-room table with the ten ounces, and then followed his guide. Half an hour later the family returned from mass.

“Where is Don Leopoldo?” asked Don José, who was the last to arrive.

“I suppose he is not up yet,” replied his wife.

“If he did not go to bed so late——” grumbled Don José.

“Poor fellow! Do let him sleep; young people always love sleep,” said Doña Escolastica.

"Yes, yes; let him sleep," cried Doña Liberata. "As long as he sleeps he can neither feel cross, nor vexed, nor do harm."

"Poor fellow!—always poor fellow!" grumbled Don José. "You are so taken with the young gentleman that you will end by saying your prayers to him. Poor fellow! Poor is the devil, who is never to see God. That may well be his fate if he continues his present path."

"Pepe, I hardly know you," said his sister: "you judge him quite wrongly. Don Leopoldo is a true Christian, and his pranks are only from high spirits."

"And, besides, he does not mean badly," added his wife: "there is no malice about him, and he feels very kindly towards us."

Meantime Don José had approached the table, and now he noticed the letter which Leopoldo had placed there.

A letter for Don José! That was an event quite too extraordinary.

"Who ever can have had to write to me?" thought he, as he drew his spectacles out of their black leathern case.

At that moment Doña Liberata, who had gone into the guest's room, came hurrying back with her quick little steps, and exclaimed, in the greatest terror,—

"Pepe! Escolastica! He is not in his room, he is not in his bed, he is nowhere!"

"Good heavens! what can have become of him?" exclaimed Doña Escolastica, folding her hands.

"Stuff! He has sailed off with a fresh breeze," said Don José, "without saying 'By your leave,' in the middle of the night, just as he entered."

"I wonder if this letter is from the poor fellow? Pepe, brother, do read it!"

While Don José put his large glasses on his nose, his wife and sister muttered,—

"St. Raphael guide him! St. Gaëtan protect him!"

Don José opened the letter and began to read:

"Where, my good fellow, do you suppose that your dearly-beloved chum now finds himself?"

"My dearly-beloved chum!" said Don José. "Where does this intimacy come from? And to call me his good fellow! That is hardly decent towards a man of my years."

"That is only his friendly way," said his wife.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the reader, and continued: "He has become the victim of tyranny and despotism."

"The old story!" grumbled Don José—"of tyranny and despotism, and is shut up at Port St. Mary, which might well be called 'Port-of-all-the-devils'!"——

"A good beginning," remarked the reader. "'Port-of-all-the-devils, hidden away in the most disenchanted castle in the world.'"

"Quite right," said Doña Liberata, "since the bull about the holy crusade——"

Don José continued without letting himself be interrupted: "'In the Castle of Fee-fi-fo-fum, which contains as many fools as inhabitants.'"

Don José stopped reading, glanced at his wife and sister, who were looking down to the ground, and went on reading:

"Imagine your friend—the enthusiast for freedom and advancement, the worshipper of the new, the fanatic of elegance—locked up in a common casual ward, full of hypocrisy and servilism, with a chaplain who knows no other light than that of his altar-candle."

"*Jesus Maria!* Good God! Good God!" exclaimed Doña Escolastica and Doña Liberata in one breath.

Don José continued, after clearing his throat, in a loud and angry manner:

“ ‘A sacristan with one extinguisher in his hand and another over his understanding and his extinguished eyes, with two old devotees uglier than Barabbas——’

“Do you hear *that*, Liberata?”

“Than whom?” asked she, who had not quite heard, because Don José, who had hitherto read loud and angrily, was almost choked on arriving at the compliments addressed to his wife and sister.

“That we are uglier than Barabbas!” shouted her sister-in-law into her ear, rather stiffly, but without showing any signs of anger.

“Well, that is rather exaggerated,” said Doña Liberata.

“Poor fellow! A true Christian!” said Don José, scornfully. “Better get a rattle for the blessed infant!”

“‘Uglier than Barabbas! . . . who want to force me to tell my beads with them like a hypocrite, and to make a vow to St. Gaëtan, their patron saint; finally, with a school-master——’

“In this fellow’s opinion,” remarked the reader, “none but hypocrites pray. But let us go on,” continued he, as he smoothed out the letter and approached the window; “now this truthful angel is coming to me, and now comes the master-stroke:

“‘With—a—a—school-master, who physically and morally is a two-legged donkey, not omitting the long immoderate ears peculiar to his race.’

“Wha-at? Wha-at?” exclaimed Don José, whose just-mentioned ears had turned scarlet, and whose under lip was more protruded than ever. “Well, what do you say now to the poor fellow, the true Christian? He knows how to call names, the dear innocent! Liberal! Redder than red! In that matter they are of the first water. And to take French leave, with a sackful of insults and

impertinences as his only good-by for us! Can that sort of thing be conceived among decent people?"

"It is not as it should be," said Doña Liberata.

"No, it is not the usual thing," added Doña Escolastica.

Don José continued reading:

"'This rhinoceros makes my blood boil to such an extent, with his reactionary, monarchical, and theological ideas——'"

"Rhinoceros! I say, Pepe, what's that?" asked his wife.

"That is," replied he, furiously,—"that is an animal—an enormous animal; cousin, countryman, and relation to the elephant!"

"What a thoughtless young man!" said Doña Liberata.

"What an insane fanatic rascal!" corrected Don José, panting with rage. "As mad as a four-year-old bull, who upsets everything that comes in his way!"

"Go on, Pepe; go on," begged his wife; "let us see what comes of it all."

"Oh, yes, let us go on," said he; "it is so very amusing to read; and we each have a nice time of it."

And, with a violent gesture, Don José again pulled out the letter, and continued:

"'Rhinoceros . . . blood boil . . . that I have intermittent fits of a ferocious impulse to strangle him with my own hands.'"

On arriving at this paragraph the letter fell from Don José's hands, and he turned pale.

"Murderous intentions! Blessed angels! Who would have believed that he could harbor such thoughts! And such a gentleman! so gallant!" exclaimed Doña Escolastica.

"So gallant! Yes, you said that before; there is just the point of the matter," continued Don José. "A bad Christian, with neither faith nor conscience; a man to



whom we have shown nothing but kindness, and who has fits of wanting to murder a fellow-creature—for the sole reason that he has heard the word of God from his lips. That is wickedness, unheard-of ingratitude!"

"But the little kindness we have shown him need not weigh so very much on us, Pepe," said Doña Liberata. "The kindness that is received with gratitude gets its reward from the receiver; but God pays for the benefits that are taken without thanks; for nothing that men do, whether good or evil, remains unpaid."

"If he were to come back we should do everything we could for him, should we not, José?" added Doña Escolastica.

"Except receive him into our house again," said her husband; "for once bit, twice shy: so do me the favor to shut up the kitchen-window to-night, even if you are suffocated by heat; for when we least expect it the good-for-nothing might climb in again some fine evening: he knows the way now."

"But what is there in this paper?" asked Doña Liberata, who had approached the table.

She unfolded the paper, and before her eyes shone the ten gold ounces which belonged to the letter meant for Don José, which, however, had taken its way to Cadiz.

"There you may see again what a head this young man had," said Don José. "He has forgotten his money—actually! He is the veriest nincompoop."

"Good heavens! and how soon he will miss it, poor fellow!" cried Doña Liberata.

"Pepe, could we not send it after him?" asked his wife.

"Where to, you dear simpleton?" exclaimed her husband, impatiently. "Nonsense! Keep it safely for him: he'll take precious good care to send after it."

"And if he does not send for it?"

"When once these unsettled times are over, we can easily find out where he is staying, and then we will send it to him."

"But, Pepe, if we were to die before then?"

"Well, it would be a very strange thing if we were all three to die before these troubles are over. However, just on the chance of it, give me pen, ink, and paper."

And Don José wrote on a sheet of paper the following words:

"These ten ounces of gold belong to Don Leopoldo Ardaz, lieutenant in his Majesty's regiment, in the year 1823, and are to be given up to him."

He folded up the paper, and wrapped it carefully with the ten ounces in another sheet, sealed it with three wafers, and wrote on it "In trust."

Then he gave it to his wife to keep in the cedar-wood chest, in which the household treasures were reverently guarded, among which were included the black dress-coat and Don José's diploma and license as school-master. He was just about to continue reading the letter, when footsteps were heard on the stairs, and when all three hurried into the little anteroom they saw to their surprise, in the parade-yard, a French colonel, who was commandant of the garrison, with some soldiers and an interpreter.

The colonel ordered a sentry to be placed at the foot of the staircase, and then said, in a loud voice,—

"Monsieur Joseph Mentor, *maître d'école*!"

We will not attempt to describe the terror and alarm, for the reader will easily be able to imagine it, which seized these worthy people, who had spent their peaceful existence in this castle, that stood like a stone tomb in this lively town; forgotten, petrified, as foreign and inaccessible to the seething of the world and the noise of life

as a rock amid the foaming of the sea and the roar of the waves, which can never move it from the spot.

"Did I not always tell you that this hare-brained fellow would bring us all into trouble?" exclaimed Don José, alarmed. "I call this escaping from Herod to fall into Pilate's hands! The Lord's will be done!—Your worship's servant," he added, turning to the colonel, and making the most grotesque bow that human eyes ever beheld.

"You have an escaped prisoner hidden here," said the colonel.

Don José replied,—

"Sir, a person came here whom I did not know; the proof of which is that he climbed in through the window at night, and that without first asking my permission. The man wanted a place of shelter, and I granted it him; for I do not think we are forbidden to help the unfortunate, either by divine or human laws. So he has been here in my house; but he is here no longer."

The colonel gave orders for the castle to be searched; but no one was found.

"You helped him in his flight," said the colonel: "therefore you are his accomplice."

"Accomplice! how is that?" asked Don José.

"You aided him in his attempt. He was a spy."

"What, sir? No, that is impossible. He wrote to no one and saw no one."

"At any rate, he was in communication with some one, and some friend informed him that he was recognized yesterday evening, and he also gave him the means of flight."

"I know nothing about that."

"But, at any rate, you know who this friend is?"

Don José was silent a moment, while fear and love of truth waged furious war within him. Then he answered,—

"I know him, but, as sure as I am an honest man, only by sight."

"Who is it?" asked the colonel.

Don José passed his finger round his neck, and answered, resolutely,—

"That I will not say, even if I should lose this."

His wife and sister rushed upon him in alarm, as though they already saw this beloved head in danger.

"*O le sot!*" exclaimed the colonel.

"What does he say?" asked the sister.

"He says 'so-o,'\* as he probably thinks I mean to fly," replied her brother.—"No, sir," he continued, with increasing determination, "I have no thought of flight. I cannot and will not run away. Here I stand; you are the knife, I am the block; do what you will with the unfortunate man who, all his life long, has never had anything to do with law. But that another should perish through my fault,—that José Mentor should become an informer,—no, that shall never be! Not if the king himself, whom God save, were to command it."

"Then you will be locked up," said the colonel, wishing to alarm him.

"I am ready," exclaimed Don José, with the courage of despair, and pointing his arm heroically to the staircase.

His wife and sister fell round his neck, weeping bitterly.

"Has the fugitive intrusted you with any papers?" asked the colonel.

"No."

"Search the gentleman," commanded the colonel.

The order was immediately executed, and Leopoldo's letter was found in the pocket into which its owner had put it.

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\* The Spanish "wo-oh."

"You see," said the colonel, "this letter is addressed to you, and it must be from your prisoner."

"That is true," replied Don José.

"Then you have deceived me."

"I deceive!" exclaimed Don José, indignantly. "No, sir, I never deceive. This letter is *my* property, is written to me, and is not a paper belonging to him whom you seek; still less was it intrusted to my charge. Does your worship understand me?"

Scarcely had the colonel begun to read the letter when, notwithstanding the judicial character he had assumed, he burst into irresistible laughter, and the tragedy became a farce. Don José's innocence was so unequivocally established by this letter, which stated the position of matters so clearly, that the colonel apologized as he gave him back the letter; then he bowed slightly and departed.

Scarcely had he gone when Don José seized his wife by one hand and his sister by the other, and drew them hastily into the sitting-room.

"Do you see it all now?" asked he, with as much brightness and vivacity as was possible to his tranquil disposition.

His wife and sister looked at him in astonishment, and answered,—

"No. What is it?"

"It is this," replied Don José, enthusiastically—"it is this, that this Don Leopoldo is a worthy fellow, if ever there was one,—prudent in spite of his years, a man of honor, a true friend, with a powerful understanding, and a good and noble heart," he continued, in a faltering voice, striking his chest. "This letter, this letter," repeated he, tapping it with the back of his hand, "this letter, that we looked upon as an insult,—this letter has saved us; and, as he knew what would happen, he wrote it solely and

alone for that purpose. Is not that as clear as daylight to you?"

"That is true! that is true!" exclaimed the sisters-in-law, with joyous surprise.

"There, you may see that the poor young man has some sense," added Doña Liberata. "Did I not say that he felt kindly towards us?"

"And that he had a noble heart, dear, and a clear, sensible head," said Doña Escolastica.

"And do not forget," warned Don José, "to leave the kitchen-window open every night, even if it should be rather cold."

"Yes, and we will put a rushlight there, so that he may find his way better in the dark," added his wife.

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## THE BIANCHI AND THE NERI.

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI.

[To the selection already made from the writings of Machiavelli, the celebrated Italian historian, we add the following extract from his "History of Florence," one of the ablest and most interesting of Italian historical works. The chapter given is of interest as showing the turbulence which existed in the free cities of Italy during the Middle Ages, and particularly from its detail of the events which led to the banishment of the poet Dante, who never afterwards set foot in the city of his birth. The conditions of civic life described here resemble those so vividly displayed in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," and the citizens of that day must have frequently echoed Mercutio's exclamation, "A plague on both your houses!" The period treated in our selection extends from 1292 to 1304, when, as the historian says, the city had within its walls thirty thousand men capable of bearing arms, was rich, thriving, and quite able to defend itself against the hostile states of Italy, and might have long continued



peaceful and prosperous but that "the evil which external powers could not effect was brought about by those within."

THE Cerchi and the Donati were, for riches, nobility, and the number and influence of their followers, perhaps the two most distinguished families in Florence. Being neighbors, both in the city and the country, there had arisen between them some slight displeasure, which, however, had not occasioned an open quarrel, and perhaps never would have produced any serious effect if the malignant humors had not been increased by new causes. Among the first families of Pistoia was the Cancellieri. It happened that Lore, son of Gulielmo, and Geri, son of Bertacca, both of this family, playing together, and coming to words, Geri was slightly wounded by Lore. This displeased Gulielmo; and, designing by a suitable apology to remove all cause of further animosity, he ordered his son to go to the house of the father of the youth whom he had wounded, and ask pardon. Lore obeyed his father; but this act of virtue failed to soften the cruel mind of Bertacca, and, having caused Lore to be seized, in order to add the greatest indignity to his brutal act he ordered his servants to chop off the youth's hand upon a block used for cutting meat upon, and then said to him, "Go to thy father, and tell him that sword-wounds are cured with iron, and not with words."

The unfeeling barbarity of this act so greatly exasperated Gulielmo that he ordered his people to take arms for his revenge. Bertacca prepared for his defence, and not only that family, but the whole city of Pistoia, became divided. And as the Cancellieri were descended from a Cancelliere who had had two wives, of whom one was called Bianca (white), one party was named by those who had descended from her "Bianca," and the other, by way of greater distinction, was called "Nera" (black). Much

and long-continued strife took place between the two, attended with the death of many men and the destruction of much property ; and not being able to effect a union among themselves, but weary of the evil, and anxious either to bring it to an end or, by engaging others in their quarrel, increase it, they came to Florence, where the Neri, on account of their familiarity with the Donati, were favored by Corso, the head of that family ; and on this account the Bianchi, that they might have a powerful head to defend them against the Donati, had recourse to Veri de Cerchi, a man in no respect inferior to Corso.

This quarrel, and the parties in it, brought from Pistoia, increased the old animosity between the Cerchi and the Donati, and it was already so manifest, that the Priors [the authorities of the republic] and all well-disposed men were in hourly apprehension of its breaking out, and causing a division of the whole city. They therefore applied to the pontiff, praying that he would interpose his authority between these turbulent parties and provide the remedy which they found themselves unable to furnish. The pope sent for Veri, and charged him to make peace with the Donati, at which Veri exhibited great astonishment, saying that he had no enmity against them, and that as pacification presupposes war, he did not know, there being no war between them, how peace-making could be necessary. Veri having returned from Rome without anything being effected, the rage of the parties increased to such a degree that any trivial accident seemed sufficient to make it burst forth, as indeed presently happened.

It was in the month of May, during which, and upon holidays, it is the custom of Florence to hold festivals and public rejoicings throughout the city. Some youths of the Donati family, with their friends, upon horseback, were standing near the church of the Holy Trinity to look at a

party of ladies who were dancing; thither also came some of the Cerchi, like the Donati, accompanied with many of the nobility, and, not knowing that the Donati were before them, pushed their horses and jostled them; thereupon the Donati, thinking themselves insulted, drew their swords, nor were the Cerchi at all backward to do the same, and not till after the interchange of many wounds they separated. This disturbance was the beginning of great evils; for the whole city became divided, the people as well as the nobility, and the parties took the name of the Bianchi and the Neri. The Cerchi were at the head of the Bianchi faction, to which adhered the Adimari, the Abati, a part of the Tosinghi, of the Bardi, of the Rossi, of the Frescobaldi, of the Nerli, and of the Manelli; all the Mozzi, the Seali, Gherardini, Cavalcanti, Malespini, Bostichi, Giamdonati, Vecchietti, and Arrigucci. To these were joined many families of the people, and all the Ghibellines then in Florence, so that their great numbers gave them almost the entire government of the city.

The Donati, at the head of whom was Corso, joined the Neri party, to which also adhered those members of the above-named families who did not take part with the Bianchi; and besides these, the whole of the Pazzi, the Bisdolini, Manieri, Bagnesi, Tornaquinci, Spini, Buondelmonti, Gianfigliuzzi, and the Brunelleschi. Nor did the evil confine itself to the city alone, for the whole country was divided upon it, so that the Captains of the Six Parts, and whoever were attached to the Guelfic party or the well-being of the republic, were very much afraid that this new division would occasion the destruction of the city and give new life to the Ghibelline faction. They therefore sent again to Pope Boniface, desiring that, unless he wished that city which had always been the shield of the Church should either be ruined or become Ghibelline, he would con-

sider of some means for her relief. The pontiff thereupon sent to Florence, as his legate, Cardinal Matteo d'Acquasparta, a Portuguese, who, finding the Bianchi, as the most powerful, the least in fear, not quite submissive to him, he interdicted the city, and left it in anger: so that greater confusion now prevailed than had done previously to his coming.

The minds of men being in great excitement, it happened that at a funeral which many of the Donati and the Cerchi attended they first came to words and then to arms, from which, however, nothing but merely tumult resulted at the moment. However, having each retired to their houses, the Cerchi determined to attack the Donati, but by the valor of Corso they were repulsed and great numbers of them wounded. The city was in arms. The laws and the Signory were set at naught by the rage of the nobility, and the best and wisest citizens were full of apprehension. The Donati and their followers, being the least powerful, were in the greatest fear, and to provide for their safety they called together Corso, the Captains of the Parts, and the other leaders of the Neri, and resolved to apply to the pope to appoint some personage of royal blood, that he might reform Florence; thinking by this means to overcome the Bianchi. Their meeting and determination became known to the Priors, and the adverse party represented it as a conspiracy against the liberties of the republic. Both parties being in arms, the Signory [the governing body of the city], one of whom at that time was the poet Dante, took courage, and, from his advice and prudence, caused the people to rise for the preservation of order, and being joined by many from the country they compelled the leaders of both parties to lay aside their arms, and banished Corso, with many of the Neri.

Corso and his friends, thinking the pope favorable to

their party, went to Rome, and laid their grievances before him, having previously forwarded a statement of them in writing. Charles of Valois, brother of the King of France, was then at the papal court, having been called into Italy by the King of Naples to go over into Sicily. The pope, therefore, at the earnest prayers of the banished Florentines, consented to send Charles to Florence till the season suitable for his going to Sicily should arrive. He therefore came, and although the Bianchi, who then governed, were very apprehensive, still, as the head of the Guelphs, and appointed by the pope, they did not dare to oppose him; and, in order to secure his friendship, they gave him authority to dispose of the city as he thought proper.

Thus authorized, Charles armed all his friends and followers, which step gave the people so strong a suspicion that he designed to rob them of their liberty, that each took arms and kept at his own house, in order to be ready if Charles should make any such attempt. The Cerchi and the leaders of the Bianchi faction had acquired universal hatred by having, whilst at the head of the republic, conducted themselves with unbecoming pride; and this induced Corso and the banished of the Neri party to return to Florence, knowing well that Charles and the Captains of the Parts were favorable to them. And whilst the citizens, for fear of Charles, kept themselves in arms, Corso, with all the banished, and followed by many others, entered Florence without the least impediment. And although Veri de' Cerchi was advised to oppose him, he refused to do so, saying that he wished the people of Florence, against whom he came, should punish him. However, the contrary happened, for he was welcomed, not punished, by them; and it behooved Veri to save himself by flight.

Corso, having forced the Pinti gate, assembled his party



at San Pietro Maggiore, near his own house, where, having drawn together a great number of friends and people desirous of change, he set at liberty all who had been imprisoned for offences, whether against the state or against individuals. He compelled the existing Signory to withdraw privately to their own houses, elected a new one from the people of the Neri party, and for five days plundered the leaders of the Bianchi. The Cerchi, and the other heads of their faction, finding Charles opposed to them, and the greater part of the people their enemies, withdrew from the city, and retired to their strongholds. And although at first they would not listen to the advice of the pope, they were now compelled to turn to him for assistance, declaring that, instead of uniting the city, Charles had caused greater disunion than before. The pope again sent Matteo d'Acquasparta, his legate, who made peace between the Cerchi and the Donati and strengthened it with marriages and new betrothals. But, wishing that the Bianchi should participate in the employments of the government, to which the Neri, who were then at the head of it, would not consent, he withdrew, with no more satisfaction nor less enraged than on the former occasion, and left the city interdicted for disobedience.

Both parties remained in Florence, and equally discontented,—the Neri from seeing their enemies at hand, and apprehending the loss of their power, and the Bianchi from finding themselves without either honor or authority; and to these natural causes of animosity new injuries were added. Niccolo de' Cerchi, with many of his friends, went to his estates, and, being arrived at the bridge of Affrico, was attacked by Simone, son of Corso Donati. The contest was obstinate, and on each side had a sorrowful conclusion; for Niccolo was slain, and Simone was so severely wounded that he died on the following night.



This event again disturbed the entire city; and although the Neri were most to blame, they were defended by those who were at the head of affairs; and before sentence was delivered, a conspiracy of the Bianchi with Piero Ferrante, one of the barons who had accompanied Charles, was discovered, by whose assistance they sought to be replaced in the government. The matter became known from letters addressed to him by the Cerchi, although some were of opinion that they were not genuine, but written and pretended to be found by the Donati, to abate the infamy which their party had acquired by the death of Niccolo. The whole of the Cerchi were, however, banished, with their followers of the Bianchi party, of whom was Dante the poet, their property confiscated, and their houses pulled down. They sought refuge, with a great number of the Ghibellines who had joined them, in many places; seeking fresh fortunes in new undertakings. Charles, having effected the purpose of his coming, left the city, and returned to the pope to pursue his enterprise against Sicily, in which he was neither wiser nor more fortunate than he had been at Florence; so that with disgrace and the loss of many of his followers he withdrew to France.

[The ambition of Corso gave rise to other disturbances, in which the people rose against his party and called in the inhabitants of Lucca to their aid. With this assistance they regained possession of the government, though they took no further steps to punish the turbulent nobles. The pope now sent a new legate to Florence, who endeavored to recall the banished Bianchi, but without success, and left the city in anger, after again placing it under interdict.]

He returned to the pope in great wrath, leaving Florence full of confusion and suffering under an interdict. Neither was the city disturbed with one division alone,

but by many ; first the enmity between the people and the nobility, then that of the Ghibellines and the Guelphs, and lastly that of the Bianchi and the Neri. All the citizens were therefore in arms, for many were dissatisfied with the departure of the legate and wished for the return of the banished. The first who set this disturbance on foot were the Medici and the Guinigi, who, with the legate, had discovered themselves in favor of the rebels ; and thus skirmishes took place in many parts of the city.

In addition to these evils, a fire occurred, which first broke out at the garden of St. Michael, in the houses of the Abati ; it thence extended to those of the Capoinsacchi and consumed them, with those of the Macci, Amieri, Toschi, Cipriani, Lamberti, Cavalcanti, and the whole of the New Market ; from thence it spread to the gate of St. Maria, and burned it to the ground ; turning from the old bridge, it destroyed the houses of the Gherardini, Pulci, Amidei, and Lucardesi, and with these so many others that the number amounted to seventeen hundred. It was the opinion of many that this fire occurred by accident during the heat of the disturbances. Others affirm that it was begun wilfully by Neri Abati, prior of St. Pietro Scarragio, a dissolute character, fond of mischief, who, seeing the people occupied with the combat, took the opportunity of committing a wicked act, for which the citizens, being thus employed, could offer no remedy. And to insure his success, he set fire to the house of his own brotherhood, where he had the best opportunity of doing it. This was in the year 1304, Florence being afflicted both with fire and the sword. Corso Donati alone remained unarmed in so many tumults ; for he thought he would more easily become the arbitrator between the contending parties when, weary of strife, they should be inclined to accommodation. They laid down their arms, however, rather from satiety

of evil than from any desire of union ; and the only consequence was that the banished were not recalled, and the party which favored them remained inferior.

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## THE SWAY OF LOVE.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

[Francesco Petrarca, usually known in English as Petrarch, the most delightful of the many charming lyric poets of Italy, was born in 1304 at Arezzo, in Tuscany, the son of a Florentine who, in company with the poet Dante, was banished from his native city. He was sent to Montpellier to study law, but his predilection for poetry was so great that he soon abandoned this profession for the pursuit of literature. In 1327 he met with that fate which seemed the necessary doom of all the poets of that period, falling violently in love with Laura de Sade, a young lady of Avignon. As in the case of Dante and of the Troubadours, this passion found its vent in poetry instead of in wedlock ; but the love of Petrarch was a very different feeling from the fictitious sentiment of the Provençal poets, and he has sung the charms of Laura and the depth of his affection in strains of deep devotion that seem destined to live for all time.

Petrarch was an active laborer in the task of preserving the Latin authors from oblivion, and himself wrote in Latin an epic poem entitled "Africa," which failed to gain the extended renown of his lyrical efforts, though very well received at the time. His sonnets addressed to Laura, many of them written after her death, are perhaps the most melodious and pathetic examples of this species of poem in existence. Among his most perfect poems is "The Triumph of Death," descriptive of the death of Laura. Petrarch died in 1374, being found dead in his library, with his head resting on a book. We select Lady Dacre's translation of one of his love-poems, and a group of connected sonnets, translated by the English poet Spenser.

YE waters clear and fresh, to whose bright wave  
She all her beauties gave,—

Sole of her sex in my impassioned mind !  
Thou sacred branch so graced,—  
With sighs e'en now retraced,—  
On whose smooth shaft her heavenly form reclined !  
Herbage and flowers, that bent the robe beneath,  
Whose graceful folds compressed  
Her pure angelic breast !  
Ye airs serene, that breathe  
Where Love first taught me in her eyes his lore !  
Yet once more all attest  
The last, sad, plaintive lay my woe-worn heart may pour !

If so I must my destiny fulfil,  
And Love to close these weeping eyes be doomed  
By heaven's mysterious will,  
Oh, grant that in this loved retreat entombed  
My poor remains may lie  
And my freed soul regain its native sky !  
Less rude shall Death appear  
If yet a hope so dear  
Smooth the dread passage to eternity :  
No shade so calm, serene,  
My weary spirit finds on earth below,  
No grave so still, so green,  
In which my o'ertoiled frame may rest from mortal woe.

Yet one day, haply, she—so heavenly fair !  
So kind in cruelty !—  
With careless steps may to these haunts repair,  
And where her beaming eye  
Met mine in days so blest,  
A wistful glance may yet unconscious rest,  
And, seeking me around,  
May mark among the stones a lowly mound,

That speaks of pity to the shuddering sense ;  
Then may she breathe a sigh,  
Of power to win me mercy from above,  
Doing heaven violence ;  
All-beautiful in tears of late-relenting love.

Still dear to memory, when, in odorous showers  
Scattering their balmy flowers,  
To summer airs the o'ershadowing branches bowed ;  
The while, with humble state,  
In all the pomp of tribute sweets she sat,  
Wrapt in the roseate cloud !  
Now clustering blossoms deck her vesture's hem,  
Now her bright tresses gem,—  
In that all-blissful day,  
Like burnished gold with orient pearls inwrought ;—  
Some strew the turf ; some on the waters float ;  
Some, fluttering, seem to say,  
In wanton circlets tossed, “ Here Love holds sovereign  
    sway ! ”

## VISIONS.

## I.

Being one day at my window all alone,  
    So manie strange things happened me to see,  
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.  
    At my right hand a hynde appeared to mee,  
So faire as mote the greatest god delite ;  
    Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,  
Of which the one was blacke, the other white :  
    With deadly force so in their cruell race  
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,  
    That at the last, and in short time, I spide,

Under a rocke, where she, alas, opprest,  
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.  
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie  
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

## II.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,  
Made all of heben\* and white yvorie ;  
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were :  
Milde was the winde, calme seemed the sea to bee,  
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire :  
With rich treasures this gay ship freighted was :  
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,  
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)  
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,  
And perished past all recoverie.  
O! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,  
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,  
Thus in a moment to see lost, and drowned,  
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

## III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise  
Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,  
Amidst the yong greene wood of paradise ;  
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see :  
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,  
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,  
That with their sweetness I was ravisht nere.  
While on this lawrell fixéd was mine eie,

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\* Ebony.



The skie gan everie where to overcast,  
And darkned was the welkin all about,  
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,\*  
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote;  
Which makes me much and ever to complaine;  
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

## IV.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise  
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,  
Whereto approchéd not in anie wise  
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;  
But manie muses, and the nymphes withall,  
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce  
To the soft sounding of the waters fall;  
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.  
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,  
I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure  
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;  
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,  
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,  
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

## V.

I saw a phœnix in the wood alone,  
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;  
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone  
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;  
Untill he came unto the broken tree,  
And to the spring, that late devoured was.  
What say I more? each thing at last we see  
Doth passe away: the phœnix there alas,

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\* Burst.

Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,  
Himself smote with his beake, as in disdaine,  
And so foorthwith in great despight he dide ;  
That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,  
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight :  
O ! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

## VI.

At last so faire a ladie did I spie,  
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake ;  
On hearbs and flowres she walkéd pensively,  
Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake :  
White seemed her robes, yet woven so they were,  
As snow and golde together had been wrought :  
Above the waste a darke clowde shrouded her,  
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught ;  
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure ;  
And, well assured, she mounted up to ioy.  
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,  
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy :  
Which make this life wretched and miserable,  
Tosséd with stormes of fortune variable.

## VII.

When I behold this tickle trustles state  
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,  
And mortall men tosséd by troublous fate  
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe ;  
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,  
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,  
Where my free spirite might not anie moe  
Be vext with sights that doo her peace molest.

And ye, faire ladie, in whose bounteous brest  
All heavenly grace and vertue shriné is,  
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,  
Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens blis:  
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,  
Yet thinke, that Death shall spoyle your goodly features.

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### SAVED FROM DEATH.

ALEXANDER POOSHKIN.

[Alexander Sergeivitch Pooshkin, the greatest of Russian poets, was born in 1799. His early poems being too liberal in tone, he was banished to Odessa, where he studied the Spanish and Italian languages and the works of Byron. The latter became the model of many of his subsequent poems, which are full of the Byronic spirit of discontent. In addition to several extended poetical works, he wrote "Boris Godonof," a drama, which is looked upon as one of his masterpieces, and a "History of the Iron Mask." He was mortally wounded in a duel in 1837.

Pooshkin is in a full sense the great national poet of Russia, and his writings have become household words in his native land, where he occupies a parallel position to that of Cervantes in Spain and Shakespeare in England. Of his prose writings the most remarkable is the historical novel entitled "The Captain's Daughter." From this we give several striking passages, as translated by C. E. Turner. The hero is sent, while young, under the care of Savelitch, an old servant, to begin his military career at Orenburg. On the road they are overtaken by a snow-storm, and are saved from peril by a *moujik*, who brings them to an inn.]

WHEN I awoke the next morning, it was already late, but the storm had passed off, the sun was shining brightly, and a thick blinding layer of snow covered the wide

steppes. The horses were quickly put to, and I proceeded to settle with the landlord, whose demands proved so reasonable that even Savelitch could find nothing to quarrel at, and, contrary to his wont, paid the bill without any bargaining or disputing. I then called our guide, thanked him for the service he had rendered us over-night, and told Savelitch to give him half a rouble. The old man began to look gloomy. "Half a rouble for drink-money!" he exclaimed. "What for? Because he has brought us in our own carriage to the inn? My dear young master, if we make drink-presents to every chance rogue we meet, we shall soon have nothing to drink ourselves." I saw it was no good arguing with Savelitch, the more so as I had given all money-matters completely into his hands. At the same time I was annoyed at being unable to reward a man who had saved us, if not from actual danger, at any rate from a most uncomfortable predicament. "Very good," I quietly answered: "if you do not wish to give him a little money, I must see what I can find for him in my clothes-trunk: he seems to be very lightly clad; so give him my hare fur." "My dear Peter Andreivitch, what, in God's name, are you thinking of? Give him your fur pelisse! The cur will only drink it away at the first public-house he comes to." "It is no business of yours, old skinflint," retorted the man, "whether I pawn it for *vodki* or not; his honor has been pleased to say I may have the fur, and all you have got to do is to obey his orders." "Have you, then, no conscience, you thief?" cried Savelitch, in an angry tone. "You see the poor child has not yet come to years of understanding, and you dare to take advantage of his inexperience, and rob him of what he can ill spare. And, then, what good will the fur be to you? You never can wear it on your ugly shoulders." "Leave off quarrelling, and give him

the pelisse at once, I tell you." "Merciful heavens!" half sobbed Savelitch, "the fur is all but new. Give it to anybody you like, only not to this worthless drunkard." The fur was handed over to the peasant, who at once began to put it on; but it, of course, was far too small for him, since I had already outgrown it. At last he managed to drag it on, but not before he had ripped some of the seams. Tears of irritation came into the eyes of poor Savelitch as he heard first one and then another seam give way. The *moujik* appeared to be immensely pleased with the present, and, coming up to the carriage, said, "I thank your honor, and may God reward you for your kindness! I promise you never to forget the charity you have shown me to-day." Saying these words, he turned back into the inn, and we drove quickly off. I paid no attention to Savelitch, who kept on sighing and moaning, and before long had quite forgotten yesterday's storm, our peasant guide, and the fur pelisse.

[The young man's charity was soon to be rewarded in an unexpected manner. A few months afterwards the town and fortress of Orenburg were besieged and taken by a Cossack adventurer named Pougatcheff, who claimed to be Peter III., and was at the head of a numerous army. The commander and chief officers of the fortress were summoned to take an oath of fealty to the Pretender.]

We were hurried through the streets, already crowded with people, who were bringing from their houses bread and salt in token of submission. The bells of the different churches were tolling. Suddenly from among the crowd we heard a voice announcing that the Tsar was in the square, awaiting the arrival of the prisoners, who were there to take the oath of allegiance. The people flocked towards the square, and we were half dragged, half driven, thither. Pougatcheff was seated in an arm-chair in front

of the commander's house. He wore an elegant Cossack caftan, richly adorned with galloons. A pair of sharp, piercing eyes gleamed from under his high sable cap with gold tassels. His face seemed to be familiar to me. He was surrounded by a band of Cossack chiefs. Father Gerasim, pale and trembling, stood near with a cross in his hand, and seemed to be silently praying for those on whom the usurper was already preparing to pronounce his final sentence. A gallows was quickly erected in the middle of the square. As we came near, the Bashkirs made a way for us through the dense crowd, and then brought us to the place where Pougatcheff was sitting. The bells ceased ringing, and a dead silence prevailed. "Which is the commander?" asked the pretender. A Cossack lieutenant came forward, and silently pointed to Ivan Kusmitch. "How is it that thou hast dared to withstand me, thy lawful Tsar?" demanded Pougatcheff, as he darted an angry glance at his prisoner. The commander, who was terribly weakened by the wound he had received, mustered his last strength, as he answered in a firm tone, "Thou art not my Tsar: thou art a robber and a usurper." Pougatcheff's face took a still fiercer expression than before, as he lightly waved his white handkerchief. Some two or three Cossacks seized the old commander and haled him to the foot of the gallows. Above on its cross-beam was squatted the dumb Bashkir whom the day before we had put to the torture. In his hand he held a rope, and in another minute we saw poor Ivan Kusmitch dangling in the air. Ivan Ignatitch was next brought before Pougatcheff. "Swear allegiance to thy lawful emperor, Peter Feodorovitch." "Thou art not our Tsar," answered Ivan Ignatitch, repeating the words of his commander: "thou art, my fine fellow, nothing better than a thief and pretender." Once more Pougatcheff shook his handkerchief,



and the good Ivan Ignatitch was strung up beside his old commander. Turning with a look of defiance towards Pougatcheff, I was prepared to repeat the answer which had already been twice given him, when, to my indescribable astonishment, I descried, among his robber suite, Schwabrin, dressed in a Cossack caftan, and with his hair cut close round after the Cossack fashion. He approached close to Pougatcheff and whispered something in his ear. "Hang him!" cried Pougatcheff, without deigning to look at me. Silently I offered up a prayer to the good God that he would pardon me all my sins and be merciful to all near and dear to me. I was made to stand immediately beneath the gallows. "Don't be frightened: it is soon over!" the grim hangman muttered to me, perhaps really desirous to give me courage.

But all at once a shrill cry was heard from behind. I gave a hurried glance round. Savelitch was prostrate on his knees before Pougatcheff. "Father!" sobbed my poor servant, "what profit canst thou reap from the death of this my darling child? Let him loose: thou shalt have a rich ransom for him; and if thou must hang some one to inspire the others with fear, take me and let me be hanged: I am old, and it matters not." Pougatcheff made a sign, and I found myself free. "Our little father has pardoned you," said one of the Cossacks. At the same moment Pougatcheff reached out to me his large veiny hand. "Kiss his hand, kiss his hand," was shouted on all sides. But I had rather died the most cruel of deaths than have submitted to such a shameful humiliation. "My darling Peter Andreivitch," hurriedly whispered Savelitch, who was standing close behind me, "do not be obstinate. What harm can it do you? First cross yourself and spit, and then kiss the robber; kiss his hand." I did not move. Pougatcheff drew back his hand, as he said, with a laugh,

"His Excellency seems to have gone crazy with joy. Let him go."

[Pougatcheff in reality was the stranger to whom Grineff had given the fur pelisse. He had recognized the servant, and through him the master, whom he pardoned from his promised gratitude. Friendly relations arose between Grineff and the usurper, which gave occasion for Schwabrin—the villain of the story, and the rival of Grineff for the affections of Maria Ivanovna, the daughter of the old commander—to denounce him as having betrayed Orenburg and other places into the hands of the Pretender. He was arrested and condemned to death. But the brave girl, who loved him, and who saw through the villain's plot, set out alone on foot for St. Petersburg, and, undaunted by a thousand difficulties and dangers, safely arrived there. It was her design to appeal to the Empress Catherine. The following is the final scene of her adventures.]

Marie awoke early the next morning, dressed quickly, and made her way to the Imperial gardens. It was a lovely morning, and the sun lit up the top branches of the lime-trees, that had already felt the rough breath of autumn and were tinged with a yellow color. The wide lake lay motionless in the glow of the sun, and the swans, waking up from their sleep, sailed grandly forth from the thick reed bushes that grew on its banks. Marie came to a beautiful lawn, where a monument had been recently erected in honor of the victories of Count Roumiantsoff. Suddenly a large dog, of English breed, ran up to her, barking furiously. The young girl was frightened, and stood still, not knowing what to do; but at the same moment she heard some one say, in a kind, pleasant voice, "Do not be afraid, it will not bite you," and, looking round, she saw a lady sitting on a bench immediately opposite to the statue. Marie came and sat down at the other end of the bench. The lady looked somewhat curiously at her, while Marie, indulging in many a furtive glance, minutely examined

her figure and appearance. She was dressed in a plain white morning costume, over which she wore a light fur cloak. She appeared to be about forty years of age. Her full, ruddy face wore an expression of dignity and quiet, and there was a pleasing smile in her light-blue eyes that gave to her features an indescribable charm. The lady was the first to break silence. "You are probably a stranger to this place?" "Yes, I arrived only yesterday from the country." "Did you come with your parents?" "No, I came alone." "Alone? But you are so young?" "I have lost both my parents." "You have come on some business matter?" "Yes, I wish to present a petition to the Empress." "You are an orphan, and have probably suffered from some act of injustice; you wish to be redressed?" "No, I have to beg for mercy; I should not have come so far to demand an act of justice for myself." "May I ask with whom I have the pleasure of speaking?" "I am the daughter of Captain Mironoff." "Captain Mironoff! the same who was in command of one of the Orenburg fortresses?" "The same." The lady seemed to be strangely troubled. "You must pardon me," she said, in, if possible, a still kindlier tone than before, "if I seem to wish to pry into your affairs; but I am of the court. Explain to me what is the nature of the petition you think of presenting: it may be that I can be of help to you."

Marie rose up and made a low bow in grateful acknowledgment of the kind offer. There was something in the lady's manner, even more than in her words, that had won Marie's heart and confidence. She took from her pocket a folded sheet of paper and gave it to her unknown friend. At first she evidently read with interest and sympathy, but suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, and Marie, who was watching with intense anxiety her every movement, felt her heart sink within her as she re-

marked the cold, stern look that came over the face which but a minute before was so gentle and composed.

"You seek pardon for Grineff?" she asked, in a severe tone. "It is impossible for the Empress to pardon him. He espoused the cause of the Pretender not ignorantly or light-mindedly, but from the lowest and most shameful of motives." "Oh, that is false!" cried Marie. "How false?" angrily interrupted the lady. "I swear before God it is false. I know all, and will tell you all. It is I who am the cause of all the misfortunes that have come upon him. And if he did not clear himself before the court, it is only because he would not have my name made public property." And then hurriedly and with passion she related all that is already known to the reader. The lady listened with attention. "Where are you staying?" she asked, when Marie had brought her narrative to a close; and on being told that she was living with Anna Vasielievna, she added, with a smile, "I know. Well, good-by for the present: do not tell any one of what has passed between us. I believe you will not have long to wait for an answer to your letter."

[This promise was kept. The next day Marie received an invitation to the court, and to her surprise recognized in Catherine, the empress, the unknown lady with whom she had conversed so freely the day before. And from the imperial hand she received a full pardon for her lover.]

[To the extract just given we add one from another Russian poet of great popularity, Mikhail Ivanovitch Lermontof, born in 1811, who resembled Pooshkin alike in making Byron the model of his poetry, and in being killed, while young, in a duel. In addition to his poems, he was the author of a successful novel, entitled "A Hero of Our Own Time." It is from this that the following animated extract is taken. Kazbitch, a young Circassian, half savage in disposition, but with a passionate love for Karagoss, his noble horse, which is famed for its beauty, speed, and docility, thus describes an exciting adventure.]

Yes [he declares to Azamat], in the whole land you will not find his peer. Once, not far from Terek, I was out on a raid to carry off some Russian horses, but the affair did not succeed, and we had to run for it, each as he best could. Four Cossacks were after me; I could hear the infidels swearing close at my back, and before me was a dense forest. I lay forward on my saddle, commended myself to Allah, and, for the first time in my life, gave my horse a sharp blow with the whip. Swift as a bird he flew past the trees; the sharp briars tore my dress to shreds, and the dry branches of the Siberian elm dashed heavily against my face. My horse leaped over the fallow stumps, and with his breast butted away the tangled bushes. It had been wiser to have let him loose at the skirts of the forest, and to have made my way through the thicket on foot, but I had not the heart to abandon him; and our prophet rewarded me for my love to the beast. More than one shot whizzed close over my head, and I could hear the tramp, tramp of hoofs right on my track. All at once there yawned close before me a broad, deep ravine. My good horse hesitated but for a moment, and then gave a bold leap. The hind hoofs slipped on the opposite bank, and there he hung by his forelegs, trembling, suspended over that terrible precipice. I hurriedly cast loose the bridle and crawled stealthily down the steep side of the ravine, and thus saved my horse, who clambered up back again. The Cossacks had been silent spectators of the whole scene. Not one of them gave himself the trouble to search for me, and doubtless they thought I had been thrown and killed. I could hear them hurrying to catch my horse. My heart beat fast and loud, as, creeping through the high grass that grew along the bottom of the ravine, I looked anxiously around. Some of the Cossacks had reached the extremity of the forest and were

already to be seen in the open fields; and there was my Karagoss running towards them, as with a loud shout they gave him chase. For a long, long time they pursued him; once or twice they all but caught him round the neck with their lassos; I involuntarily trembled, closed my eyes, and muttered a prayer for his safety. A few minutes later, and I looked out again; and, Allah be praised! there was my Karagoss, flying at full speed, his tail flowing in the air, swift as the wind, and the Cossacks scouring the steppe as fast as their tired steeds would allow them. What I tell you, by Allah! is true, the simple truth. Till late in the night I kept concealed in the ravine. Suddenly—what do you think, Azamat? In the dim light I heard the noise of a horse running along the upper ridge of the ravine, snorting and neighing, as he stops every now and then and rakes up the earth with his hoofs. Immediately I recognized the voice of my Karagoss: it was he, my old pet! From that day, Azamat, we have never been separated.

[In the continuation of the story Azamat steals the horse. The scene is thus described by Maxime, another of the characters.]

We began chatting, first of one thing and then of another. All at once I noticed that Kazbitch trembled, changed color, and sprang to the window; but unfortunately the window looked out on the court-yard. "What is the matter with you?" I asked. "My horse! my horse!" he cried, his whole frame quivering with emotion. I listened, and heard the clatter of hoofs. "It is probably some Cossack who has arrived." "No, no! It is that devil of a thief, that devil of a thief!" he cried, and rushed out of the room with the speed of a wild panther. Two steps, and he was already in the court-yard: at the outer gate of the fortress the sentinel lowered his gun, as



if to check his flight, but he leaped over it, and fled along the road like a madman. At some little distance a cloud of dust curled upwards. Azamat had mounted Karagoss, and was riding at full gallop. Kazbitch, without once slackening his pace, drew his gun from his belt, loaded it, and fired. He then stood still for a moment; but when he saw that he had missed his aim, he gave a cry of passionate despair, struck the ground so furiously with his gun that he broke the treacherous weapon into a thousand shivers, threw himself upon the earth, and sobbed like a child. People from the fortress gathered around him, stood consulting with one another as to what had happened, but he paid no attention to anything they said, and one by one they left him. Will you believe it? There he lay, like one dead, his face to the ground, lay motionless through the hours of the long night.

[But the young savage takes a terrible revenge. Unable to overtake the thief, who has fled to the mountains, he slays Azamat's father, carries off Bela, his sister, and, when hotly pressed and even wounded, he plunges his dagger to the girl's heart, flings her body to the ground in the path of his pursuers, and makes good his escape.]

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## THE BATTLE OF OBTUMBA.

BERNAL DIAZ DEL CASTILLO.

[The "True History of the Conquest of Mexico," by Bernal Diaz, one of the companions of Cortez, is a quaintly-written but interesting old work, whose principal merit is that it is the production of one who took part in the events described. The author was born at Medina del Campo, Spain, and went to Mexico about 1520, in which country he settled after the conquest. The battle of Obtumba, the description of which we select, took place after the retreat of the Spaniards from the city of Mexico in that terrible "Noche triste" during which more

than half their forces perished. Determined to destroy them utterly, the Mexicans gathered in overwhelming numbers in a valley through which the retreating adventurers were obliged to pass. Only the stroke of genius by which Cortez overthrew their standard, and created a panic in the Aztec host, saved the Spanish force from annihilation. The translation from which our selection is taken is by Maurice Keating.]

OUR wounds, having taken cold and being only bound with rags, were now in a miserable situation, and very painful; we had also to deplore the loss of many valiant companions. As for those of Narvaez, many of them perished in the water, loaded with gold. Numbers of Tlascalans also lost their lives in the same manner. Poor Botello, too! the astrologer! his stars bore an evil aspect, for he was killed with the rest. The sons of Montezuma, Cacamatzin, and all the other prisoners, amongst whom were some princes, lost their lives on this fatal night. All our artillery was lost, we had very few cross-bows, only twenty-three horses, and our future prospect was very melancholy, from our uncertainty as to the reception we might meet in Tlascala, which was our only resource.

Having dressed our wounds and made arrows for our cross-bows, and being incessantly harassed in our present post, we proceeded at midnight upon our journey, under the guidance of our faithful Tlascalans. Those who were very badly wounded we carried between us; the lame were supported upon crutches, and some who were utterly unable to help themselves on were placed upon the croups of lame horses. Thus, with what cavalry we had able to act in front and on the flanks, and as many of the infantry as were fit to bear arms making head to the enemy, we proceeded on our march, our wounded Spaniards and allies in the centre, the rest opposing the enemy, who continued to follow, harass, and revile us, saying we were now going

to meet our destruction,—words which we did not at that time understand.

I have hitherto forgotten to mention the satisfaction we had in seeing Donna Marina and Donna Luisa rejoin us. Having crossed the bridge amongst the first, they had been saved by the exertions of two of the brothers of Donna Luisa, all the rest of the female Indians having been lost there. On this day we arrived at a great town named Gualtitlan, from whence we continued our march, harassed by the enemy, whose numbers and boldness increased, insomuch that they killed two of our lame soldiers and one horse in a bad pass, wounding many more. Having repulsed them, we proceeded until we arrived at some villages, and, halting there for the night, we made our supper on the horse that had been killed. On the next morning we set out very early, and, having proceeded little more than a league, just as we began to think ourselves in safety three of our vedettes came in with a report that the whole plains were covered with the armies of the enemy. This intelligence was truly frightful, and we felt it as such, but not so as to prevent our determination to conquer or die, or our arranging all matters to the best effect for action.

A halt being made, orders were given to the cavalry that they should charge at full speed, but pointing the lances at the faces of the enemy, until they were put to flight; the infantry were warned to thrust with their swords, and to pass them clear through the bodies of their opponents, so that at worst we should sell our lives dearly, and this being done, as we saw that the enemy began to surround us, after recommending ourselves to God and the Holy Virgin, and invoking the aid of St. Jago, the cavalry formed in bodies of five, and the infantry in concert with them, proceeded to the attack.

Oh, what it was to see this tremendous battle! how we closed foot to foot, and with what fury the dogs fought us! such wounding as there was amongst us with their lances and clubs and two-handed swords, while our cavalry, favored by the plain ground, rode through them at will, galloping at half speed, and bearing down their opponents with couched lances, still fighting manfully, though they and their horses were all wounded; and we of the infantry, negligent of our former hurts, and of those which we now received, closed with the enemy, redoubling our efforts to bear them down with our swords.

Cortes, De Oli, Alvarado mounted on a horse of one of the followers of Narvaez, and Sandoval, though all wounded, continued to ride through them. Cortes now called out to us to strike at the chiefs; for they were distinguished by great plumes of feathers, golden ornaments, richly-wrought arms, and devices.

Then to hear the valiant Sandoval, how he encouraged us, crying out, "Now, gentlemen, is the day of victory; put your trust in God; we shall survive, for He preserves us for some good purpose." All the soldiers felt determined to conquer, and thus animated as we were by our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Lady the Virgin Mary, as also by St. Jago, who undoubtedly assisted us, as certified by a chief of Guatimotzin who was present in the battle, we continued, notwithstanding many had received wounds and some of our companions were killed, to maintain our ground.

It was the will of God that Cortes, accompanied by the captains De Oli, Sandoval, Alvarado, and several others, should reach that part of the army of the enemy which was the post of their general-in-chief, who was distinguished by a standard, arms covered with gold, and a great penache ornamented in the same manner. As soon

as Cortes perceived the chief who bore the standard, and who was surrounded by many others bearing also great penaches of gold, he cried out to Alvarado, Sandoval, De Oli, Avila, and the rest, "Now, gentlemen, let us charge them!" Then, recommending themselves to God, they rode into the thickest of them, and Cortes with his horse struck the Mexican chief and threw down the standard, the cavaliers who supported them at the same moment effectually breaking this numerous body. The chief who bore the standard not having fallen in the charge made upon him by Cortes, Juan de Salamanca, mounted on his good pyed mare, pursued him, and, having killed him, seized the rich penache that he bore, and presented it to Cortes, saying that, as he had given the Mexican general the first blow and struck down his standard, the trophy of the conquest was due to him.

It was God's will that, on the death of their general and of many other chiefs who surrounded him being known, the enemy should relax in their efforts and begin to retreat. As soon as this was perceived by us we forgot our hunger, thirst, fatigue, and wounds, and thought of nothing but victory and pursuit. Our cavalry followed them up close, and our allies, now become lions, mowed down all before them with the arms which the enemy threw away in their flight.

As soon as our cavalry returned from the pursuit, we all gave thanks to God, for never had there appeared so great a force together in that country, being the whole of the warriors of Mexico, Tezeuco, and Saltocan, all determined not to leave a trace of us upon the earth. The whole nobility of these nations were assembled, magnificently armed, and adorned with gold, penaches, and devices. This battle was fought at a place named Obtumba. I have frequently seen it represented in paintings amongst

the Mexicans, in the same manner as I have the other battles fought by us antecedently to the final conquest. . . .

After the battle we continued our march to Tlascala, cheerfully, and eating certain gourds named ayotes, which we found by the way, the enemy only showing themselves at a distance, until we arrived at a village where we took up our quarters in a strong temple and halted for the night, occasionally alarmed by the Mexicans, who kept about us, as it were, to see us out of their country. From this place we, to our great joy, perceived the mountains of Tlascala, for we were anxious to be convinced of the fidelity of our friends, and to know something of our companions in Villa Rica. Cortes warned us, as we were so few in number, and had escaped by God's mercy, to be cautious not to give offence; this he particularly enforced to the soldiers of Narvaez, who were not so much habituated to discipline. He added that he hoped to find our allies steady to us, but that if it turned out otherwise, though but four hundred and forty strong, ill armed, and wounded, we had vigorous bodies and stout hearts to carry us through.

We now arrived at a fountain on the side of some hills, where is a circular rampart, built in old times, at the boundary of the states of Mexico and Tlascala. Here we reposed, and then proceeded to a town named Gualiopar, where we procured a little food, which we were obliged to pay for, and halted one day. As soon as our arrival was known in the head town of Tlascala, our friends, Maxicatzin, Xicotenga, Chichimecatecle, the chief of Guaxo-ingo, and others, came to see and embrace Cortes and the rest of our captains and soldiers. They wept for our losses, and kindly blamed Cortes for having neglected the warning they had given him of Mexican treachery. They then invited us to their town, rejoicing at our escape, and



congratulating us on our valiant actions. They also assured us that they were assembling thirty thousand warriors to join us at Obtumba. Cortes thanked and distributed presents to all. They were rejoiced at seeing Donna Marina and Donna Luisa, and lamented the loss of others; Maxicatzin in particular bewailed his daughter, and V. de Leon, to whom he had given her. Thus we were received by our friends in Tlascala, where we reposed after our dangers. Cortes lodged in the house of Maxicatzin, Alvarado in that of Xicotenga; and here we recovered from our wounds, losing but four of our number.

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## ARRIVAL OF THE CRUSADERS AT JERUSALEM.

TORQUATO TASSO.

[Torquato Tasso, one of the three great epic poets of Italy, which honor he shares with Virgil and Dante, was born at Sorrento in March, 1544. His first literary production was a romantic poem entitled "Rinaldo," which he dedicated to Cardinal D'Este, who, with his brother, the Duke of Ferrara, long patronized the poet. At the court of Ferrara he wrote many sonnets, his pastoral drama "Aminta," and the great epic poem "Jerusalem Delivered" ("Gerusalemme Liberata"), to which he owes his celebrity. His subsequent life was embittered by misfortunes, whose cause remains a mystery. He was charged with insanity, perhaps justly, and was confined for seven years in a lunatic asylum. After his release he wrote a poem called "Jerusalem Conquered," with other works, and at a later period was invited by the pope to Rome, to be crowned with laurel, as Petrarch had been, but died before the day of coronation arrived.

Tasso was a very voluminous author, his writings embracing every description of poetry, with letters, essays, and critical discourses. Even during his imprisonment his pen was busy. His "Jerusalem Delivered" has become one of the most popular of modern epic poems, and has



TASSO AT THE COURT OF FERRARA.



been translated into all the languages of Europe,—at least eight times into English. It is, says Hallam, “the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times. . . In the delineation of character, at once natural, distinct, and original, Tasso must give way to Homer, perhaps to some other epic and romantic poets. . . . Yet here also the sweetness and nobleness of his mind and his fine sense of moral beauty are displayed. . . . The diction of Tasso excites perpetual admiration. . . . Virgil, to whom we most readily compare him, is far superior in energy, but not in grace.” From Fairfax’s translation of this celebrated poem we offer the following brief selection.]

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,  
And donned her robes of pure vermilion hue,  
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,  
In Eden’s flowery gardens gathered new,  
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread:  
“Arm! arm!” they cried; “Arm! arm!” the trumpets  
blew:

Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast:  
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,  
Their forwardness he stayed with gentle rein;  
And yet more easy, haply, were the feat  
To stop the current near Charybdis’ main,  
Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,  
Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain:  
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,  
For well he knows disordered speed makes waste.

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight;  
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby;  
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light:  
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,  
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight;  
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;

Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,  
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,  
Some new-found land and country to descry,  
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknow,  
Thrall to the faithless waves and trothless sky,  
If once the wishéd shore begin to show,  
They all salute it with a joyful cry,  
And each to other show the land in haste,  
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,  
That pleaséd so the secret of their thought,  
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,  
That reverend fear and trembling with it brought.  
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread  
Upon that town where Christ was sold and bought,  
Where for our sins he, faultless, suffered pain,  
There where he died, and where he lived again.

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,  
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixed ;  
For thus fares he the Lord aright that fears ;  
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixed :  
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears  
The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt,  
Or as the wind in holts and shady greaves  
A murmur makes, among the boughs and leaves.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,  
Following the ensample of their zealous guide ;  
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,  
They quickly doffed, and willing laid aside ;

Their molten hearts their wonted pride allay,  
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide,  
And then such secret speech as this they used,  
While to himself each one himself accused :

“ Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,  
Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood,  
That flowéd here to cleanse the foul amiss  
Of sinful man, behold this brinish flood  
That from my melting heart distilléd is !  
Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so good !  
For never wretch with sin so overgone  
Had fitter time or greater cause to moan.”

This while the wary watchman lookéd over,  
From top of Sion's towers, the hills and dales,  
And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover,  
As when thick mists arise from moory vales :  
At last the sun-bright shields he 'gan discover,  
And glistening helms, for violence none that fails ;  
The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,  
And man and horse amid the dust deseries.

Then loud he cries, “ Oh, what a dust ariseth !  
Oh, how it shines with shields and targets clear !  
Up ! up ! to arms ! for valiant heart despiseth  
The threatened storm of death, and danger near ;  
Behold your foes !” Then further thus deviseth :  
“ Haste ! haste ! for vain delay increaseth fear :  
These horrid clouds of dust, that yonder fly,  
Your coming foes do hide, and hide the sky.”

The tender children, and the fathers old,  
The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,



That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold,  
Themselves devoutly in their temples placed ;  
The rest, of members strong and courage bold,  
On hardy breasts their harness donned in haste ;  
Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight :  
Their king meanwhile directs them all aright.

[To the extract above given we add the following, which has been considered the masterpiece of Tasso, depicting, as it does, one of the most affecting incidents in imaginative literature. Clorinda, whom Tancred loves, leaves the town which the Crusaders are assailing, clad in black armor, and sets on fire a tower which the Christians had erected. She is seen and pursued by Tancred, and the two lovers, not recognizing each other, enter into combat, which soon proves fatal to the hapless maid.]

But now, behold, the fated hour was come,  
The moment chartered with Clorinda's doom.  
Full at her bosom Tancred aimed the sword :  
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gored ;  
The sanguine current stained with blushing red  
The embroidered robe that o'er her form was spread.  
She feels approaching death in every vein ;  
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain ;  
But still the Christian knight renews the blow,  
And threatening presses close his vanquished foe ;  
She, as she fell, with moving voice addressed  
The chief, and thus preferred her last request  
(Some pitying angel formed her last desire,  
In which faith, hope, and charity conspire).  
To the fair infidel such grace was given,  
That though in life she spurned the laws of heaven,  
Yet now submitting in her dying hour  
Her humbled spirit owned a Saviour's power.  
"Friend, thou hast conquered! I forgive the stroke :  
Oh, let me pardon, too, from thee invoke !

Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,  
For this I know no fear, and ask no care ;  
'Tis for my sinful soul I pity crave :  
Oh, wash my guilt in the baptismal wave !”

Feebly she spoke ; the languid sounds impart  
A tender feeling to the victor's heart ;  
His wrath subsides, while softer passions rise,  
And tears unbidden fill the warrior's eyes.  
Not distant far, emerging from the hill,  
In gentle murmurs rolled a scanty rill ;  
Hither the chieftain hied without delay,  
Here filled his casque, then took his pensive way  
Back to fulfil the strange and sad demand ;  
But some portentous instinct shakes his hand,  
As from her face the glittering helm he draws ;  
The features now appear—he sees, he knows.  
Oh, knowledge best unknown ! distracting sight !  
Scarcely she lives, and speechless stands the knight,  
Yet, rousing all his strength, with holy zeal  
Prepares the sacred office to fulfil.  
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,  
A smile of transport brightened in her face ;  
Happy in death, she seemed her joy to tell,  
And bade, for heaven, an empty world farewell.  
O'er her fair face death's livid hue arose,  
So, mixed with violets, the lily shows.  
Her eyes to heaven the dying virgin raised ;  
The sun, the sky, with kindly pity gazed ;  
And since the power of speech her lips denied,  
Her clay-cold hand the pledge of peace supplied.  
So fled the spirit from her peaceful breast,  
So seemed she but as lulled in quiet rest.

## ESCAPE FROM THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

[To the selection already made from the interesting memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini we add the following description of his escape from the Castle of St. Angelo, where he had been confined on a false accusation of robbing that castle of a valuable treasure during the sack of Rome by the Spaniards. Having determined to attempt an escape, he began by taking wax models of the lock of his apartment. This was discovered, and his confinement was made more rigid. His next process was to cut the sheets of his bed into long strips, until he had enough to reach from the top to the bottom of the lofty tower. By a shrewd device he had succeeded in getting an extra supply of sheets. The succeeding events are given in our selection.]

THE constable of the castle had annually a certain disorder, which totally deprived him of his senses, and when the fit came upon him he was talkative to excess. Every year he had some different whim: one time he fancied himself metamorphosed into a pitcher of oil; another time he thought himself a frog, and began to leap as such; another time, again, he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humor his conceit by making a show of burying him: thus had he every year some new frenzy. This year he fancied himself *a bat*, and when he went to take a walk he sometimes made just such a noise as bats do: he likewise used gestures with his hands and his body as if he were going to fly. His physicians, and his old servants, who knew his disorder, procured him all the pleasures and amusements they could think of; and, as they found he delighted greatly in my conversation, they frequently came to me, to conduct me to his apartment, where the poor man often detained me three or four hours

chatting with him. He sometimes kept me at his table to dine or sup, and always made me sit opposite to him: on which occasion he never ceased to talk himself, or to encourage me to join in conversation. At these interviews I generally took care to eat heartily, but the poor constable neither ate nor slept. . . .

He asked me whether I ever had a fancy to fly: I answered "that I had always been very ready to attempt such things as men found most difficult; and that with regard to flying, as God had given me a body admirably well calculated for running, I had even resolution enough to attempt to fly." He then proposed to me to explain how I could contrive it. I replied that "when I attentively considered the several creatures that fly, and thought of effecting by art what they do by the force of nature, I did not find one so fit to imitate as the bat." As soon as the poor man heard mention of a bat, his frenzy for the year turning upon that animal, he cried out aloud, "It is very true, a bat is the thing." He then addressed himself to me, and said, "Benvenuto, if you had the opportunity, would you have the heart to make an attempt to fly?" I answered that if he would give me leave I had courage enough to attempt to fly as far as Prati by means of a pair of wings waxed over. He said thereupon, "I should like to see you fly; but as the pope has enjoined me to watch over you with the utmost care, and I know that you have the cunning of the devil, and would avail yourself of the opportunity to make your escape, I am resolved to keep you locked up with a hundred keys, that you may not slip out of my hands." I then began to solicit him with new entreaties, putting him in mind that I had had it in my power to make my escape, but through regard to the promise I had made him would never avail myself of the opportunity. I therefore besought him, for

the love of God, and as he had conferred so many obligations on me, that he would not make my condition worse than it was. Whilst I uttered these words he gave instant orders that I should be secured and confined a closer prisoner than ever. When I saw that it was to no purpose to entreat him any further, I said before all present, "Confine me as close as you please, I will contrive to make my escape notwithstanding." So they carried me off and locked me up with the utmost care.

I then began to deliberate upon the method I should pursue to make my escape: as soon as I saw myself locked in I set about examining the place in which I was confined, and, thinking I had discovered a sure way to get out, I revolved in my mind in what manner I could descend the height of the great tower. Having first of all formed a conjecture of the length of line sufficient for me to descend by, I took a new pair of sheets which I had cut into slips and sewed fast together. The next thing I wanted was a pair of pincers, which I took from a Savoyard who was upon guard at the castle. This man had care of the casks and cisterns belonging to the castle, and likewise worked as a carpenter; and as he had several pairs of pincers, and one amongst others which was thick and large, thinking it would suit my purpose, I took it, and hid it in the tick of my bed. The time being come that I intended to make use of it, I began, with the pincers, to pull at the nails which fastened the plates of iron fixed upon the door, and, as the door was double, the clinching of those nails could not be perceived. I exerted my utmost efforts to draw out one of them, and at last with great difficulty succeeded. As soon as I had drawn the nail, I was again obliged to torture my invention in order to devise some expedient to prevent its being perceived. I immediately thought of mixing a little of the

filings of rusty iron with wax, and this mixture was exactly the color of the heads of the nails which I had drawn; I with it counterfeited their resemblance on the iron plates, and as many as I drew out I imitated in wax. I left each of the plates fastened both at top and bottom, and refixed them with some of the nails that I had drawn; but the nails were cut, and I drove them in slightly, so that they just served to hold the plates. I found it a very difficult matter to effect all this, because the constable dreamed every night that I had made my escape, and therefore used to send frequently to have the prison searched. The person employed on this occasion had the appearance and behavior of one of the city guards. The name of this fellow was Bozza, and he constantly brought with him another, named Giovanni Pedignone; the latter was a soldier, the former a servant. This Giovanni never came to the room where I was confined without giving me abusive language. The other was from Prato, where he had lived with an apothecary: he every evening carefully examined the plates of iron above mentioned, as well as the whole prison. I constantly said to him, "Examine me well, for I am positively determined to make my escape." These words occasioned a bitter enmity between him and me.

With the utmost care I deposited all my tools, that is to say, my pincers, and a dagger of a tolerable length, with other things belonging to me, in the tick of my bed, and as soon as it was daylight swept the room myself, for I naturally delighted in cleanliness, but on this occasion I took care to be particularly neat. As soon as I had swept the room, I made my bed with equal care, and adorned it with flowers, which were every morning brought me by a Savoyard. This man, as I have observed before, took care of the cisterns and the casks belonging to the castle:



and sometimes amused himself with working in wood: it was from him I stole the pincers with which I pulled out the nails that fastened the iron plates on the door. To return to my bed: whenever Bozza and Pedignone came, I generally bade them keep at a distance from it, that they might not dirty and spoil it: sometimes I would say to them (for they would now and then merely for diversion tumble my bed), "You dirty wretches, I will draw one of your swords and give you such a chastisement as will astonish you. Do you think yourselves worthy to touch the bed of a man like me? Upon such an occasion I should not spare my own life, but am sure that I should be able to take away yours; so leave me to my own troubles and sorrows, and do not make my lot more bitter than it is. If you act otherwise, I will show you what a desperate man is capable of." The men repeated what I said to the constable, who expressly commanded them never to go near my bed, ordering them at the same time when they came to me to have no swords, and to be particularly careful with respect to every other circumstance. Having thus secured my bed from their searches, I thought I had gained the main point, and was on that account highly rejoiced.

One holiday evening the constable being very much disordered, and his madness being at the highest pitch, he scarce said anything else but that he was become a bat, and desired his people that if Benvenuto happened to make his escape they should take no notice of it, for he must soon catch me, as he should, doubtless, be much better able to fly by night than I; adding, "Benvenuto is only a counterfeit bat; but I am a bat in good earnest. Let me alone to manage him, I shall be able to catch him, I warrant you." His frenzy continuing thus in its utmost violence for several nights, he tired the patience of all his

servants; and I by various means came to the knowledge of all that passed, though I was indebted for my chief information to the Savoyard, who was very much attached to me.

As I had formed a resolution to attempt my escape that night, let what would happen, I began with praying fervently to Almighty God that it would please his divine majesty to befriend and assist me in that hazardous enterprise; I then went to work, and was employed the whole night in preparing whatever I had occasion for. Two hours before daybreak I took the iron plates from the door with great trouble and difficulty, for the bolt and the wood that received it made a great resistance, so that I could not open them, but was obliged to cut the wood. I however at last forced the door, and having taken with me the above-mentioned slips of linen, which I had rolled up in bundles with the utmost care, I went out and got upon the right side of the tower, and having observed, from within, two tiles of the roof, I leaped upon them with the utmost ease. I was in a white doublet, and had on a pair of white half hose, over which I wore a pair of little light boots, that reached half-way up my legs, and in one of these I put my dagger. I then took the end of one of my bundles of long slips, which I had made out of the sheets of my bed, and fastened it to one of the tiles of the roof that happened to jut out four inches; and the long string of slips was fastened to the tiles in the manner of a stirrup. When I had fixed it firmly, I addressed myself to the Deity in these terms: "Almighty God, favor my cause, for thou knowest it is a just one, and I am not on my part wanting in my utmost efforts to make it succeed." Then letting myself down gently, and the whole weight of my body being sustained by my arms, I at last reached the ground.

It was not a moonlight night, but the stars shone with

resplendent lustre. When I had touched the ground, I first contemplated the great height which I had descended with so much courage; and then walked away in high joy, thinking I had recovered my liberty. But I soon found myself mistaken; for the constable had caused two pretty high walls to be erected on that side, which made an enclosure for a stable and a poultry-yard: this place was fastened with great bolts on the outside. When I saw myself immured in this enclosure, I felt the greatest anxiety imaginable. Whilst I was walking backwards and forwards, I stumbled on a long pole covered with straw; this I with much difficulty fixed against the wall, and by the strength of my arms climbed to the top of it; but, as the wall was sharp, I could not get a sufficient hold to enable me to descend by the pole to the other side. I therefore resolved to have recourse to my other string of slips, for I had left one tied to the great tower; so I took the string, and, having fastened it properly, I descended down the steep wall. This put me to a great deal of pain and trouble, and likewise tore the skin off the palms of my hands, insomuch that they were all over bloody; for which reason I rested myself a little.

When I thought I had sufficiently recruited my strength, I came to the last wall, which looked towards the meadows, and having prepared my string of long slips, which I wanted to get about one of the niched battlements, in order to descend this as I had done the other higher wall, a sentinel perceived what I was about. Finding my design obstructed, and myself in danger of my life, I resolved to cope with the soldier, who, seeing me advance towards him resolutely with my drawn dagger in my hand, thought it most advisable to keep out of my way. After I had gone a little way from my string, I quickly returned to it; and though I was seen by another of the soldiers upon guard,

the man did not care to take any notice of me. I then fastened my string to the niched battlement, and began to let myself down. Whether it was owing to my being near the ground, and preparing to give a leap, or whether my hands were quite tired, I do not know, but, being unable to hold out any longer, I fell, and in falling struck my head and became quite insensible.

I continued in that state about an hour and a half, as nearly as I can guess. The day beginning to break, the cool breeze that precedes the rising of the sun brought me to myself; but I had not yet thoroughly recovered my senses, for I had conceived a strange notion that I had been beheaded and was then in purgatory. I however, by degrees, recovered my strength and powers; and, perceiving that I had got out of the castle, I soon recollected all that had befallen me. As I perceived that my senses had been affected, before I took notice that my leg was broken, I clapped my hands to my head, and found them all bloody. I afterwards searched my body all over, and thought I had received no hurt of any consequence; but upon attempting to rise from the ground I found that my right leg was broken three inches above the heel, which threw me into a terrible consternation. I thereupon pulled my dagger with its scabbard out of my boot: this scabbard was cased with a large piece of metal at the bottom, which occasioned the hurt to my leg; as the bone could not bend any way, it broke in that place. I therefore threw away the scabbard, and, cutting the part of my string of slips that I still had left, I bandaged my leg as well as I could. I then crept on my hands and knees towards the gate, with my dagger in my hand, and, upon coming up to it, found it shut; but, observing a stone under the gate, and thinking that it did not stick very fast, I prepared to push it away; clapping my hands to

it, I found that I could move it with ease, so I soon pulled it out, and effected my egress. It was about five hundred paces from the place where I had had my fall to the gate at which I entered the city.

As soon as I got in, some mastiff dogs came up and bit me severely: finding that they persisted to worry me, I took my dagger and gave one of them so severe a stab that he set up a loud howling; whereupon all the dogs in the neighborhood, as it is the nature of those animals, ran up to him, and I made all the haste I could to crawl towards the church of St. Maria Transpontina. When I arrived at the entrance of the street that leads towards the Castle of St. Angelo, I took my way from thence towards St. Peter's gate; but, as it was then broad daylight, I reflected that I was in great danger, and, happening to meet with a water-carrier, who had loaded his ass, and filled his vessels with water, I called to him and begged he would put me on the beast's back and carry me to the landing-place of the steps of St. Peter's church. I told him that I was an unfortunate youth who had been concerned in a love-intrigue, and had made an attempt to get out at a window, from which I had fallen and broken my leg; but as the house I came out of belonged to a person of the first rank, I should be in danger of being cut to pieces if discovered. I therefore earnestly entreated him to take me up, and offered to give him a gold crown; so saying, I clapped my hand to my purse, which was very well lined. The honest waterman instantly took me upon his back, and carried me to the steps before St. Peter's church, where I desired him to leave me and to run back to his ass.

[From that point the escaped prisoner set out towards the house of a friend, with whom he hoped to find refuge and security. But chance decided otherwise.]

Whilst I was crawling along upon all four, one of the servants of Cardinal Cornaro knew me, and, running immediately to his master's apartment, awakened him out of his sleep, saying to him, "My most reverend lord, here is your jeweller, Benvenuto, who has made his escape out of the castle, and is crawling along upon all four, quite besmeared with blood: by what I can judge from appearances, he seems to have broken one of his legs, and we cannot guess whither he is bending his course." The cardinal, the moment he heard this, said to his servants, "Run, and bring him hither to my apartment upon your backs." When I came into his presence the good cardinal bade me fear nothing, and immediately sent for some of the most eminent surgeons of Rome to take care of me: amongst these was Signor Giacopo of Perugia, an excellent practitioner. This last set the bone, then bandaged my leg, and bled me. As my veins were swelled more than usual, and he wanted to make a pretty wide incision, the blood gushed from me with such violence and in so great a quantity that it spirted into his face, and covered him in such a manner that he found it a very difficult matter to continue his operation. He looked upon this as very ominous, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to attend me afterwards; nay, he was several times for leaving me, recollecting that he had run a great hazard by having anything to do with me. The cardinal then caused me to be put into a private apartment, and went directly to the Vatican, in order to intercede in my behalf with the pope.

[Benvenuto was sent back to prison by order of the pope, and treated with great severity. He was finally set at liberty, however, at the request of the Cardinal of Ferrara.]



## THE BURSTING OF THE BOMB.

LYOF NIKOLAEVITCH TOLSTOI.

[Count Lyof Tolstoi, a Russian novelist, was born at Yasnaya Polyana, a village near Tula, in 1828. He is the author of a number of works of great celebrity, including the two powerful novels "Peace and War" and "Anna Karenina." Others of his works are "My Religion;" "My Confession;" "The Cossacks;" "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth;" "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch;" and "Scenes at the Siege of Sebastopol." At present he holds an exalted position in Russian literature, and his works display an insight into human nature that seems likely to keep them long alive. From the translation of "Sebastopol" by F. D. Millet, recently published by Harper & Brothers, we select its most powerful scene,—that which depicts, perhaps with over-minuteness of detail, Tolstoi's conception of the sensations of two soldiers, one mortally, the other slightly wounded. There could not be a more graphically drawn picture.]

WE left Praskoukine coming back with Mikhailoff. He reached a less exposed place, and began to breathe again, when he perceived, on turning around, the sudden light of a flash. The sentinel shouted, "Mor—tar!" and one of the soldiers who followed added, "It is coming straight into the bastion!" Mikhailoff looked. The luminous point of the bomb-shell seemed to stop directly over his head, —exactly the moment when it was impossible to tell what direction it was going to take. That was for the space of a second. Suddenly, redoubling its speed, the projectile came nearer and nearer. The sparks of the fuse could be seen flying out, the dismal hissing was plainly audible. It was going to drop right in the midst of the battalion. "To earth!" shouted a voice. Mikhailoff and Praskoukine obeyed. The latter, with shut eyes, heard the shell

fall somewhere on the hard earth very near him. A second, which appeared to him an hour, passed, and the shell did not burst. Praskoukine was frightened; then he asked himself what cause he had for fear. Perhaps it had fallen farther away, and he wrongly imagined that he heard the fuse hissing near him. Opening his eyes, he was satisfied to see Mikhailoff stretched motionless at his feet; but at the same time he perceived, a yard off, the lighted fuse of the shell spinning around like a top. A glacial terror, which stifled every thought, every sentiment, took possession of his soul. He hid his face in his hands.

Another second passed, during which a whole world of thoughts, of hopes, of sensations, and of souvenirs passed through his mind.

"Whom will it kill? Me or Mikhailoff, or indeed both of us together? If it is I, where will it hit me? If in the head, it will be all over; if on the foot, they will cut it off, then I shall insist that they give me chloroform, and I may get well. Perhaps Mikhailoff alone will be killed, and later I will tell how we were close together, and how I was covered with his blood. No, no! it is nearer me! it will be I!"

Then he remembered the twelve rubles he owed Mikhailoff, and another debt left at Petersburg, which ought to have been paid long ago. A Bohemian air that he sang the evening before came to his mind. He also saw in his imagination the lady he was in love with, in her lilac-trimmed bonnet; the man who had insulted him five years before, and whom he had never taken vengeance on. But in the midst of these and many other souvenirs the present feeling—the expectation of death—did not leave him. "Perhaps it isn't going to explode," he thought, and was on the point of opening his eyes with desperate boldness. But at this instant a red fire struck his eyeballs through

the closed lids, something hit him in the middle of the chest with a terrible crash. He ran forward at random, entangled his feet in his sword, stumbled, and fell on his side.

"God be praised, I am only bruised."

This was his first thought, and he wanted to feel of his breast, but his hands seemed as if they were tied. A vice gripped his head, soldiers ran before his eyes, and he mechanically counted them :

"One, two, three soldiers, and, besides, an officer who is losing his cloak!"

A new light flashed : he wondered what had fired. Was it a mortar or a cannon? Doubtless a cannon. Another shot, more soldiers,—five, six, seven. They passed in front of him, and suddenly he became terribly afraid of being crushed by them. He wanted to cry out, to say that he was bruised, but his lips were dry, his tongue was glued to the roof of his mouth. He had a burning thirst. He felt that his breast was damp, and the sensation of this moisture made him think of water. . . . He would have liked to drink that which drenched him.

"I must have knocked the skin off in falling," he said to himself, more and more frightened at the idea of being crushed by the soldiers who were running in crowds before him. He tried again to cry out,—

"Take me!——"

But instead of that he uttered a groan so terrible that he was frightened at it himself. Then red sparks danced before his eyes; it seemed as if the soldiers were piling stones on him. The sparks danced more rapidly, the stones piled on him stifled him more and more. He stretched himself out, he ceased to see, to hear, to think, to feel. He had been killed instantly by a piece of shell striking him full in the breast.

Mikhailoff also threw himself down on seeing the shell. Like Praskoukine, he thought of a crowd of things during the two seconds which preceded the explosion. He said his prayers mentally, repeating,—

“May Thy will be done! Why, O Lord, am I a soldier? Why did I exchange into the infantry to make this campaign? Why did I not remain in the uhlan regiment, in the province of F——, near my friend Natacha? and now see what is going to happen to me!”

He began to count,—“One, two, three, four,”—saying to himself that if the shell exploded at an even number he would live, if at an odd number he would be killed.

“It is all over, I am killed!” he thought, at the sound of the explosion, without thinking any more of odd or even. Struck on the head, he felt a terrible pain.

“Lord, pardon my sins!” he murmured, clasping his hands.

He tried to rise, and fell unconscious, face downward. His first sensation when he came to himself was of blood running from his nose. The pain in his head was much lessened.

“My soul is departing. What will there be over *yonder*? My God, receive my soul in peace! It is nevertheless strange,” he reasoned, “that I am dying, and I can distinctly hear the footsteps of the soldiers and the sound of shots!”

“A stretcher this way! The company chief is killed!” cried a voice which he recognized, that of the drummer Ignatieff.

Some one raised him up by the shoulders: he opened his eyes with an effort, and saw the dark-blue sky over his head, myriads of stars, and two shells flying through space as if they were racing with each other. He saw Ignatieff, soldiers loaded down with stretchers and with muskets, the

slope of the intrenchment, and suddenly he understood he was still in the world.

A stone had slightly wounded him on the head. His first impression was almost a regret. He felt so well, so quietly prepared to go over *yonder*, that the return to reality, the sight of the shells, of the trenches, and of blood, was painful to him. The second impression was an involuntary joy at feeling himself alive, and the third was the desire to leave the bastion as quickly as possible. The drummer bandaged his chief's head and led him towards the field-hospital, supporting him under his arm.

"Where am I going, and what for?" thought the captain, coming to himself a little. "My duty is to remain with my company,—all the more," whispered a little voice within him, "since it will shortly be out of range of the enemy's fire."

"It's no use, my friend," he said to the drummer, taking away his arm. "I won't go to the field-hospital: I will stay with my company."

"You had better let yourself be properly taken care of, your Excellency. It don't seem to be anything at first, but it may grow worse. Indeed, your Excellency——"

Mikhailoff stopped, undecided what to do. He would have followed Ignatieff's advice, perhaps, but he saw what a number of wounded men crowded the hospital, almost all of them seriously hurt.

"Perhaps the doctor will make fun of my scratch," he said to himself, and, without listening to the drummer's arguments, he went with a firm step to join his company.

"Where is Officer Praskoukine, who was beside me a short time ago?" he asked of the sub-lieutenant whom he found at the head of the company.

"I don't know: I think he was killed," hesitatingly replied the latter.

"Killed or wounded? Why, don't you know? He was marching with us. Why didn't you bring him off?"

"It wasn't possible in that furnace."

"Oh, why did you abandon a living man, Mikhail Ivanitch?" said Mikhailoff, with a vexed tone. "If he is dead, we must bring off his body."

"How can he be alive? Indeed I tell you I went up to him, and I saw—— What would you have? We scarcely had time to bring off our own men. Ah! the devils, how they are firing shell now!"

Mikhailoff sat down, and held his head in his hands. The walk had increased the violence of the pain.

"No," said he, "we must certainly go and get him. Perhaps he is alive. It is our duty, Mikhail Ivanitch."

Mikhail Ivanitch did not reply.

"He didn't think of bringing him off at the time, and now I must detail men for it. Why send them into this hell-fire which will kill them for nothing?" thought Mikhailoff.

"Children, we must go back to get that officer who is wounded yonder in the ditch," he said, without raising his voice, and in a tone which had no authority, for he guessed how disagreeable the execution of this order would be to the men.

But, since he addressed himself to no one in particular, not one of them came forward at this call.

"Who knows? he is dead, perhaps, and it isn't worth while to risk our men uselessly. It is my fault: I ought to have thought of it. I will go alone: it is my duty. Mikhail Ivanitch," he added, aloud, "lead on the company: I will overtake you."

Gathering up the folds of his cloak with one hand, he touched the image of St. Mitrophanes with the other. He wore this on his breast as a sign of special devotion to the blessed one.



The captain retraced his steps, assured himself that Praskoukine was really dead, and came back holding in his hand the bandage which had become unwound from his own head. The battalion was already at the foot of the hill, and almost out of reach of the balls, when Mikhailoff rejoined it. A few stray shells still came in their direction.

"I must go to-morrow and be registered in the field-hospital," said the captain to himself while the surgeon was dressing his wound.

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### FROM "EL MÁGICO PRODIGIOSO."

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

[Of the two celebrated dramatists of Spain, Lope de Vega and Calderon, the latter was second to the former only in the fertility of his genius, and was his equal in dramatic merit. He began to write plays at the age of thirteen, and produced in all over five hundred dramas, of which one hundred and twenty were three-act plays. As in the case of Lope de Vega, Calderon suffered no consideration of dramatic unity or fixed rules to hamper his active imagination, and his works, while full of interesting and elevated passages, contain much that is absurd and extravagant. He was born at Madrid in 1601. We select a portion of one of his plays in which an approach is made to the Faust idea. The translation is by Shelley.]

#### SCENE FIRST.

CYPRIAN *as a student*; CLARIN and MOSCON *as poor scholars, with books.*

#### CYPRIAN.

In the sweet solitude of this calm place,  
This intricate wild wilderness of trees  
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,  
Leave me; the books you brought out of the house

To me are ever best society.  
And whilst with glorious festival and song  
Antioch now celebrates the consecration  
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,  
And bears his image in loud jubilee  
To its new shrine, I would consume what still  
Lives of the dying day in studious thought,  
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,  
Go and enjoy the festival; it will  
Be worth the labor; and return for me  
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,  
Which among dim gray clouds on the horizon  
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse;—and here  
I shall expect you.

MOSCON.

I cannot bring my mind,  
Great as my haste to see the festival  
Certainly is, to leave you, sir, without  
Just saying some three or four hundred words.  
How is it possible that, on a day  
Of such festivity, you can bring your mind  
To come forth to a solitary country  
With three or four old books, and turn your back  
On all this mirth?

CLARIN.

My master's in the right;  
There is not anything more tiresome  
Than a procession-day, with troops of men,  
And dances, and all that.

MOSCON.

From first to last,  
Clarín, you are a temporizing flatterer;  
You praise not what you feel, but what he does;—  
Toad-eater!

CLARIN.

You lie—under a mistake,—  
For this is the most civil sort of lie  
That can be given to a man's face. I now  
Say what I think.

CYPRIAN.

Enough, you foolish fellows!  
Puffed up with your own doting ignorance,  
You always take the two sides of one question.  
Now go, and, as I said, return for me  
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide  
This glorious fabric of the universe.

MOSCON.

How happens it, although you can maintain  
The folly of enjoying festivals,  
That yet you go there?

CLARIN.

Nay, the consequence  
Is clear;—who ever did what he advises  
Others to do?

MOSCON.

Would that my feet were wings!  
So would I fly to Livia. [Exit.

CLARIN.

To speak truth,  
Livia is she who has surprised my heart;  
But he is more than half-way there.—Soho!  
Livia, I come! good sport, Livia! soho! [Exit.

CYPRIAN.

Now, since I am alone, let me examine  
The question which has long disturbed my mind  
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius  
The words of mystic import and deep sense  
In which he defines God. My intellect  
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs  
Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth,  
Which I must fathom. [Reads.  
[Enter the Devil, as a fine gentleman.

DEMON.

Search even as thou wilt,  
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

CYPRIAN.

What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?  
What art thou?

DEMON.

'Tis a foreign gentleman.  
Even from this morning, I have lost my way  
In this wild place; and my poor horse, at last  
Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon  
The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,  
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was  
Upon my way to Antioch, upon business  
Of some importance; but, wrapt up in cares,  
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)  
I parted from my company, and lost  
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

CYPRIAN.

'Tis singular that, even within the sight  
Of the high towers of Antioch, you could lose

Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths  
Of this wild wood, there is not one but leads,  
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch:  
Take which you will, you cannot miss your road.

DEMON.

And such is ignorance! Even in the sight  
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it.  
But as it still is early, and as I  
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,  
Being a stranger there, I will even wait  
The few surviving hours of the day,  
Until the night shall conquer it. I see,  
Both by your dress and by the books in which  
You find delight and company, that you  
Are a great student;—for my part, I feel  
Much sympathy with such pursuits.

CYPRIAN.

Have you

Studied much?

DEMON.

No; and yet I know enough  
Not to be wholly ignorant.

CYPRIAN.

Pray, sir,

What science may you know?

DEMON.

Many!

CYPRIAN.

Alas!

Much pains must we expend on one alone,  
And even then attain it not;—but you

Have the presumption to assert that you  
Know many without study.

DEMON.

And with truth;  
For in the country whence I come, sciences  
Require no learning,—they are known.

CYPRIAN.

Oh, would  
I were of that bright country! for in this,  
The more we study, we the more discover  
Our ignorance.

DEMON.

It is so true, that I  
Had so much arrogance as to oppose  
The chair of the most high professorship,  
And obtained many votes; and though I lost,  
The attempt was still more glorious than the failure  
Could be dishonorable: if you believe not,  
Let us refer it to dispute respecting  
That which you know best; and although I  
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though  
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

[A long metaphysical argument ensues, in which the demon holds his own shrewdly for a time, but at length pretends to give way to his opponent, with the design of gaining an influence over him. We give the conclusion of this dialogue. The remainder of the play, in which the fiend fails in his purposes, is much too long to be quoted.]

DEMON.

How can I impugn  
So clear a consequence?



CYPRIAN.

Do you regret

My victory?

DEMON.

Who but regrets a check  
In rivalry of wit? I could reply  
And urge new difficulties, but will now  
Depart; for I hear steps of men approaching,  
And it is time that I should now pursue  
My journey to the city.

CYPRIAN.

Go in peace!

DEMON.

Remain in peace!—Since thus it profits him  
To study, I will wrap his senses up  
In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of  
A piece of excellent beauty; and as I  
Have power given me to wage enmity  
Against Justina's soul, I will extract  
From one effect two vengeancees.

[*Exit.*

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THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

CHARLES BOTTA.

[Carlo Giuseppe Guglielmo Botta, an eminent Italian historian, was born at San Giorgio, Piedmont, about 1768. He was the author of a number of excellent historical works, including "History of the War of the Independence of the United States of America;" "History of Italy from 1789 to 1814;" a Continuation of Guicciardini's History of Italy down to 1789; and "History of the Nations of Italy from

Constantine to Napoleon." He wrote also some descriptive and poetical works, and died in Paris in 1837. His histories are written in a spirited and attractive style, and are among the best historical productions of modern Italy. The "American War" has been translated into English by G. A. Otis, of Boston, and from it we select an animated description of the siege of Gibraltar.

The close of the American Revolution left England confronted with two powerful foes, France and Spain, who had been drawn into the conflict, and who continued it after the war had ceased on American soil. The principal events which preceded the treaty of peace were the naval combat in the West Indies in 1782, in which Admiral Rodney gained a great victory over the French fleet; and the siege of Gibraltar by Spain, in which the English were equally successful. This strong fortress, of which England had been in possession since 1704, was blockaded by Spain in 1779, but relieved through a victory gained by Admiral Rodney. The blockade was resumed, and continued through 1780 and 1781, and in 1782 a vigorous effort was made to take it by assault, with the result described in the following article. The Treaty of Versailles, in 1783, closed the conflict, and left Gibraltar in English hands.]

THE fortress of Gibraltar is seated upon a rock which projects in the form of a tongue for the space of a league, from north to south, out of the continent of Spain, and which is terminated by a promontory called the point of Europe. The top of this rock is elevated a thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its eastern flank, or that which looks towards the Mediterranean, is entirely composed of a living rock, and so perpendicularly steep as to be absolutely inaccessible. The point of Europe, which is also of solid rock, slopes and terminates in an esplanade which rises twenty feet above the sea: here the English have planted a battery of twenty pieces of heavy artillery. Behind this point the promontory dilates, and there is formed a second esplanade which overlooks the first, and affords space enough for the troops of the garrison to parade in without difficulty.

As the declivity is gentle, and of easy access, the English have made cuts in the rock in front, and surrounded the platform with a wall fifteen feet in height and as many in thickness, copiously furnished with artillery. Within this platform they have constructed, besides, an intrenched camp, which offers them a secure retreat in case they should be driven from their outer works. From this post they communicate with another, still more elevated, and situated among steep and irregular masses: here the besieged had established their camp. Upon the western flank of the promontory and upon the sea-shore the town of Gibraltar itself occupied a long and narrow space. It had been almost totally destroyed by the artillery in one of the preceding attacks. It is closed on the south by a wall, on the north by an ancient fortification called the castle of the Moors, and in front, next the sea, by a parapet sixteen feet thick, and furnished from distance to distance with batteries, which fire level with the water. Behind the town the mountain rises abruptly quite to its summit. The English, for the greater security of this part, have constructed two other works, which project considerably into the sea. Both are armed with formidable batteries. The first, which looks to the north, is called the Old Mole; the second, the New Mole. Not content with these defences, they have erected in front of the castle of the Moors and of the Old Mole another work, consisting in two bastions connected by a curtain, of which the scarp and covered way, being well countermined throughout, are very difficult to mine. The object of this construction is to sweep by a raking fire that narrow strip of land which runs between the rock and the sea, and which forms the only communication of the Spanish continent with the fortress. In the front of this work the water of the sea has been introduced by means of dikes

and sluices, which, forming a pool or fen, adds much to the strength of this part.

The north side, or that which faces Spain, is by far the loftiest flank of the rock. It fronts the camp of St. Roch, and presents upon all its surface a prodigious quantity of batteries, which descend in tiers towards the Spanish camp. Thus art had combined with nature to make of this immense rock an impregnable citadel. Between the promontory of Gibraltar and the coast of Spain lies towards the west a deep gap filled by the waters of the sea: it is the bay of Gibraltar or of Algesiras. The port and city of this name are situated upon the western shore of the bay. The garrison of Algesiras amounted to little over seven thousand men, with about two hundred and fifty officers.

Such was the nature of that rock, against which the Spanish monarchy displayed the greater part of its forces and invoked besides the powerful assistance of France. This enterprise was the object of the most ardent wishes of Charles III.: he considered the honor of his crown as deeply interested in its success. The King of France likewise saw in the reduction of Gibraltar the termination of the war. In order to push the operations of the siege and to insure its success, the conduct of it was committed to the Duke de Crillon: the public opinion designated the victor of Minorca as the conqueror of Gibraltar.

The preparations directed against this place exceeded everything that had ever been heard of in like circumstances. Upwards of twelve hundred pieces of heavy cannon, eighty-three thousand barrels of powder, a proportionable quantity of bombs and balls, were destined to batter the works of the English. Forty gun-boats, with as many bomb-ketches, were to open their fire on the side of the bay, under cover of a formidable fleet of fifty sail

of the line,—twelve French, the others Spanish. Frigates and light vessels hovered in front of this line, in waiting to carry succor wherever it might be wanted. Upward of three hundred large boats had been assembled from all parts of Spain, which came to join the immense number already in the bay of Algesiras. It was intended to employ them during the attack in carrying munitions and necessaries to the ships of war, and in landing the troops as soon as the works should be ruined. Nor were the preparations by land inferior to those that were made by sea. The Spaniards had already advanced by sap, and their lines, as soon as they were terminated, presented an astonishing number of batteries of heavy artillery. Twelve thousand French troops were brought to diffuse their peculiar vivacity and animation through the Spanish army, as well as for the benefit to be derived from the example of their superior discipline and experience. At sight of the immense warlike apparatus assembled against the place, and of the ardor manifested by the soldiers, the generals who directed the siege considered themselves as so sure of success that they were upon the point of ordering, without further delay, a general assault. They had resolved that while the land-forces should assail the fortress on the side of the isthmus, the fleet should batter it upon all points contiguous to the sea. They hoped that the garrison, already little numerous, experiencing besides a great diminution in dead and wounded, would be totally incapable of sufficing for the defence of so extensive works. The loss of some thousands of men and several ships of the line would have seemed to the besiegers but a slender price for so inestimable a conquest.

[This project, however, was rejected by the council as doubtful and dangerous. Attention was then turned to the formation of powerful floating batteries, and the scheme of the Chevalier D'Arcon, an able

French engineer, was adopted. His plan was to build vessels with bottoms of such unusual thickness of timber that they could not sink, and to secure the sides against red-hot shot from the fortress by layers of water-soaked cork and timber, including between them a considerable thickness of wet sand. In addition to this, he arranged pipes and canals through all the solid parts to convey water wherever necessary, they being kept filled by pumps. A sloping roof of netting, covered thickly with wet hides, was also constructed, for the purpose of preventing the shells from lodging, and throwing them off into the sea.

Ten such batteries were constructed, and armed with a hundred and fifty-four pieces of heavy cannon. So sanguine was the hope of success that the Duke de Crillon was thought extremely cautious when he allowed fourteen days for the capture of Gibraltar, twenty-four hours seeming to many an abundance of time. The event proved fatal to these hopes.]

The thirteenth of September was destined to witness an ever-memorable conflict. History, in effect, presents nothing more terrible for the desperate fierceness and resolution of the two parties, nor more singular for the species of arms, nor more glorious for the humanity manifested by the conquerors. The season beginning to be late, and Admiral Howe approaching with intent to revictual Gibraltar, the allied commanders felt the necessity of precipitating the attack they meditated. According to the plan agreed upon, the artillery of the lines, the floating batteries, the ships of war and gun-boats, were to attack the place upon all points at once. While the cannon, mortars, and howitzers of the isthmus kept up a heavy fire on the land-side, it was intended that the floating batteries should direct their fire against the works which commanded the bay, taking their station in front of the Old Mole. At the same time, the gun- and mortar-boats, with the bomb-ketches, taking post on the two flanks of the line of battering ships, were to enfilade the British artillery which defended the fortifications constructed



upon the margin of the sea. As to the fleet, it was destined to concur no less effectually to the attack, according to the wind or the necessity of the service. In this manner the fortress would be battered simultaneously by four hundred pieces of ordnance, without including the artillery afloat.

General Elliot, on his part, had neglected nothing that would enable him to make a vigorous defence. The soldiers were at their posts, the artillerists at their place with lighted matches; numerous furnaces were prepared for heating the shot. At seven in the morning the ten battering ships, under the conduct of Admiral Don Moreno, put themselves in motion. Between nine and ten they came to an anchor, being moored in a line, at moderate distances, from the Old to the New Mole, lying parallel to the rock, and at about nine hundred yards' distance. The admiral's ship was stationed opposite the king's bastion; and the others took their appointed places successively, and with great regularity, on his right and left. The cannonade and bombardment, on all sides, and in all directions, from the isthmus, the sea, and the various works of the fortress, was not only tremendous, but beyond example. The prodigious showers of red-hot balls, of bombs, and of carcasses, which filled the air, and were without intermission thrown to every point of the various attacks, both by sea and by land, from the garrison, astonished even the commanders of the allied forces. The battering ships, however, appeared to be the principal objects of vengeance, as they were of apprehension to the garrison; but such was the excellence of their construction that they not only resisted this terrible fire, but answered it with equal fury; and already they had operated a breach in the works of the Old Mole. The result of so many mutual efforts seemed for a long time uncertain.

At length, however, some smoke began to issue from the upper part of the battering ships *Pastora* and *Talla Piedra*. It was caused by some red-hot balls which had penetrated so far into their sides that they could not be extinguished by the water of the internal canals. They had set fire to the contiguous parts, which, after smouldering for some time, suddenly broke out in flames. The men were seen, at the hazard of life, using fire-engines, and pouring water into the shot-holes. This fire, though kept under during the continuance of daylight, could never be thoroughly subdued. The disorder in these two commanding ships in the centre affected the whole line of attack; and by the evening the fire from the fortress had gained a decided superiority. The fire was continued from the batteries in the fortress with equal vigor through the night, and by one o'clock in the morning the first two batteries were in flames, and the others visibly on fire, whether by the effect of the red-hot shot, or, as the Spaniards pretended, that they were purposely set on fire when it appeared no longer possible to save them. The confusion was now extreme. Rockets were continually thrown up by each of the ships, as signals to the fleet of their distress and danger. These signals were immediately answered, and all means used by the fleet to afford the assistance they required; but, as it was deemed impossible to remove the battering ships, their endeavors were only directed to bringing off the men. A great number of boats were accordingly employed, and great intrepidity displayed, in the attempts for this purpose; the danger from the burning vessels, filled as they were with instruments of destruction, appearing no less dreadful than the fire from the garrison, terrible as that was, since the light thrown out on all sides by the flames afforded the utmost precision in its direction.

Never, perhaps, has a more deplorable spectacle passed before the eyes of man. The thick darkness which covered the land and waters in the distance contrasted with the frightful glare of the flames which devoured so many victims: in the midst of the roar of artillery their dolorous cries were audible. A new incident occurred to interrupt the attempts that were made for their rescue, and to complete the general confusion and destruction. Captain Curtis, a seaman as able as he was adventurous, advanced at this moment with twelve gun-boats, each carrying one eighteen or twenty-four pounder. They had been constructed to oppose those of the Spaniards, and their low fire and fixed aim rendered them extremely formidable. Captain Curtis drew them up in such a manner as to flank the line of battering ships. The scene was wrought up by this fierce and unexpected attack to the highest point of calamity. The Spanish boats dared no longer to approach, and were compelled to the hard necessity of abandoning their ships and friends to the flames or to the mercy of a heated and irritated enemy. Several of their boats and launches had been sunk before they submitted to this necessity; and one in particular, with fourscore men on board, who were all drowned, excepting an officer and twelve men, who, having the fortune to float on the wreck under the walls, were taken up by the garrison. Some feluccas had taken shelter upon the coast during the night, but as soon as the day appeared the English soon compelled them to surrender. It seemed that nothing could have exceeded the horrors of the night; but the opening of daylight disclosed a spectacle still more dreadful. Numbers of men were seen in the midst of the flames, crying out for pity and help; others floating upon pieces of timber, exposed to an equal though less dreadful danger from the opposite element. Even those in the

ships where the fire had yet made a less progress expressed in their looks, gestures, and words the deepest distress and despair, and were no less urgent in imploring assistance.

Moved with compassion at this dismal scene, the English discontinued their fire, and thought only of saving the enemy they had vanquished,—a conduct the more generous, as it was attended with manifest peril. Captain Curtis in particular acquired an imperishable glory, by showing himself regardless of his own existence in his endeavors to preserve that of his enemies. He advanced intrepidly with his boats towards the burning ships, in order to rescue those who were about to become the prey of the one or other element. He was himself the first to rush on board the blazing batteries, and to set the example of dragging with his own hands the terrified victims from the jaws of destruction. Meanwhile death hovered incessantly round him. He was equally exposed to the peril arising from the blowing up of the ships as the fire reached their magazines, and to the continual discharge, on all sides, of the artillery, as the guns became to a certain degree heated. Several of his people were killed or severely wounded in this honorable enterprise. He was near sharing the fate of one of the largest ships, which blew up only a few moments after he left her. Near four hundred men were thus saved, by the noble exertions of Curtis, from inevitable death. The French and Spaniards, however, lost no less than fifteen hundred men, including the prisoners and wounded, in the attack by sea. The wounded that fell into the power of the conqueror were carried to the hospitals of the fortress and treated with the greatest humanity. Nine floating batteries were burnt by the red-hot shot, or by the Spaniards themselves. The tenth was burnt by the English, when they found she

could not be brought off. Their loss was inconsiderable: it amounted, according to their account, since the ninth of August, to no more than sixty-five killed, and three hundred and eighty-eight wounded. The fortifications received but slight damage, or at least not so considerable as to afford any room for future apprehension.

In this manner was victory obtained with lasting glory to General Elliot and the whole garrison of Gibraltar. The treasures which the King of Spain had expended for the construction of these enormous machines, the bravery and perseverance of his troops, the valor and spirit of the French, were all in vain.

[After this failure, the blockade was resumed, with the hope of starving out the garrison. But Admiral Howe, with a victualling-fleet, succeeded in reaching Gibraltar and re-supplying the fortress. The allies now gave up the siege in despair, and Gibraltar was left in the hands of the English, in which it still remains.]

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## SEPARATION.

SALVATORE FARINA.

[Of recent Italian novelists none other has attained such popularity as Farina, born at Sorso, Sardinia, in 1846. He has an original and charming style in his later works, which attain a high ethical standard without becoming didactic in manner. His works are highly esteemed in Germany, in which country they are translated as rapidly as they appear. We select the following neat picture of life, which is full of the mellow humor for which Farina is noted. The translation is by Helen and Alice Zimmern.]

My room in the *Via Bagutta* was really situated a little higher than was necessary. I said so to myself once a

day, I had so often to climb the one hundred and twelve stairs that separated me from the world below; but whenever I reached the top, and gazed through the window over the splendid panorama of roofs and chimneys, I so much enjoyed the view that I remained living there. Four months later I had made the acquaintance of all my neighbors; and among the bachelor's neighbors there are sure to be some from whom it is better to keep aloof.

Thus I made the acquaintance of the most eccentric married couple that can be imagined. If I were to say that Signor Sulpicio and Signora Concetta were each the actual half corresponding to the other, the statement need hardly be metaphorically taken; for, in truth, both of them together owned only as much flesh and muscle as usually belong to one ordinary mortal. If their years were added together, their sum was considerably over that of a century and a half. And if I imagined to myself—a funny but not improper notion—Signora Concetta standing on her husband's head, it seemed to me as if the worthy lady would just touch, or perhaps even project a very little beyond, the ceiling; and my room was only three and a half metres high.

After the establishment of these mathematical proportions, it will be easy for the reader to form a picture of this couple; and they will live in his memory, as in mine, a pair of lank, haggard, thin forms, gray-headed, their faces furrowed with wrinkles, and their eyes sunk and sparkling.

For fifty-five years they had shared bed and board and all the vicissitudes of life with one another; they had so grown into one another, and had so lived themselves one into another, even their faces, with the exception of their noses, had grown so like one another, that they might easily have been taken for brother and sister. But those noses,



those noses! They had obstinately retained their own original shape; and I must confess that never in my life did I see two more differently shaped noses. The man's was hooked,—eagle-fashion,—as though inquisitively to watch whatever entered the mouth; while the woman's was small and retreating, as though it stepped aside to leave the way to her mouth open for a good morsel. This simile was not made by me in the first instance, but had its origin with the couple.

It happened at dinner fifty-four years and eleven months ago, in an unfortunate moment of mutual anger about some sauce that tasted of smoke.

This was the first cloud that appeared on the fair sky of their conjugal happiness; but it was an ugly, dark cloud, and it mounted from the sauce into their noses, from their noses into their heads, from their heads into their minds. At last they discovered that never on this earth had a married pair more unwillingly borne the burden of the conjugal yoke than they. Concetta spoke of returning to her relatives, and Sulpicio wished her to go at once; but, considering that they were on their wedding journey, and that Concetta's relatives lived two hundred miles away from the scene of this first matrimonial quarrel, the execution of this plan was, for the time being, deferred.

But "separation" was, and remained, the pass-word between them. Next day it occurred to Sulpicio that his companion had been intrusted to him as a maiden treasure; he remembered a touching conversation which he had had with his father-in-law; he bethought him of his vow "to make her happy;" a whole host of good thoughts and wise resolves rose up in his soul, and at length brought him to the conviction that it was his place to persuade Concetta not to forsake the domestic hearth.

Concetta too, on the whole a sensible woman, thought

of her mother's advice; of the "yes" she had pronounced before the altar; of the envy of her friends who remained unmarried; of the secret joy and pretended pity of her youthful companions. Then she considered that Sulpicio was not really a bad man, and that it was only the unfortunate smoky sauce that was at fault in the whole matter.

When Sulpicio approached her with his pleasantest smile, Concetta also met him with her pleasantest manner; they pressed each other's hands, embraced warmly, and peace was concluded.

But in their hearts there remained the consciousness that they had made trial of one another. This trial was followed by others no less stormy; and the fourth story in the *Via Bagutta*, and sometimes the whole neighborhood, were occasionally witnesses to sudden shrieking sounds.

"That is Concetta," the people would say. It was Concetta. After the unfortunate victim had vainly cast at her tyrant's head all the flattering terms she had collected during the last fifty-five years, without being able to trump his supply, she would finish by giving a terrible scream. At the end of such scenes old Sulpicio generally fled down-stairs, so that Concetta sent her last abusive words after him from one of the steps.

Then the good neighbors came to her assistance. They let her talk till the attack of rage was over; then they joined in her lamentation, and pitied her, and declared her fate to be undeserved, and her husband a brute. Suddenly she seemed quieted, and then she contradicted every one most passionately, and defended her Sulpicio with incredible warmth, whom she alone could understand, whose heart only she could read, and who was really better than any one else.

When the attack was over, and the landing cleared again,

the old woman crept quietly and secretly back into their apartment, and buried her trembling head in a large black-silk hood; thereupon she descended two flights of stairs, and knocked at the door of Madame Nina, who lived with a weak-headed uncle, a friend of Sulpicio's. Concetta knew that her husband thought very highly of the young woman; yet she was so far from being jealous of her that she even made use of her assistance in re-establishing peace.

Almost at the same moment the husband returned secretly to the house, came panting up the stairs, and burst into my room. As he knew that Concetta cherished almost motherly feelings towards me, and that a word from me would go a long way with her, he did me the troublesome honor of intrusting me with the restoration of his domestic peace.

[The peace-making efforts of Carlo and the widow Nina ended in the two, previously strangers to each other, having an interesting interview. Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the quarrelsome old couple, who had again made up.]

"I had come to offer my congratulations on the peace," said the widow. "Now it is late, and I must go."

Concetta was in good spirits; her wrinkles revealed a kindly smile, and her eyes sparkled.

"It was not a bad thing that Signor Carlo kept you company," said she to the young widow.

Nina blushed, and I felt my heart beat faster.

She went, and soon after I took my leave.

The whole day long I only thought of Signora Nina, and only dreamt of her all night. All next morning I stood at the window to see her. I was fortunate enough to be observed by her, and to be allowed to bow to her. For a whole month I stood regularly at the window at the same

time, and rejoiced in the same good fortune; now I smiled at her, now she at me. Seven months and eight days after, I was permitted to press Signora Nina to my heart. She was no longer a widow.

We were happy. We inhabited a little house far removed from the noisy bustle of the town. Our windows did not open on to the dwellings of troublesome neighbors. We had the sun every day from morning to noon, and our new furniture shone in festive light.

She said her old uncle would on no consideration remain alone with his infirmities, and had gone to live with a sister in the town.

We were alone with our dreams, our plans, and our thoughts; and that was sufficient for us. Any other society would only have been wearisome.

Our room was rose-colored, like the happy spirits that presided over it. The future appeared to us as a beautiful dream. Nina was as graceful as she was dignified. She could smile so sweetly; her glance was as bright and as clear as the moon's beam; her voice was gentle and harmonious; and then she had such a bewitching way of approaching me, laying her hands on my shoulders, and, without one spoken word, saying to me, "I love you!" that I could have gazed on her for hours, and devoured her with my eyes.

She had only one fault: she could not go from one room into another without banging the door behind her. Often, when I was startled from my thoughts and dreams by the slamming of a door, I was on the point of giving expression to the unpleasant sensation; but then I saw her rosy face, and was silent. None the less did it constantly irritate me, and I tried in vain to endure it more calmly.

I must testify to myself that I was an almost perfect husband to Nina. I left her alone as seldom as possible,

and then only for a short time. I never contradicted her. I tried to anticipate all her wishes, always spoke kindly to her, and committed a thousand little absurdities to keep her in good humor. But I, too, had one little fault: I was terribly absent. Sometimes, when I was absorbed in some stupid thought, I did not notice that she, herself smiling, demanded a smile from me; and then I would answer some joking fancy by a serious shake of my head.

Certainly Fate, when it mated together two such serious faults, could not have intended to produce an image of conjugal peace.

One day I was even more absent, and she slammed the doors even more violently, than usual; a loud "Oh!" escaped from me. She had heard it, and I repented it. In vain. Next time Nina did not disturb me in my contemplation: she walked softly on tiptoe, and when she closed the door she did it with the greatest care, to avoid making the least sound.

The roar of Vulcan's smithy would not have made me spring up faster from my chair. I rushed towards her, embraced and kissed her, and we laughed together in the fulness of our hearts.

But the ice was broken: a thought had come to open expression between us: we were not perfect. In spite of all her exertions, Nina did not succeed in curing herself of her fault; only as soon as she had committed it she assumed a half-sorry, half-teasing manner, which made her seem even more beautiful.

As for me, as often as my thoughts carried me away, I continued to shake my head and open my eyes wide; and so everything remained as before.

Our honeymoon lasted several months without the faintest shadow of a cloud resting on the brows of the lovers.

One day—it was one of those sultry July days on which the cruel hot sun mocks us—she swears to this day that she first said to me, “I should like to know in what you are always so deeply absorbed. I really should like to know!” And—would you believe it, honored reader?—I am said first to have offended her by a slight imprecation, which I did not notice myself until it was more than half out of my lips? Yet, however that may be, one of us replied with a rude speech, the other with a somewhat ruder one, then now and then was added a touch of scorn and bitterness; and at last Nina’s eyes were as full of tears as my heart of wounded pride.

Another time, the same beginning, the same end; and that was repeated again and again.

“This life is becoming unendurable,” said she.

“So I think, too,” answered I.

“Indeed! Do you think so too? But I for my part am thoroughly tired of it. And we have borne these chains now for nearly a year!”

“Ten months,” I answered.

“To you it may seem ten years, to me it does not seem quite so long. But I suppose our happiness has already lasted too long! Oh, how unhappy I am! I can see it already; you will come to hate me, if indeed you do not hate me already. But I, too, shall at last hate you.”

I longed to take her in my arms, and to carry her with her wrath through all the rooms, until at last she should laughingly exclaim, “Now it is enough.” Best of all, I should have liked to kneel before her, to confess my conjugal sins and beg for absolution, or to fall upon her neck and kiss it until it was so red with my embraces that fright would have brought her back to her senses: in short, all the good thoughts that can only occur to the best sort of husband rose up in me. I give her a sidelong



glance; she sees my look, and shrugs her shoulders. I make a step towards her; she leaves the room, and I—do the same, but in the opposite direction, down the stairs, deeply hurt, yet full of conscience-pricks before even I began to carry out my terrible plans of vengeance.

For a long time I continued walking round and round in a circle. I could not leave the spot, and involuntarily my looks always rested on the house in which dwelt my happiness.

Then all at once I remembered Concetta and Sulpicio, our good friends of former times; and I thought that I had no one to undertake the office of peacemaker with Nina for me, and, besides, that I would never intrust such an office to any one, or ever permit it.

I said to myself, "It is the first time; but who knows whether it is the last time? You must return to her, shorten her punishment as much as possible; you must speak kindly to her, and say that we will not quarrel any more. But what if she, instead of listening kindly to me, should prove refractory? Oh, what nonsense! She will certainly answer my first kind word with a hearty kiss. Then we shall no longer talk or complain, but only laugh together."

Two or three times these conversations had brought me as far as the threshold of my house, and just as often I had gone away again. At length I ventured to cross the Rubicon, ran quickly through the door-way, sprang up the stairs, three or four steps at a time, and a moment after I stood before her, who had already come weeping to meet me on the landing.

She covered her face with her hands, and did not speak a word. I put my arm round her and drew her into the room; then I took her on my lap, gently forced her hands away from her eyes, laid my face next hers, and begged

her forgiveness. But instead of forgiving me she broke out into fresh sobs, threw her arms round my neck, and laid her head on my shoulder. My heart was beating violently. Nina's behavior seemed to me to tell of some misfortune. What could have happened during my absence? New caresses in kiss and word. When at length I ventured to address her with an anxious inquiry, she burst out afresh into more violent sobs.

"She is dead!"

"Who?"

"Concetta! poor Concetta!"

I was silent. To tell the truth, the matter did not affect me very deeply: the worthy lady was a good deal past seventy, and her place in heaven had long been reserved for her. Still, I felt it my duty to pay some regard to Nina's sincere distress. When she had finished crying she said, in a voice of deep emotion,—

"Now they are separated!"

"And who brought you the news?"

"A friend who visited me. Poor Concetta died quite suddenly the day before yesterday."

"And Sulpicio?"

"Is in despair. He does not speak a word, and seems quite stunned."

"I must go and see him."

"Yes, do, my friend; go at once."

I went. When I arrived—— Alas, the poor old heart had not been able to endure the grief of desolation! In that same night, a few hours after they had carried out his life's companion, he lay down in his widowed bed in the certain conviction that he should not see the next morning.

The dead man's smiling face seemed to say to me, "Even death has not been able to separate us."

With my heart full of sadness, but of mild, beneficent sadness, I returned home. We were alone. I said not a word to Nina. She fell sadly round my neck and pressed me to her heart.

“Carlo!”

“Nina!”

She cast up her eyes, as though she wished to read my thoughts in mine; then she whispered,—

“We too! Is it not true?”

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### ORLANDO'S MADNESS.

LODOVICO ARIOSTO.

[The favorite form of fictitious literature of the Middle Ages, the romantic poem of magic and chivalry, which for centuries was almost as greatly in vogue as the novel at the present day, culminated in the “*Orlando Furioso*” of Ariosto, a work of genius which is destined to live long in literature. The author, Lodovico Ariosto, the son of a nobleman of Ferrara, was born at Reggio in 1474. He early gave proof of poetical powers, and while yet young wrote two comedies, modelled after those of Plautus and Terence. His great work, and that on which his fame rests, was suggested by the “*Orlando Innamorato*” of Boiardo, which, as afterwards recast by Berni, itself gained great fame. Ariosto resolved to continue the exploits of Orlando, and to write a poem which should place him among the first poets of his country. In this he had remarkable success, for his great epic of romance quickly became one of the world's favorite poems, and has so remained, a result which is due to its richness of invention, skill in narrative, and great felicity of style. More than sixty editions of the poem were published in the sixteenth century, and its popularity yet continues in Italy. “The ‘*Orlando Furioso*,’” says Hallam, “as a great single poem, has been very rarely surpassed in the living records of poetry. He [Ariosto] must yield to three, and only three, of his predecessors. He has not the force, simplicity, and truth to nature of Homer, the exquisite style and sustained majesty of Virgil, nor the

originality and boldness of Dante." The following description of the origin of the knight's madness, through the loss of the love of his chosen lady, is in Rose's translation.]

THE course in pathless woods, which, without rein,  
The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,  
Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,  
Follow him, without tidings of his way.  
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,  
On either bank of which a meadow lay,  
Which stained with native hues and rich he sees,  
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The mid-day fervor made the shelter sweet  
To hardy herd as well as naked swain;  
So that Orlando well beneath the heat  
Some deal might wince, oppressed with plate and chain.  
He entered, for repose, the cool retreat,  
And found it the abode of grief and pain,  
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,  
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there, on many a tree,  
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,  
What as the writing of his deity  
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.  
This was a place of those described by me,  
Whither ofttimes, attended by Medore,  
From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray  
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid those green abodes,  
In a hundred parts, their ciphered names are dight;  
Whose many letters are so many goads,  
Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.

He would discredit, in a thousand modes,  
That which he credits in his own despite,  
And would perforce persuade himself, that rind  
Other Angelica than his had signed.

“And yet I know these characters,” he cried,  
“Of which I have so many read and seen ;  
By her may this Medoro be belied,  
And me, she, figured in the name, may mean.”  
Feeding on such like phantasies, beside  
The real truth, did sad Orlando lean  
Upon the empty hope, though ill-contented,  
Which he by self-illusions had fomented,

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more  
That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,  
Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,  
Hampered in net or lime,—which, in the thought  
To free its tangled pinions and to soar,  
By struggling, is but more securely caught.  
Orlando passes thither where a mountain  
O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

Splay-footed ivy, with its mantling spray,  
And gadding vine, the cavern's entry case,  
Where often in the hottest noon of day  
The pair had rested, locked in fond embrace.  
Within the grotto, and without it, they  
Had oftener than in any other place  
With charcoal or with chalk their names portrayed,  
Or flourished with the knife's indenting blade.

[The knight, with a heart full of pain and dread, wandered on until  
he found shelter in a wayside farm-house.]

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador  
To a discreet attendant : one undressed  
His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,  
And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.  
This was the homestead where the young Medore  
Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.  
Orlando here, with other food unfed,  
Having supped full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,  
He finds but so much more distress and pain,  
Who everywhere the loathed handwriting sees,  
On wall, and door, and window : he would fain  
Question his host of this, but holds his peace,  
Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain,  
To make the thing, and this would rather shroud,  
That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the count his self-deceit,  
For there was one who spake of it unsought,—  
The shepherd swain, who to allay the heat,  
With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought :  
The tale which he was wonted to repeat,—  
Of the two lovers,—to each listener taught,  
A history which many loved to hear,  
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer :

How, at Angelica's persuasive prayer,  
He to his farm had carried young Medore,  
Grievously wounded with an arrow, where,  
In little space, she healed the angry sore.  
But while she exercised this pious care,  
Love in her heart the lady wounded more,  
And kindled from small sparks so fierce a fire,  
She burnt all over, restless with desire :



Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,  
Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,  
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn  
To be the consort of a poor foot-page.—  
His story done, to them in proof was borne  
The gem which, in reward for harborage  
To her extended in that kind abode,  
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

A deadly axe was this unhappy close,  
Which at a single stroke lopped off the head,  
When, satiate with innumerable blows,  
That cruel hangman, Love, his hate had fed.  
Orlando studied to conceal his woes;  
And yet the mischief gathered force and spread,  
And would break out perforce in tears and sighs,  
Would he or would he not, from mouth and eyes.

When he can give the rein to raging woe,  
Alone, by others' presence unrepressed,  
From his full eyes the tears descending flow  
In a wide stream, and flood his troubled breast.  
'Mid sob and groan, he tosses to and fro  
About his weary bed, in search of rest,  
And, vainly shifting, harder than a rock  
And sharper than a nettle found its flock.

[Leaving the house in grief and rage, he seeks the forest, where his  
love-madness grows into fury.

All night about the forest roved the count,  
And at the break of daily light was brought  
By his unhappy fortune to the fount  
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.

To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount  
Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught  
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;  
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright,

Cleft through the writing, and the solid block  
Into the sky, in tiny fragments, sped.  
Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock  
Where Medore and Angelica were read!  
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock  
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.  
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,  
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, an l shoot, and lop,  
Cast without cease into the beauteous source,  
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,  
Never again was clear the troubled course.  
At length, for lack of breath, compelled to stop,—  
When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force  
Serves not his fury more,—he falls, and lies  
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and woe-begone, he fell to ground,  
And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,  
Nor ate, nor slept, till in his daily round  
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought  
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound  
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.  
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day,  
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Here was his helmet, there his shield bestowed;  
His arms far off; and, farther than the rest,  
His cuirass; through the greenwood wide was strewed  
All his good gear, in fine; and next his vest

He rent, and, in his fury, naked showed  
His shaggy paunch, and all his back and breast,  
And 'gan that frenzy act, so passing dread,  
Of stranger folly never shall be said.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,  
That all obscured remained the warrior's spright;  
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,  
Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight:  
But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,  
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.  
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,  
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let  
As fennel, wallwort-stem, or dill, uptore,  
And ilex, knotted oak, and fir upset,  
And beech, and mountain-ash, and elm-tree hoar:  
He did what fowler, ere he spread his net,  
Does, to prepare the champaign for his lore,  
By stubble, rush, and nettle-stalk, and broke,  
Like these, old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

The shepherd swains, who hear the tumult nigh,  
Leaving their flocks beneath the greenwood-tree,  
Some here, some there, across the forest hie,  
And hurry thither, all, the cause to see.—  
But I have reached such point, my history,  
If I o'erpass this bound, may irksome be;  
And I my story will delay to end,  
Rather than by my tediousness offend.

## THE TWO MAGIC FOUNTAINS.

FRANCESCO BERNI.

[To our selection from the "Furioso" we add a brief one from the "Orlando Innamorato." This poem, originally written by Matteo Maria Boiardo, born about 1430, displayed a fine inventive faculty, but was marred by a hardness of style and faults of manner that stood in the way of its popularity. It was taken in hand by a Tuscan poet, Francesco Berni, born about 1490, who recast nearly every stanza of the original, with a playful and satirical talent which gave the poem a new lease of life and has insured for it enduring popularity. Berni was the author of several burlesque and satirical poems of remarkable felicity of style.]

THE alabaster vase was wrought with gold,  
And the white ground o'erlaid with curious care;  
While he who looked within it might behold  
Green grove, and flowers, and meadow, pictured there.  
Wise Merlin made it, it is said, of old,  
For Tristan, when he sighed for Yseult fair,  
That, drinking of its wave, he might forego  
The peerless damsel, and forget his woe.

But he, to his misfortune, never found  
That fountain, built beneath the greenwood-tree,  
Although the warrior paced a weary round,  
Encompassing the world by land and sea.  
The waves which in the magic basin bound  
Make him unlove who loves. Nor only he  
Foregoes his former love, but that, which late  
Was his chief pride and pleasure, has in hate.

Mount Alban's lord, whose strength and spirits sink,—  
For yet the sun was high, and passing hot,—  
Stood gazing on the pearly fountain's brink,  
Rapt with the sight of that delicious spot.  
At length he can no more, but stoops to drink;  
And thirst and love are in the draught forgot;  
For such the virtue those cold streams impart,  
Changed in an instant is the warrior's heart.

Him, with that forest's wonders unacquainted,  
Some paces to a second water bring,  
Of crystal wave, with rain or soil untainted.  
With all the flowers that wreath the brows of Spring  
Kind Nature had the verdant margin painted;  
And there a pine and beech and olive fling  
Their boughs above the stream, and form a bower,  
A grateful shelter from the noontide hour.

This was the stream of Love, upon whose shore  
He chanced, where Merlin no enchantments shed;  
But Nature here, unchanged by magic lore,  
The fountain with such sovereign virtue fed,  
That all who tasted loved,—whence many, sore  
Lamenting their mistake, were ill bested.  
Rinaldo wandered to this water's brink,  
But, sated, had no further wish to drink.

Yet the delicious trees and banks produce  
Desire to try the grateful shade; and, needing  
Repose, he lights, and turns his courser loose,  
Who roamed the forest, at his pleasure feeding;  
And there Rinaldo cast him down, at truce  
With care, and, slumber to repose succeeding,  
Thus slept supine,—when spiteful fortune brought  
Her to the spot whom least the warrior sought.

She thirsts, and, lightly leaping from her steed,  
Ties the gay palfrey to the lofty pine,  
Then, plucking from the stream a little reed,  
Sips, as a man might savor muscat wine,  
And feels, while yet she drinks (such marvel breed  
The waters fraught with properties divine),  
She is no longer what she was before ;  
And next beholds the sleeper on the shore.

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## PATIENT GRISELDA.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

[The story we give below is the most famous of the hundred tales of the "Decameron." It has been translated, praised, and imitated from Boccaccio's time almost to the present, and its heroine spoken of as the most perfect pattern on record of a faithful and long-suffering wife. Yet it by no means appeals to our nineteenth-century conception of human nature; and, though it is said to have been founded on an actual or traditional incident, no one can believe that the original incident resembled Boccaccio's version of it,—that a husband who loved his wife could have behaved as the marquis is credited with doing, or that a mother who loved her children could have given them up in the manner here described. With this preliminary we present, in Kelly's translation, the celebrated fourteenth-century conception of wifely patience.

The story begins with narrating that Gualtieri, Marquis of Saluzzo, a bachelor, who spent his time in hunting, was strongly pressed by his subjects to take a wife. He had conceived a fancy for a country-girl, the daughter of a very poor man, and told the people that he would marry to satisfy them if they would promise not to object to the choice which he designed to make to please himself.]

THE people all declared themselves pleased, and promised to regard her in all things as their mistress. Afterwards



they made preparations for a most noble feast, and the like did the prince, inviting all his relations, and the great lords in all parts and provinces about him; he had also most rich and costly robes made, shaped by a person that seemed to be of the same size with his intended spouse; and provided a girdle, ring, and fine coronet, with everything requisite for a bride. And when the day appointed was come, about the third hour he mounted his horse, attended by all his friends and vassals, and, having everything in readiness, he said, "My lords and gentlemen, it is now time to go for my new spouse."

So on they rode to the village, and when he was come near the father's house he saw her carrying some water from the well, in great haste, to go afterwards with some of her acquaintances to see the new marchioness; when he called her by her name, which was Griselda, and inquired where her father was. She modestly replied, "My gracious lord, he is in the house." He then alighted from his horse, commanding them all to wait for him, and went alone into the cottage, where he found the father, who was called Giannucolo, and said to him, "Honest man, I am come to espouse thy daughter, but would first ask her some questions before thee." He then inquired whether she would make it her study to please him, and not be uneasy at any time, whatever he should do or say; and whether she would always be obedient; with more to that purpose. To which she answered, "Yes." He then led her out by the hand, and, ordering the rich apparel to be brought which he had provided, he had her clothed completely, and a coronet set upon her head, all disordered as her hair was; after which, every one being in amaze, he said, "Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband." Then, turning towards her, who stood quite abashed, "Will you,"

said he, "have me for your husband?" She replied, "Yes, if it so please your lordship." "Well," he replied, "and I take you for my wife."

So he espoused her in that public manner, and, mounting her on a palfrey, conducted her honorably to his palace, celebrating the nuptials with as much pomp and grandeur as though he had been married to the daughter of the King of France; and the young bride showed apparently that with her garments she had changed both her mind and behavior. She had a most agreeable person, and was so amiable, and so good-natured withal, that she seemed rather a lord's daughter than a poor shepherd's; at which every one that knew her before was greatly surprised. She was so obedient, also, to her husband, and so obliging in all respects, that he thought himself the happiest man in the world; and to her subjects likewise so gracious and condescending, that they all honored and loved her as their own lives, praying for her health and prosperity, and declaring, contrary to their former opinion, that Gualtieri was the most prudent and sharp-sighted prince in the whole world; for that no one could have discerned such virtues under a mean habit and a country disguise but himself. In a very short time her discreet behavior and good works were the common subject of discourse, not in that country alone, but everywhere else; and what had been objected to the prince, with regard to his marrying her, now took a contrary turn. They had not lived long together before she proved with child, and at length brought forth a daughter, for which he made great rejoicings.

But soon afterwards a new fancy came into his head, and that was, to make trial of her patience by long and intolerable sufferings: so he began with harsh words and an appearance of great uneasiness,—telling her that his

subjects were greatly displeased with her for her mean parentage, especially as they saw she bore children, and that they did nothing but murmur at the daughter already born. Which when she heard, without changing countenance or her resolution in any respect, she replied, "My lord, pray dispose of me as you think most for your honor and happiness: I shall entirely acquiesce, knowing myself to be meaner than the meanest of the people, and that I was altogether unworthy of that dignity to which your favor was pleased to advance me."

This was very agreeable to the prince, seeing that she was in no way elevated with the honor he had conferred upon her. Afterwards, having often told her, in general terms, that his subjects could not bear with the daughter that was born of her, he sent one of his servants, whom he had instructed what to do, who, with a very sorrowful countenance, said to her, "Madam, I must either lose my own life or obey my lord's commands; now he has ordered me to take your daughter, and——" without saying anything more. She, hearing these words, and noting the fellow's looks, remembering also what she had heard before from her lord, concluded that he had orders to destroy the child. So she took it out of the cradle, kissed it, and gave it her blessing; when, without changing countenance, though her heart throbbed with maternal affection, she tenderly laid it in the servant's arms, and said, "Take it, and do what thy lord and mine has commanded; but, prithee, leave it not to be devoured by the fowls or wild beasts, unless that be his will." Taking the child, he acquainted the prince with what she said, who was greatly surprised at her constancy; and he sent the same person with it to a relation at Bologna, desiring her, without revealing whose child it was, to see it carefully brought up and educated. Afterwards the lady became with child a

second time, and was delivered of a son, at which he was extremely pleased.

But, not satisfied with what he had already done, he began to grieve and persecute her still more, saying one day to her, seemingly much out of temper, "Since thou hast brought me this son, I am able to live no longer with my people; for they mutiny to that degree, that a poor shepherd's grandson is to succeed, and be their lord after me, that, unless I would run the risk of being driven out of my dominions, I must needs dispose of this child as I did of the other, and then send thee away, in order to take a wife more suitable to me." She heard this with a great deal of resignation, making only this reply: "My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me; for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself." Not many days after, he sent for the son in the same manner as he had done for the daughter, and, seeming also as if he had procured him to be destroyed, had him conveyed to Bologna, to be taken care of with the daughter. This she bore with the same resolution as before, at which the prince wondered greatly, declaring to himself that no other woman was capable of doing the like. And were it not that he had observed her extremely fond of her children, whilst that was agreeable to him, he should have thought it want of affection in her; but he saw it was only her entire obedience and condescension. The people, imagining that the children were both put to death, blamed him to the last degree, thinking him the most cruel and worst of men, and showing great compassion for the lady, who, whenever she was in company with the ladies of her acquaintance, and they condoled with her for her loss, would only say, "It was not my will, but his who begot them."

But more years being now passed, and he resolving to

make the last trial of her patience, declared, before many people, that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda as his wife, owning that he had done very foolishly, and like a young man, in marrying her, and that he meant to solicit the pope for a dispensation to take another and send her away; for which he was much blamed by many worthy persons; but he said nothing in return, only that it should be so. She, hearing this, and expecting to go home to her father's, and possibly tend the cattle as she had done before, whilst she saw some other lady possessed of him, whom she dearly loved and honored, was perhaps secretly grieved; but as she had withstood other strokes of fortune, so she determined resolutely to do now. Soon afterwards Gualtieri had counterfeit letters come to him, as from Rome, acquainting all his people that his holiness thereby dispensed with his marrying another and turning away Griselda. He then brought her before him, and said, "Woman, by the pope's leave I may dispose of thee, and take another wife. As my ancestors, then, have been all sovereign princes of this country, and thine only peasants, I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send thee back to thy father's cottage, with the same fortune which thou broughtest me, and afterwards to make choice of one more suitable in quality to myself." It was with the utmost difficulty she could now refrain from tears; and she replied, "My lord, I was always sensible that my servile condition would no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been, I own myself indebted to Providence and you; I considered it as a favor lent me: you are now pleased to demand it back; I therefore willingly restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me; I deliver it you. You bid me take the dowry back which I brought you; you will have no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse to put it in, much

less a sumpter horse to carry it away." . . . So she left his palace in that manner, and returned weeping to her father's, to the great grief of all who saw her.

The poor man, never supposing that the prince would keep her so long as his wife, and expecting this thing to happen every day, safely laid up the garments of which she had been despoiled the day he espoused her. He now brought them to her, and she put them on, and went as usual about her father's little household affairs, bearing this fierce trial of adverse fortune with the greatest courage imaginable. The prince then gave out that he was to espouse a daughter of one of the counts of Panago; and, seeming as if he made great preparations for his nuptials, he sent for Griselda to come to him, and said to her, "I am going to bring this lady home whom I have just married, and intend to show her all possible respect at her first coming: thou knowest that I have no woman with me able to set out the rooms, and do many other things which are requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefore, thou art best acquainted with the state of the house, I would have thee make such provision as thou shalt judge proper, and invite what ladies thou wilt, even as though thou wert mistress of the house, and when the marriage is ended get thee home to thy father's again." Though these words pierced like daggers to the heart of Griselda, who was unable to part with her love for the prince so easily as she had done with her great fortune, yet she replied, "My lord, I am ready to fulfil all your commands." She then went in her coarse attire into the palace, and with her own hands did she begin to sweep, and set all the rooms to rights, cleaning the stools and benches in the hall like the meanest servant, and directing what was to be done in the kitchen, never giving over till everything was in order and as it ought to be. After this



was done she invited, in the prince's name, all the ladies in the country to come to the feast. And on the day appointed for the marriage, meanly clad as she was, she received them in the most genteel and cheerful manner imaginable.

Now, Gualtieri, who had his children carefully brought up at Bologna (the girl being about twelve years old, and one of the prettiest creatures that ever was seen, and the boy six), had sent to his kinswoman there, to desire she would bring them, with an honorable retinue, to Saluzzo, giving it out all the way she came, that she was bringing the young lady to be married to him, without letting any one know to the contrary. Accordingly they all three set forward, attended by a goodly train of gentry, and, after some days' travelling, reached Saluzzo about dinner-time, when they found the whole company assembled, waiting to see their new lady. The young lady was most graciously received by all the women present, and being come into the hall where the tables were all covered, Griselda, meanly dressed as she was, went cheerfully to meet her, saying, "Your ladyship is most kindly welcome." The ladies, who had greatly importuned the prince, though to no purpose, to let Griselda be in a room by herself, or else that she might have some of her own clothes, and not appear before strangers in that manner, were now seated, and going to be served round, whilst the young lady was universally admired, and every one said that the prince had made a good change; but Griselda, in particular, highly commended both her and her brother. The marquis now thinking that he had seen enough with regard to his wife's patience, and perceiving that in all her trials she was still the same, being persuaded, likewise, that this proceeded from no want of understanding in her, because he knew her to be singularly prudent, he thought it time to take

her from that anguish which he supposed she might conceal under her firm and constant deportment. So, making her come before all the company, he said, with a smile, "What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?" "My lord," she replied, "I like her extremely well; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest man in the world with her: but I most humbly beg that you would not take those heart-breaking measures with this lady as you did with your last wife, because she is young and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other was inured to hardships from a child."

Gualtieri perceiving that, though Griselda thought that person was to be his wife, she nevertheless answered him with great humility and sweetness of temper, he made her sit down by him, and said, "Griselda, it is now time for you to reap the fruit of your long patience, and that they who have reputed me to be cruel, unjust, and a monster in nature may know that what I have done has been all along with a view to teach you how to behave as a wife; to show them how to choose and keep a wife; and, lastly, to secure my own ease and quiet as long as we live together, which I was apprehensive might have been endangered by my marrying. Therefore I had a mind to prove you by harsh and injurious treatment; and, not being sensible that you have ever transgressed my will, either in word or deed, I now seem to have met with that happiness I desired. I intend, then, to restore in one hour what I have taken away from you in many, and to make you the sweetest recompense for the many bitter pangs I have caused you to suffer. Accept, therefore, this young lady, whom you thought my spouse, and her brother, as your children and mine. They are the same whom you and many others believed that I had been the means of cruelly murdering; and I am your husband, who love and value you above all

things, assuring myself that no person in the world can be happier in a wife than I am."

With this he embraced her most affectionately, when, rising up together (she weeping for joy), they went where their daughter was sitting, quite astonished with these things, and tenderly saluted both her and her brother, undeceiving them and the whole company. At this the women all arose, overjoyed, from the tables, and, taking Griselda into the chamber, they clothed her with her own noble apparel, and as a marchioness, resembling such a one even in rags, and brought her into the hall. And being extremely rejoiced with her son and daughter, and every one expressing the utmost satisfaction at what had come to pass, the feasting was prolonged many days. The marquis was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe, and the trial of his lady most intolerable; but as for Griselda, she was beyond compare.

In a few days the count de Panago returned to Bologna, and the marquis took Giannucolo from his drudgery and maintained him as his father-in-law, and so he lived very comfortably to a good old age. Gualtieri afterwards married his daughter to one of equal nobility, continuing the rest of his life with Griselda, and showing her all the respect and honor that was possible. What can we say, then, but that divine spirits may descend from heaven into the meanest cottages, whilst royal palaces shall produce such as seem rather adapted to have the care of hogs than the government of men? Who but Griselda could, not only without a tear, but even with seeming satisfaction, undergo the most rigid and unheard-of trials by her husband?

## JOVE'S GIFTS TO MAN.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

[Of recent Italian writers none holds a higher standing in the literary world than the author of the following selection, Count Giacomo Leopardi, born at Recanati in 1798. He became eminent alike as a poet, as a philologist, and as an essayist, his poems being of excellent quality, while the prose essays of his "*Operette morali*" are not surpassed, if indeed they are equalled, by any other Italian prose of the nineteenth century. The *Quarterly Review* of April, 1850, says of him that "he was one of the most extraordinary men whom this century has produced, both in his powers, and likewise in his performances, achieved as they were under singular disadvantages,"—his life being one long illness, which carried him off at the early age of thirty-eight. "Count Giacomo Leopardi amassed great stores of deep and varied learning, and proved himself to be possessed of profound literary judgment, exquisite taste, and a powerful imagination." From the English translation from his works by Charles Edwards, entitled "*Essays and Dialogues*," we extract the concluding portion of the allegorical "*History of the Human Race*." After describing at length the primitive relations between man and Jove, it proceeds as follows.]

JOVE gave Mercury command to lay the foundations of the first cities, and to divide men into different races, nations, and languages, separated by feelings of rivalry and discord. He was also commissioned to teach them music and those other arts which, owing to their nature and origin, are still called divine. Jove himself distributed laws and constitutions to the new nations. Finally, as a supreme gift, he sent among men certain sublime and superhuman Phantoms, to whom he committed very great influence and control over the people of the earth. They were called Justice, Virtue, Glory, Patriotism, etc. Among

these Phantoms was one named Love, which then first entered the world. . . .

By these divine decrees the condition of man was infinitely ameliorated, and rendered easier and pleasanter than before, in spite of the fatigues, sufferings, and terrors which were now inseparable from humanity. And this result was chiefly due to the wonderful chimeras, whom some men regarded as genii, others as gods, and whom they followed with an intense veneration and enthusiasm for a very long time. To such a pitch was their ardor excited by the poets and artists of the times, that numbers of men did not hesitate to sacrifice their lives to one or other of these Phantoms. Far from displeasing Jove, this fact gratified him exceedingly, for he judged that if men esteemed their life a gift worthy of sacrifice to these fine and glorious illusions, they would be less likely to repudiate it as before. This happy state of affairs was of longer duration than the preceding ages. And even when after the lapse of many centuries a tendency to decline became apparent, existence, thanks to these bright illusions, was still easy and bearable enough, up to a time not very far distant from the present. This decline was chiefly due to the facility with which men were able to satisfy their wants and desires; the growing inequality between men in their social and other conditions, as they receded farther and farther from the republican models founded by Jove; the reappearance of vanity and idleness as a consequence of this retrocession; the diminishing interest with which the variety of life's incidents inspired them; and many other well-known and important causes. Again men were filled with the old feeling of disgust for their existence, and again their minds clamored for an unknown happiness, inconsistent with the order of nature.

But the total revolution of the fortunes of men, and the

end of that epoch which we nowadays designate as the "old world," was due to one especial influence. It was this. Among the Phantoms so appreciated by the ancients was a certain one called Wisdom. This Phantom had duly contributed to the prosperity of the times, and, like the others, received high honor from men, a number of whom consecrated themselves to her service. She had frequently promised her disciples to show them her mistress, the Truth, a superior spirit who associated with the gods in heaven, whence she had never yet descended. This Phantom assured them that she would bring Truth among men, and that this spirit would exercise so marvellous an influence over their life that in knowledge, perfection, and happiness they would almost rival the gods themselves.

But how could a shadow fulfil any promise, much less induce the Truth to descend to earth? So, after a long confiding expectancy, men perceived the falseness of Wisdom. At the same time, greedy of novelty because of the idleness of their life, and stimulated partly by ambition of equalling the gods, and partly by the intensity of their yearning for the happiness they imagined would ensue from the possession of Truth, they presumptuously requested Jove to lend them this noble spirit for a time, and reproached him for having so long jealously withheld from man the great advantages that would follow from the presence of Truth. They with one accord expressed dissatisfaction with their lot, and renewed their former hateful whinings about the meanness and misery of human things. The Phantoms, once so dear to them, were now almost entirely abandoned, not that men had discerned the unreality of their nature, but because they were so debased in mind and manners as to have no sympathy with even the appearance of goodness. Thus they wickedly rejected the greatest gift of gods to man, and excused



themselves by saying that none but inferior genii had been sent on earth, the nobler ones, whom they would willingly have worshipped, being retained in heaven.

[Jove, who had lost much of his good will to men, now determined to punish them by complying with their request, and giving them Truth, not for a time, but forever, to govern them in place of the contemned Phantoms. He told the gods that with the removal of the Phantoms human life would grow aimless and valueless, while the presence of Truth would but add to the bitterness of man's existence. He proposed, however, to leave them the Phantom Love, as some solace to their misery.]

Accordingly, Jove removed the Phantoms from earth, save only Love, the least noble of all, and sent Truth among men to exercise over them perpetual rule. The consequences foreseen by the god were not long in making themselves manifest. And, strange to say, whereas the spirit before her descent on earth, and when she had no real authority over men, was honored by a multitude of temples and sacrifices, her presence had the effect of cooling their enthusiasm on her behalf. With the other gods this was not so; the more they made themselves manifest, the more they were honored; but Truth saddened men, and ultimately inspired them with such hatred that they refused to worship her, and only by constraint rendered her obedience. And whereas formerly men who were under the especial influence of any one of the ancient Phantoms used to love and revere that Phantom above all others, Truth was detested and cursed by those over whom she gained supreme control. So, unable to resist her tyranny, men lived from that time in the complete state of misery which is their fate to the present day, and to which they are eternally doomed.

But not long ago, pity, which is never exhausted in the minds of the gods, moved Jove to compassionate the

wretchedness of mortals. He noticed especially the affliction of certain men, remarkable for their high intellect, and nobility, and purity of life, who were extraordinarily oppressed by the sway of Truth. Now, in former times, when Justice, Virtue, and the other Phantoms directed humanity, the gods had been accustomed at times to visit the earth, and sojourn with men for a while, always on such occasions benefiting the race or particular individuals in some especial manner. But since men had become so debased and sunk in wickedness, they had not deigned to associate with them. Jove, therefore, pitying our condition, asked the immortals whether any of them would visit the earth as of old, and console men under their calamities, especially such as seemed undeserving of the universal affliction. All the gods were silent. At length Love, the son of celestial Venus, bearing the same name as the Phantom Love, but very different in nature and power, and the most compassionate of the immortals, offered himself for the mission proposed by Jove. This deity was so beloved by the other gods that hitherto they had never allowed him to quit their presence, even for a moment. The ancients indeed imagined that the god had appeared to them from time to time, but it was not so. They were deceived by the subterfuges and transformations of the Phantom Love. The deity of the same name first visited mankind after they were placed under the empire of Truth.

Since that time the god has rarely and briefly descended, because of the general unworthiness of humanity and the impatience with which the celestials await his return. When he comes on earth he chooses the tender and noble hearts of the most generous and magnanimous persons. Here he rests for a short time, diffusing in them so strange and wondrous a sweetness, and inspiring them with affec-

tions so lofty and vigorous, that they then experience what is entirely new to mankind, the substance rather than the semblance of happiness. Sometimes, though very rarely, he brings about the union of two hearts, abiding in them both simultaneously, and exciting within them a reciprocal warmth and desire. All within whom he dwells beseech him to effect this union; but Jove forbids him to yield to their entreaties, save in very few instances, because the happiness of such mutual love approaches too nearly to the felicity of the immortals.

The man in whom Love abides is the happiest of mortals. And not only is he blessed by the presence of the deity, but he is also charmed by the old mysterious Phantoms, which, though removed from the lot of men, by Jove's permission follow in the train of Love, in spite of the great opposition of Truth, their supreme enemy. But Truth, like all the other genii, is powerless to resist the will of the gods. And since destiny has granted to Love a state of eternal youth, the god can partially give effect to that first desire of men, that they might return to the happiness of their childhood. In the souls he inhabits Love awakens and vivifies, so long as he stays there, the boundless hopes and the sweet and fine illusions of early life. Many persons, ignorant and incapable of appreciating Love, vituperate and affront the god, even to his face. But he disregards these insults, and exacts no vengeance for them, so noble and compassionate is his nature. Nor do the other gods any longer trouble themselves about the crimes of men, being satisfied with the vengeance they have already wrought on the human race, and the incurable misery which is its portion. Consequently, wicked and blasphemous men suffer no punishment for their offences, except that they are absolutely excluded from being partakers of the divine favors.

[From Leopardi's dialogues, in the vein of the Greek essayist Lucian, we select the following amusing "Dialogue of a Goblin and a Gnome."]

*Goblin.* You here, son of Beelzebub: where are you going?

*Gnome.* My father has sent me to find out what these rascals of men are doing. He is inclined to suspect something, because it is so long since they gave us any trouble, and in all his realms there is not a single one to be seen. He wonders whether any great change has taken place, and thinks perhaps they have returned to the primitive system of barter, whereby they use sheep instead of gold and silver; or the civilized people have become dissatisfied with paper notes for money, as they have often been, or have taken to cowrie-shells such as savages use; or the laws of Lycurgus have been re-established. The last possibility seems to him the least likely.

*Goblin.* "You seek them in vain, for they are all dead," as said the survivors in a tragedy where the principal personages died in the last act.

*Gnome.* What do you mean?

*Goblin.* I mean that men are all dead, and the race is lost.

*Gnome.* My word! what news for the papers! But how is it they have not already mentioned it?

*Goblin.* Stupid! do you not see that if there are no men there will be no more newspapers?

*Gnome.* Yes, that is true. But how shall we know in future the news of the world?

*Goblin.* News! what news? That the sun rises and sets? That it is hot or cold? That here or there it has rained, or snowed, or been windy? Since men disappeared, Fortune has unbandaged her eyes, put on spectacles, and attached her wheel to a pivot. She sits with arms crossed,

watching the world go round without troubling herself in the least as to its affairs. There are no more kingdoms nor empires to swell themselves, and burst like bubbles, for they have all vanished. There is no more war; and the years are as like one another as two peas.

*Gnome.* No one will know the day of the month, since there will be no more calendars printed.

*Goblin.* What a misfortune! Nevertheless, the moon will continue her course.

*Gnome.* And the days of the week will be nameless.

*Goblin.* What does it matter? Do you think they will not come unless you call them? or that, once passed, they will return if you call out their names?

*Gnome.* And no one will take any count of the years.

*Goblin.* We shall be able to say we are young when we are old; and we shall forget our cares when we cannot fix their anniversary. Besides, when we are very old, we shall not know it, nor be expecting death daily.

*Gnome.* But how is it these rogues have disappeared?

*Goblin.* Some killed themselves with fighting; others were drowned in the sea. Some ate each other. Not a few committed suicide. Some died of ennui in idleness; and some turned their brains with study. Debauch, and a thousand other excesses, put an end to many more. In short, they have arrived at their end by endeavoring, as long as they lived, to violate the laws of nature, and to go contrary to their welfare.

*Gnome.* Still, I do not understand how an entire race of animals can become extinct without leaving any trace behind it.

*Goblin.* You who are a specialist in geology ought to know that the circumstance is not a new one, and that many kinds of animals lived anciently which to-day are nowhere to be found except in the remains of a few petri-

fied bones. Moreover, these poor creatures employed none of the means used by men for their destruction.

*Gnome.* It may be so. I should dearly like to resuscitate one or two of the rascals, just to know what they would think when they saw all going on as before, in spite of the disappearance of the human race. Would they then imagine that everything was made and maintained solely for them?

*Goblin.* They would not like to realize that the world exists solely for the use of the Goblins.

*Gnome.* You are joking, my friend, if you mean what you say.

*Goblin.* Why, of course I do!

*Gnome.* Go along with you, buffoon! who does not know that the world is made for the Gnomes?

*Goblin.* For the Gnomes, who live under ground! That is one of the best jokes I have ever heard. What good are the sun, moon, air, sea, and country to the Gnomes?

*Gnome.* And pray of what use to the Goblins are the mines of gold and silver, and the whole body of earth, except the outer skin?

*Goblin.* Well, well, suppose we abandon the discussion. It is unimportant, after all. For I imagine even the lizards and gnats think the whole world was created for their exclusive service. Let each of us believe what we please, for nothing will make us change our opinion. But, between ourselves, if I had not been born a Goblin I should be in despair.

*Gnome.* And I, had I not been born a Gnome. But I should like to know what men would say of their impertinence in former times, when, besides other misdeeds, they sank thousands of underground shafts, and stole our goods from us by force, asserting that they belonged to the human race. Nature, they said, concealed and buried the



things down below, as a sort of game at hide-and-seek, just to see if they could discover and abstract them.

*Goblin.* I do not wonder at that, since they not only imagined the things of the world were at their service, but they also regarded them as a mere trifle compared to the human race. They called their own vicissitudes "revolutions of the world," and histories of their nations "histories of the world," although the earth contained about as many different species of animals as living individual human beings. Yet these animals, though made expressly for the use of men, were never conscious of the so-called revolutions of the world!

*Gnome.* Then even the fleas and gnats were made for the service of men?

*Goblin.* Just so. To exercise their patience, men said.

*Gnome.* As if, apart from fleas, man's patience were not tried sufficiently!

*Goblin.* And a certain man named Chrysippus termed pigs pieces of meat expressly prepared by nature for man's table. Their souls, he said, served the purpose of salt in preserving them from decay.

*Gnome.* In my opinion, if Chrysippus had had a little sense (salt) in his brain, instead of imagination (soul), he would never have conceived such an idea.

*Goblin.* Here is another amusing circumstance. An infinite number of species of animals were never seen nor heard of by men their masters, either because they lived where man never set foot, or because they were too small to be observed. Many others were only discovered during the last days of the human race. The same may be said of plants, minerals, etc. Similarly, from time to time, by means of their telescopes, they perceived some star or planet, of the existence of which hitherto, during thousands and thousands of years, they had been ignorant.

They then immediately entered it on the catalogue of their possessions; for they regarded the stars and planets as so many candles placed up above to give light to their dominions, because they were wont to transact much business in the night.

*Gnome.* And in summer, when they saw those little meteor flames that rush through the air at night, they imagined them to be sprites employed in snuffing the candles for the good of mankind.

*Goblin.* Yet, now that they are all gone, the earth is none the worse off. The rivers still flow, and the sea, although no longer used for navigation and traffic, is not dried up.

*Gnome.* The stars and planets still rise and set; nor have they gone into mourning.

*Goblin.* Neither has the sun put on sackcloth and ashes, as it did, according to Virgil, when Cæsar died; about whom I imagine it concerned itself as little as Pompey's Pillar.

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## RUSSIAN POETRY AND DRAMA.

### VARIOUS.

[The literature of Russia is very largely confined to poetry, the drama, and prose fiction, there having been but little of merit produced in the other fields of literary labor. We have made several selections from Russian novelists, and to these we add some examples from the most celebrated poets. Several of these have gained a European reputation and possess a high measure of poetic ability. Our extracts, however, must be brief, since the great poets of Italy and Spain necessarily occupy so much space in this volume. The selections given are in the blank-verse but closely literal translations of Charles Edward Turner, from his "Studies in Russian Literature."

Pooshkin, the greatest and most celebrated of Russian poets, is the author of our first selection, "The Bronze Cavalier." It is based on the inundation of the Neva in 1824, which overflowed all St. Petersburg and drowned hundreds of people. Evjenie, the hero of the poem, alarmed for the safety of Parasha, whom he loves, wades into the city, and climbs for safety to the back of a bronze lion near the spot where the colossal statue of Peter the Great towers above the river.]

BAREHEADED, clasping the cross that hung round his neck,  
He sat motionless and deadly pale.  
But it was not for himself he feared.  
He had neither heard nor heeded how  
The greedy waves rose higher and higher  
Till they laved his very feet,  
Or how the rain dashed against his face,  
Or how the wind, with an angry shriek,  
Suddenly tore off his light cap.  
All the while his despairing gaze  
Was peeringly bent towards one single point,  
Where in truth mountains high  
The waves reared roaringly from their troubled depths,  
Where the storm raged fiercest, and where  
Many a wrecked ruin was dashed floating by.  
And there, alas! within the grasp of the cruel waves,  
On the extremest edge of the gulf,  
Stood an unpainted fence, fronted by a willow-tree,  
And an old frail houselet, the home  
Of a widow and her daughter, his Parasha,  
The vision of his life. Or was it but in a dream  
That he beheld all this? Or is it that our whole life  
Is naught but an empty dream,  
The sport of fate that mocks our world?  
And all the while like one that is charmed,  
As though his eyes were transfixed to the marble stone,

He sat there motionless. Around him  
Water, water, and nothing else.  
And with his back turned towards him,  
On his firm granite throne,  
Sat, with hand outstretched  
Over the waters of the troubled river,  
The giant on his steed of bronze.

[On the third day the waters begin to subside. Evjenie, at the peril of his life, seeks the home of his beloved, but the house is gone, and only the willow-tree remains. He grows insane with despair, roams he knows not whither, and eventually reaches the spot where he had held that terrible vigil.]

He found himself beneath the portico  
Of a spacious house. On the steps,  
With paw up-raised, as real as life,  
Stood a lion, keeping guard ;  
Whilst towering near in the shadow of the night,  
On a huge pedestal of rock,  
The Giant, with hand outstretched,  
Sat on his steed of bronze.  
Evjenie shuddered. His thoughts  
Became strangely clear. He saw again  
The place where the torrent had wildly played,  
Where the raging waves had dashed  
In angry noise around him ;  
He saw again the lion, the square, and him  
Whose bronze head motionless  
Towered above all in the darkness of the night,  
Ever with his hand far outstretched,  
As if proudly scanning the city that lay beneath.  
Tortured with wild woe,  
The poor crazed creature roamed round it,  
And read the plain-cut inscription on the rock,

And his heart, crushed with its great grief,  
Grew dead within him. And then he pressed  
His hot brow against the cold iron rail.  
A thick mist came over his eyes,  
And a cold tremble ran through his every limb,  
As he shuddered, and stood there, lost in gloom,  
Before Russia's glorious hero ;  
And, raising his finger towards him,  
He thought to speak. But instantly he took  
To headlong flight. For it seemed to him  
The face of the terrible Tsar,  
Glowing with a moment's spasm of anger,  
Slowly turned and fixed its gaze upon him.  
In mad haste along the empty square  
He ran, and, running, heard behind him  
A tread as of thunder,  
And a heavy sharp tramp  
Over the road that shook beneath its march,  
As in the full light of the pale moon,  
With his hand high stretched out,  
The Bronze Cavalier pursued him  
On his steed with its sharp measured tramp.  
And all that night the poor crazed creature,  
Wherever he hurried his steps,  
Could hear close behind him the Bronze Cavalier,  
With the sharp measured tramp of his horse.

[From the poems of Mikhail Lermontof, whom we have already associated with Pooshkin in a prose selection, we choose the following vividly-told narrative of a fight with a panther, from his poem of "Mtzierie," a story with a Circassian captive for its hero.]

Naught but a thick forest around me,  
And above, the moon sailing in the skies!  
In its clear rays there stretched before me

An open glade carpeted with soft moss,  
 And edged by high woods impenetrable to light.  
 Suddenly there flitted across it a shadow,  
 And a double gleam of fire flashed upon me,  
 And then, with one mighty bound, a huge monster  
 Leaped forth from the covert, and, crouching down,  
 Began to play and gambol on the sand.  
 Before me lay the friend and haunter of the forest,  
 A mighty panther. With many a purr and growl,  
 He kept gnawing at a large wet bone,  
 As ever and anon he glared around,  
 And wide waved to and fro his angry tail.  
 The rays of the moon fell full upon him,  
 And his silky skin shone like silver bright.  
 I seized my knotted club, and awaited  
 The coming struggle, and instantly my heart  
 Burned with a thirst for strife  
 And blood; and though the hand of fate  
 Has led me by a different path,  
 In that moment I felt assured  
 That in the land of my fathers  
 I had not been the weakest of its fighters.  
 I awaited. Then in the silence of the night  
 The brute scented a foe, and a long, plaintive  
 Howl, like to a groan, broke on the air,  
 As angrily with his paw he spurned the sand,  
 Rose on his haunches, then crouched,  
 To suit the first furious leap  
 That threatened me with instant death.  
 But I forestalled his intent:  
 My blow was sure and quick.  
 My trusty club, like an axe,  
 Cleft his fore-skull in twain.  
 He gave a groan, almost human in its wail,



And fell heavily to the earth. And then, once more,  
Though the blood was pouring from the wound  
In one thick crimson stream,  
He reared himself to the fight, the last struggle of death,  
And essayed to fasten on my breast.  
But deftly I hurled my trusty weapon  
Deep into his throat, and twice I wrenched it round.  
Moaning with pain, he gathered his last strength,  
And, linked like a couple of coiling snakes,  
In an embrace closer than the embrace of friends,  
We staggered and fell, still struggling, to the earth.  
And in that fatal moment I was terrible,  
Like the forest panther supple and brutal,  
As, filled with fury, I echoed his howl of despair,  
Even as if I myself were akin  
To the race of panthers and wolves  
That range the fresh coverts of the forest.  
It seemed as if I had forgotten  
Human speech, and that hideous howl  
Burst from my breast as though  
From childhood my tongue had known no other sound.  
And now his failing strength began to ebb full fast,  
As he giddily tottered, breathed heavily,  
And nerved himself to one last attack,  
While the dilated orbs within his glazed eyes  
Glowed threateningly, and then  
Closed forever in the sleep of death.  
But, like a true warrior on the field of battle,  
He met his death face to face  
With the victorious foe.

[From an older Russian poet, Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin, born in 1743, and a writer of great celebrity and high ability, we select the following strikingly suggestive verses. They form part of the "Monody

on Prince Mestchasky," perhaps the finest of his productions, though he is best known by his admirable "Ode to God."

O iron tongue of Time, with thy sharp metallic tone,  
Thy terrible voice affrights me :  
Each beat of the clock summons me,  
Calls me, and hurries me to the grave.  
Scarcely have I opened my eyes upon the world,  
Ere Death grinds his teeth,  
And with his scythe, that gleams like lightning,  
Cuts off my days, which are but grass.

Not one of the horned beasts of the field,  
Not a single blade of grass escapes :  
Monarch and beggar alike are food for the worm.  
The noxious elements feed the grave,  
And Time effaces all human glory ;  
As the swift waters rush towards the sea,  
So our days and years flow into Eternity,  
And Empires are swallowed up by greedy Death.

We crawl along the edge of the treacherous abyss,  
Into which we quickly fall headlong :  
With our first breath of life we inhale death,  
And are only born that we may die.  
Stars are shivered by him,  
And suns are momentarily quenched,  
Each world trembles at his menace,  
And Death unpityingly levels all.

The mortal scarcely thinks that he can die,  
And idly dreams himself immortal,  
When death comes to him as a thief,  
And in an instant robs him of his life.

Alas! where fondly we fear the least,  
There will Death the sooner come;  
Nor does the lightning-bolt with swifter blast  
Topple down the towering pinnacle. . . .

O Death, thou essence of fear and trembling!  
O Man, thou strange mixture of grandeur and of nothing-  
ness!

To-day a god, and to-morrow a patch of earth;  
To-day buoyed up with cheating hope,  
And to-morrow—where art thou, man?  
Scarce an hour of triumph allowed thee  
Ere thou hast taken thy flight to the realm of Chaos,  
And thy whole course of life, a dream, is run.

Like a dream, like some sweet vision,  
Already my youth has vanished quite.  
Beauty no longer enjoys her potent sway,  
Gladness no more, as once, entrances me,  
My mind is no longer free and fanciful,  
And all my happiness is changed.  
I am troubled with a longing for fame;  
I listen; the voice of fame now calls me.

But even so will manhood pass away,  
And together with fame all my aspirations.  
The love of wealth will tarnish all,  
And each passion in its turn  
Will sway the soul, and pass.  
Avaunt happiness, that boasts to be within our grasp!  
All happiness is but evanescent and a lie:  
I stand at the gate of eternity.

To-day or to-morrow we must die,  
Perfilieff, and all is ended.

Why, then, lament or be afflicted  
That thy friend did not live forever?  
Life is but a momentary loan from heaven:  
Spend it, then, in resignation and in peace,  
And with a pure soul  
Learn to kiss the chastening rod.

[Antiochus Kantemir, the earliest of the celebrated poets of Russia, was of Moldavian descent, and was born at Constantinople in 1708. He was highly educated, and entered the field of literature with the composition of three satires which gained him the favor of the government. He was sent as Russian ambassador to England, and later in life wrote six other satires, which are highly esteemed for their poetic merit and for their faithful picture of life and manners in the Russia of that period. He did noble work in polishing the rude language of his country and fitting it for literary expression. The satirical is no uncommon vein with Russian poets, in evidence of which we quote an apposite limning of the titled fool, by Derzhavin:

“The ass will still remain an ass,  
Although you load him with stars,  
And when you want him to use his mind,  
He can only just prick up his ears.”

Kantemir's second satire yields us the following picture of the Russian dandy of his day, which bears a suggestive resemblance to the selection already made from Persius, the Roman satirist.]

The cock has crowed, the morning dawned, the rays of  
the sun  
Already light the mountain-tops; 'tis the hour when his  
sires  
Were wont to lead out their troops to drill; but he be-  
neath brocaded quilt  
Is gulfed body and soul in softest down  
And sunk in heaviest sleep; the day must finish half its  
course

Ere he will yawn or ope his eyes, but only to doze again,  
And while away another hour, daintily awaiting  
The refreshing draught from India or from China brought.  
His first step from bed is to the neighboring glass,  
Where, with deep solicitude and anxious toil,  
Having first put on a wrapper worthy to grace a beauty's  
shoulder,

He parts with nicest care hair from hair,—  
These to form a superb toupet on the forehead smooth,  
These to curl carelessly down the ruddy cheeks  
And to flow at their sweet will in locks, these to be caught  
up

And cunningly padded on the head. Lost in wonder at  
such art,

All his fellows enviously admire, and he, the new Nar-  
cissus,

With greedy eyes gloats on his own beauty. To squeeze  
the feet

Into the tight boots next the poor servant sweats;  
But he is avenged; his master's foppery will cost at least  
two corns.

At length, with many a stamp, the feet are caged in the  
well-chalked boots;

And then he dons the rich captan, worth a whole es-  
tate.

[In the fifth satire the poet thus happily depicts the race of fortune-  
worshippers.]

But yesterday Macarus was in the eyes of all a ninny,  
Scarce fit to fell a tree or drag a water-cart;  
Many a derisive story was told of his stupidity,  
And each in blackest colors portrayed his lack of honesty.  
But now that Fortune has smiled on Macarus,  
And made him her favorite, he has become

The bosom-friend of every honest, high-placed, prudent  
citizen ;

All with envy now admire his wondrous talents,  
And prophesy what services our empire may expect  
From a man who in a twinkling can reform all civic ills.  
Verily, it is well for us that God has made such men !

[Vasilii Andreevitch Jukovski (or Zhookofsky), a celebrated Russian poet, born in 1783, was the author of numerous highly popular ballads, and of a number of prose essays and tales, of which his "Mary's Grove" is greatly admired. His songs have a rare grace and melody, and "nothing can be more exquisite than the original of the following little sketch, entitled 'The Mountain Path.' " ]

Along the road the maiden went,  
And with her walked a youth ;  
Pale their wearied faces,  
And dull with grief their eyes ;  
But as they looked one on the other,  
Color came to eyes and lips,  
And again within them flourished  
Joy, life, and beauty :  
A momentary delight !  
Suddenly clanged forth the bell :—  
She awoke within the convent cell,  
And in the prison awoke he.

[A more recent poet, Nicolas Alexeivitch Nekrasoff, born in 1821, and a writer full of warm sympathy with the people, is the author of the following poem, "Home from Work," which deserves to be dedicated to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," an association greatly needed in Russia.]

"Good-evening, wife ! Good-evening, little ones !  
Bring out the liquor ! Eh, what a frost has set in !"



"You have, then, forgotten how you drained the last bottle quite,  
When the tithe-collector called to see us?"—"Well, no great trouble:

"A poor sinner can warm himself, even if he has no spirit.  
But tell me, you looked to the horse, wife, well?  
For in the spring the bonny beast was nigh starved,  
When the hay began to fail.

"Eh, I am dead with fatigue.—Well, have you seen to the horse?

So, now, give me something warm to eat."

"I have not been able, darling, to heat the stove to-day,  
For, you know, the wood has quite run out."

"Well, a poor sinner can warm himself without soup.  
But you have given our horse a good feed of oats?  
For it was he alone that helped us the summer through,  
And the brave beast worked hard in our four fields;

"And now 'tis hard for us to drag the timber home;  
The roads are quite cut up—— How, is there not a morsel of bread?"

"It is all finished, darling. I've sent to neighbor to ask for some,  
And she has promised to let us have a little by the dawn."

"Well, and a poor sinner can sleep if he has no bread.  
But, wife, lay down some straw for the horse:  
Why, this very winter our bonny beast has drawn  
More than three hundred timber-rafts."

[The satire of Russia has in great part taken the form of comedy, in which the follies and evils of the land are often amusingly and

freely depicted. Among these comedians may be included no less a personage than the Empress Catherine II., who wrote several plays, among which "Mrs. Grumble's Birthday" broadly caricatures the affectations of the educated classes. Of the other dramatists we shall but name Denis Von Vizin (born in 1744), whose pictures of Russian life are full of vivacious satire. "The Minor," from which we make the following brief extract, paints in Metrophanes, the minor, a strong picture of the youth of the period. Young Hopeful informs his mother that he has seen frightful figures in a dream.]

*Mrs. Booby.* And what horrid figures, dear Metrophanes?

*Metro.* Why, you, mother, and father there.

*Mrs. B.* Why, how was that?

*Metro.* I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I thought I saw you, mamma, walloping papa.

*Mrs. B. (aside).* Ah, heavens! the dream told him true.

*Metro.* And I awoke, crying for pity.

*Mrs. B.* Pity! And for whom, pray?

*Metro.* For you, mamma, you were so tired with beating papa.

*Mrs. B.* Embrace me, darling of my heart; you are my own true son, my only joy!

[Another short but characteristic scene is the following.]

*Mrs. B.* Where is Paulina?

*Erevievna.* Caught the fever, madam; obliged to keep her bed since the morning.

*Mrs. B.* Keep her bed,—the beast! Keep her bed! As if she were a born lady!

*Erev.* She is in a burning heat, madam; wanders in her talk, and is quite delirious.

*Mrs. B.* Wanders in her talk! delirious,—the beast! Wanders in her talk! delirious! Just as if she were a born lady!

## WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO.

LYOF NIKOLAEVITCH TOLSTOÏ.

[To the extract already given from Tolstoï we append the following, as an excellent example of his fiction with a religious motive. No nobler lesson could be taught than that which he here so tellingly inculcates. The extract is from "Ivan Ilyitch, and other Stories," as translated by N. H. Dole, and published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.]

IN the city lived Martuin Avdyéitch, a shoemaker. He lived in a basement, in a little room with one window. The window looked out on the street. Through the window he used to watch the people passing by: although only their feet could be seen, yet by the boots Martuin Avdyéitch recognized their owners. Martuin Avdyéitch had lived long in one place, and had many acquaintances. Few pairs of boots in his district had not been in his hands once and again. Some he would half-sole, some he would patch, some he would stitch around, and occasionally he would also put on new uppers. And through the window he quite often recognized his work. Avdyéitch had plenty to do, because he was a faithful workman, used good material, did not make exorbitant charges, and kept his word. If he can finish an order by a certain time he accepts it; if not, he will not deceive you,—he tells you so beforehand. And all knew Avdyéitch, and he was never out of work.

Avdyéitch had always been a good man; but as he grew old he began to think more about his soul, and get nearer to God. Martuin's wife had died when he was still living with his master. His wife left him a boy three years old. . . . And Avdyéitch left his master and went into

lodgings with his little son. But, through God's will, Avdyéitch had no luck with children. As Kapitoshka grew older he began to help his father, and would have been a delight to him, but fell sick, went to bed, suffered a week, and died. Martuin buried his son, and fell into despair. So deep was this despair that he began to complain of God. Martuin fell into such a melancholy state that more than once he prayed to God for death, and reproached God because he did not take him away who was an old man, instead of his beloved only son. Avdyéitch also ceased to go to church.

[One of his neighbors, to whom he confided his feelings, reproached him for this, and advised him to buy a Testament, study it, and learn how to live for God. He did so, and became greatly changed, leaving off all his careless habits, and adopting higher principles of action. One night he read of the Pharisee who had the Lord for guest and treated him inhospitably. He questioned himself as to what he should have done had the Lord come to him as a guest.]

Avdyéitch rested his head upon both his arms, and did not notice how he fell asleep.

"Martuin!" suddenly seemed to sound in his ears.

Martuin started from his sleep: "Who is here?"

He turned around, glanced toward the door,—no one.

Again he fell into a doze. Suddenly he plainly hears,—

"Martuin! Ah, Martuin! Look to-morrow on the street. I am coming."

Martuin awoke, rose from his chair, began to rub his eyes. He himself did not know whether he had heard these words in his dream or in reality. He turned down his lamp and went to bed.

[The next morning he went to work. But the voice he had heard haunted him.]

Martuin is sitting by the window, and does not work as much as he looks through the window: when any one passes by in boots that he does not know, he bends down, looks out of the window, in order to see not only the feet but also the face. The *dvornik* passed by in new *valenki*; the water-carrier passed by; then came alongside of the window an old soldier of Nicholas's time, in an old pair of laced felt boots, with a shovel in his hands. Avdyéitch recognized him by his felt boots. The old man's name was Stepánuitch; and a neighboring merchant, out of charity, gave him a home with him. He was required to assist the *dvornik*. Stepánuitch began to shovel away the snow from in front of Avdyéitch's window. Avdyéitch glanced at him, and took up his work again.

"Pshaw! I must be getting crazy in my old age," said Avdyéitch, and laughed at himself. "Stepánuitch is clearing away the snow, and I imagine that Christ is coming to see me. I was entirely out of my mind, old dotard that I am!"

[Yet, as the old man seems cold and weary, Avdyéitch invites him in to warm himself, and gives him a cup of tea. Soon after he sees from the window a thinly-dressed stranger woman with a crying child. These he invites in, gives them food, quiets the child, and presents the woman with an old coat and some money. He does all this for Christ's sake. Yet night approaches, and the form he has looked for all day does not appear.]

But here Avdyéitch sees that an old apple-woman has stopped right in front of his window. She carries a basket with apples. Only a few were left, as she had nearly sold them all out; and over her shoulder she had a bag full of chips. She must have gathered them in some new building, and was on her way home. One could see that the bag was heavy on her shoulder: she wanted to shift it to

the other shoulder. So she lowered the bag on the sidewalk, stood the basket with the apples on a little post, and began to shake down the splinters in the bag. And while she was shaking her bag a little boy in a torn cap came along, picked up an apple from the basket, and was about to make his escape; but the old woman noticed it, turned round, and caught the youngster by his sleeve. The little boy began to struggle, tried to tear himself away; but the old woman grasped him with both hands, knocked off his cap, and caught him by the hair.

The little boy is screaming, the old woman is scolding. Avdyéitch lost no time in putting away his awl; he threw it upon the floor, and sprang to the door,—he even stumbled on the stairs, and dropped his eye-glasses,—and rushed out into the street.

The old woman is pulling the youngster by the hair, and is scolding and threatening to take him to the policeman: the youngster defends himself, and denies the charge. "I did not take it," he says. "What are you licking me for? Let me go!" Avdyéitch tried to separate them. He took the boy by his arm, and says,—

"Let him go, *bábushka*; forgive him, for Christ's sake."

"I will forgive him so that he won't forget till the new broom grows. I am going to take the little villain to the police."

Avdyéitch began to entreat the old woman:

"Let him go, *bábushka*," he said; "he will never do it again. Let him go, for Christ's sake."

The old woman let him loose; the boy tried to run, but Avdyéitch kept him back.

"Ask the *bábushka*'s forgiveness," he said, "and don't you ever do it again; I saw you taking the apple."

With tears in his eyes the boy began to ask forgiveness.



"Nu! that's right; and now here's an apple for you." Avdyéitch got an apple from the basket, and gave it to the boy. "I will pay you for it, *bábushka*," he said to the old woman.

"You ruin them that way, the good-for-nothings," said the old woman. "He ought to be treated so that he would remember it for a whole week."

"Eh, *bábushka*, *bábushka*," said Avdyéitch, "that is right according to our judgment, but not according to God's. If he is to be whipped for an apple, then what do we deserve for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

Avdyéitch told her the parable of the *khozyáin* who forgave a debtor all that he owed him, and how the debtor went and began to choke one who owed him.

The old woman listened, and the boy stood listening.

"God has commanded us to forgive," said Avdyéitch, "else we, too, may not be forgiven. All should be forgiven, and the thoughtless especially."

The old woman shook her head, and sighed.

"That's so," said she; "but the trouble is, that they are very much spoiled."

"Then we, who are older, must teach them," said Avdyéitch.

"That's just what I say," remarked the old woman. "I myself had seven of them,—only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to relate where and how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "Here," she says, "my strength is only so-so, and yet I have to work. I pity the youngsters—my grandchildren—how nice they are! No one gives me such a welcome as they do. *Aksintka* won't go to any one but me. (*Bábushka*, dear *bábushka*, loveliest!)" And the old woman grew quite sentimental.

"Of course, it is a childish trick. God be with him," said she, pointing to the boy.

The woman was just about to lift the bag upon her shoulder, when the boy ran up, and says, "Let me carry it, *bábushka*; it is on my way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the bag on the boy's back.

Side by side they both passed along the street. And the old woman even forgot to ask Avdyéitch to pay for the apple.

Avdyéitch stood motionless, and kept gazing after them; and he heard them talking all the time as they walked away. After Avdyéitch saw them disappear he returned to his room; he found his eye-glasses on the stairs,—they were not broken; he picked up his awl, and sat down to work again.

After working a little while it grew darker, so that he could not see to sew: he saw the lamplighter passing by to light the street-lamps.

"It must be time to make a light," he thought to himself: so he fixed his little lamp, hung it up, and betook himself again to work. He had one boot already finished; he turned it round, looked at it: "Well done." He put away his tools, swept off the cuttings, cleared off the bristles and ends, took the lamp, put it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He intended to open the book at the very place where he had yesterday put a piece of leather as a mark, but it happened to open at another place; and the moment Avdyéitch opened the Testament he recollected his last night's dream.

And as soon as he remembered it, it seemed as though he heard some one stepping about behind him. Avdyéitch looked round, and sees—there, in the dark corner, it seemed as though people were standing: he was at a loss

to know who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear,—

“Martuin—ah, Martuin! did you not recognize me?”

“Who?” uttered Avdyéitch.

“Me,” repeated the voice. “It’s I.” And Stepánuitch stepped forth from the dark corner; he smiled, and like a little cloud faded away, and soon vanished.

“And this is I,” said the voice. From the dark corner stepped forth the woman with her child; the woman smiled, the child laughed, and they also vanished.

“And this is I,” continued the voice; both the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped forward; both smiled, and vanished.

Avdyéitch’s soul rejoiced: he crossed himself, put on his eye-glasses, and began to read the Evangelists where it happened to open. On the upper part of the page he read,—

“For I was an-hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in.” . . .

And on the lower part of the page he read this:

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

And Avdyéitch understood that his dream did not deceive him,—that the Saviour really called upon him that day, and that he really received him.

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